Ever - yours, for Christ's,

L. L. Hamline

PRESENTED BY
ISAAC R. HITT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
- 1931 -

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE, D.D.,

LATE ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

By WALTER C. PALMER, M.D.

WITH INTRODUCTORY LETTERS

BY BISHOPS MORRIS, JANES, AND THOMSON.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen."

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PREFACE.

It will interest the many ardent admirers of the beloved subject of this memoir, to observe that he has been mainly his own biographer. In preparing the work for the press a sufficient amount of material has passed under revision to form another volume, which may hereafter be published, bearing the title, "Remains of Bishop Hamline, comprising Sermons, Addresses," etc.

Our aim in this volume is to present, for the glory of the Head of the Church, a life-picture of one who, having cast anchor within the vail, dwelt in the inner sanctuary of the divine presence. If the image of the heavenly was stamped upon the outer man to a degree not often witnessed in fallen humanity, it was because he was to an unusual degree a subject of the blessed Holy Spirit's inworkings. Of the *manner* of these inworkings we have permitted him to speak for himself, in his familiar letters and diary, which were an ever faithful transcript of his deeply devoted, affectionate heart. Some may imagine that we have allowed too much minuteness of detail. Our apology is that we *knew* the man, and feel that, if we would

have others dwell on the heaven-illumined picture which his precious life presents, the minutiæ, as given in his diary and letters, are needful to make up the *tout ensemble* of one whom our affectionate and religious preferences have ever regarded as a man of extraordinary piety and power.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, *April* 23, 1866.

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE

To the Memory of Leonidas L. Hamline, D.D., late one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, by one of his Colleagues in the Episcopacy, and one of his Associates in the Pastorate.

The acquaintance of one of us with the late Bishop Hamline extends back to the year 1834, when he was stationed with the bishop in the city of Cincinnati.

It is not ours to trace the incidents of the good man's life, but simply to offer a tribute to his memory.

When we first knew Bishop Hamline he was a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian, and a minister. His person was commanding, his voice musical, his manners engaging. In the pulpit he was self-restrained, self-possessed, and grave; in his attitudes, utterances, and tones, showing mingled humility and dignity. We never heard him while proclaiming God's word say an indiscreet or inappropriate thing. He seemed to feel that as God is in earnest, and Christ and apostles, it became him to be earnest too. He was rarely severe, though he was eminently capable of being so. Occasionally he indulged in invective and declamation, but it was with an evident hiding of power. "Thou baptized infidel," with which he introduced an awful denunciation of false doctrine, was the harshest expression we ever heard him use.

His style was faultless: but to say this was not enough, it was charming; it had clearness, energy, purity, and elegance. For choice diction and beautiful variety of sentences we have never met with his equal among his brethren. His sermons were finished from end to end. Examine exordium, argumentation, refutation, or peroration separately, and you find each perfect. Combine them, and you have a connected, compact discourse, which it would be difficult for the critic to improve. It was not only his rhetoric that was faultless; his logic was carefully constructed, yet always sparingly, often brilliantly—

logic all ablaze. He rarely delivered a discourse which might not have been printed word for word as it fell from his lips, and safely submitted to the critical eye. He rarely if ever used in the pulpit a superfluous word or a bad sentence. With less brilliancy than Bascom, a less majestic sweep of thought than Olin, he had more compactness than either. If the first was like the flying artillery of Napoleon, the second like the steady line of Wellington, the last was like the close, strong, neat column of Frederick, marching with accumulating force upon the foe.

Such sermons as his could not be purely extempore. While Bishop Hamline was on a circuit he probably never penned a discourse, nevertheless his efforts may have been precomposed—written on the brain; every sentence, ay, every interlineation, as distinct as if traced on the paper. When he was stationed he found the utility of writing sermons. Some of these he probably memorized, though he generally took the manuscript into the pulpit. He could write a full length sermon on a single sheet of letter paper by dividing each page into four columns by means of black lines and writing in a fine hand. His eye was so good, and his memory too, that he could deliver a sermon from such a sheet with much of the effect of extemporaneous discourse, and perhaps the hearer supposed that the paper before the preacher contained but a few notes. But his most effective discourses were his earlier and extempore ones. His sermons, though elaborate, were popular—understood even by illiterate hearers; they were also evangelical, scriptural, varied. Some were doctrinal, some hortatory, some preceptive, some historical. It is doubtful whether he succeeded best in delineation of character, the defense of truth, the application of the word to the troubled heart, or the searching of the sinner's conscience, so well did he succeed in all. Bascom excelled him in the first, Christie in the second, Summerfield in the third, and Bigelow in the last, but no one of them could do all as well as he. His sermons (to be published) will, we think, justify all this. In our judgment he erred, after he became a bishop, in supposing that he ought not to study the graces which marked his earlier productions.

Mr. Hamline was as circumspect in private as in public. In conversation he never hesitated, halted, or corrected, but, deliberating before he spoke, his words were choice, and they fell

into perfect sentences. His manners were courteous and his spirit kind, and although he often unbent he never lost his dignity. We never heard him relate a silly anecdote, or use any sentence that might not have been repeated in presence of a lady. When compelled to speak on indelicate subjects it was in guarded and euphemistic phrase.

At an early period of his ministry he was deprived of his wife. The calamity could not but affect, deeply and long, his sensitive nature. The departed mother left young children for whom the father had the most intense solicitude, and when he visited them his prayers were enough to melt the stoutest heart. Providence favored, and he drew a second prize in the lottery of marriage. After the shadow passed off and the sunshine came on again, he was the same sober-minded, considerate Christian at his happy fireside.

In deliberative bodies he was unobtrusive; he seldom took any part in Conference except to write and sustain a report. He did not seek pre-eminence, although it is very probable that he enjoyed it. He knew that the surest way to distinction in debate is to say nothing until a favorable opportunity occurs. Such a one occurred at the General Conference of 1844, in which his speech put him in the front rank of his brethren, and, to the surprise of the delegation to which he belonged, elevated him to the episcopacy. That speech was carefully prepared. At the close of one of the sessions of the body he invited a delegate to dine with him, and carefully examined with him the provisions of the Discipline in regard to the powers of the General Conference over the episcopacy, and went through his argument verbally. Subsequently he took the delegate referred to and two others aside and read to them a sketch of his speech, requesting their criticisms, more probably for the purpose of support than counsel. From this skeleton, when perfected, the speech was written. After it was perfectly committed, the orator came forth, calm, self-possessed, uttering every sentence distinctly, planting every argument securely, carrying every position triumphantly! It was like the storming of a battery by a forlorn hope. As the flag of the successful party was planted on the heights, every member of it felt not only relieved, but ready to shout. Bishop Hamline was well known to the Church before this both as a preacher and writer, for he

had been, in association with Dr. Elliott, editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and subsequently sole editor of the Ladies' Repository, a work in which his genius was fitted to shine.

As a presiding and executive officer he was popular and successful; but under the pressure of disease and infirmities, which, in his estimation, disqualified him for the arduous duties and heavy responsibilities of the episcopacy, he resigned that position in 1852. Having an ample fortune, he devoted his last years, as far as his health would allow, to literary and religious studies, and the interests of the Church.

Although Bishop Hamline had a strong intellect, his imagination was perhaps the predominating faculty. This accounts for that tendency to depression which marked his character even before he became a bishop, and was urged by those who knew him best as a reason against his election. This, however, should be said, that in all his nervous depression he maintained his hope of heaven and his faith in God unwaveringly.

While editor of the Repository he sought for that blessing of perfect love which Wesley so clearly describes, and many of his early disciples, as well as himself, so beautifully illustrated. Happily the witnesses are not all dead! May their numbers be multiplied until the Church is filled with living *evangels!* May the whole Church learn the secret of a life hid with Christ in God!

E. S. JANES,
E. THOMSON.

DR. W. C. PALMER: Dear Brother,—I am pleased to learn that you are preparing for publication a memoir of our lamented friend and brother, the late Bishop Hamline. The tribute is just. "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." He was a man of mark among his brethren, not only for superior talent, but also for deep, consistent piety and usefulness.

He devoted his time and talent, strength and substance, soul and body, life and reputation, wealth and influence to the cause of the glorious Redeemer, in whose presence he now wears the crown of life. Relieved from his sore and protracted afflictions, he awaits the arrival of his religious friends where pain and death can never come. May we follow him as he followed Christ!

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO. T. A. MORRIS.

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LIFE OF BISHOP HAMLINE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY DAYS.

In tracing the history of the subject of this memoir, it is our sole purpose to magnify the grace of God. "Not I, but the grace of God in me." So said the holy Paul; and thus, with loving yet chiding looks and words, would our departed Bishop Hamline say, could he again revisit the shores of mortality, and witness a line written in perpetuating his memory, calculated to attract a worshipful eye to the "creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever. Amen."

Leonidas L. Hamline was born in Burlington, Connecticut, May 10, 1797. His parents were reputable members of the Congregational Church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. M. Miller. His father, Mark Hamline, whose ancestors were French Huguenots, was remarkable for decision and energy of character, for moral integrity, for his love of strong Hopkinsian views of Christian doctrine, and for his skill as a school-teacher, in which few of his times equaled him either in discipline or instruction. He was a New England farmer on a small scale, teaching school part of every year. It was a grief to him that his means did not justify educating this son according to his wishes. The parents of Mr. Hamline early designed him for the ministry, and shaped his education as far as possible to this end; and when but ten or twelve years old he wrote a sermon on the text, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" The ingenuity and talent it displayed surprised his father, and doubtless encouraged him to redouble his efforts for the ministerial education of his son.

Of his early life little can be said. He was very precocious, amiable, obedient, devotedly attached to his parents, and affectionate to his brothers and sisters.

His habits of intense study were formed very early. When ten years old his father used to send him to plow, and often found him resting his team while he sat on the plow so absorbed with his book as to have forgotten his work.

His parents were careful in instructing him in the principles of our holy religion, and he was corrected for violations of its precepts. Of this we have an example in his own account of a chastisement received when four years old for profane language, and at remembrance of which *sin*, he said, but little before his death, "I still weep."

His parents were particularly careful in their instructions respecting the religious observance of the Sabbath, impressing him with the fact that the command, "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy," was one of the four first commands having direct reference to our duty to God, while the others referred more directly to our filial and social obligations. The regard for the Sabbath thus induced he retained through life; and when practicing law would never leave home for court on that holy day, even though he must rise at midnight and ride till court-hour on Monday to be at his post. Of this habit an excellent Presbyterian minister used to say, "Some good will yet come to Hamline for his observance of the Sabbath." In his later life he grieved to notice the least failure in Christians to regard that holy day. So careful was he in his observance of the day that his dear children and little grandchildren were never permitted, though living on the same square and in the same inclosure with him, to visit his house on that day even for a few moments, unless sickness or something very important and not unsuited to the day called them. This regard for the Lord's day seemed to be recognized by him who does for his people

> "Prepare a blest foretaste of heaven
> On this day more than all the seven."

He was often so greatly "in the Spirit on the Lord's day" that his rapture seemed more than the body could bear, even while

confined in the evening of life through long and weary years of suffering.

At what date he became pious is not certainly known, but it must have been very early. He was active in social meetings and elsewhere, according to the times and the Church to which he was attached. When but sixteen or seventeen years old he began to teach school in winter and study in summer. From the best information we can obtain, in every school in which he taught there was a revival, which in some instances was so powerful as to suspend the duties of the school. Nor were these revivals mere scenes of excitement or ephemeral influences. His views of sin and the atonement, according to the Calvinistic school in which he was trained, were clear, and faithfully were they urged on those under his influence. Whether correct or not, his parents and himself at that period deemed him an experimental Christian. His morality appears to have been rigidly pure until his mind, overwrought by intense application, for a short time lost its balance. He finally concluded that he had never been truly converted, an impression which he ever retained, and that he was wholly unfit for the Gospel ministry, and therefore turned his attention to the law. Of himself at this time he says: "My parents designed me for the ministry, and I was partly educated for that purpose. When sixteen years old I was convicted of sin, and was thought to be converted; but, probably from the want of evangelical instruction, I came short of it. But encouraged by friends, I joined the Congregational Church, and became a warm youthful advocate of religion. I found I was not born again, but judged I was much like others around me and 'hoped.'

"In a few years I was satisfied that I had no religious fitness for the ministry, and ambitiously turned to the law. But difficulties met me in my proposed career of ambition, and though admitted to the bar at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1827, it pleased God in a strange manner to turn my attention another way, for which, *though I suffered*, yet I *praise him*."

His sister states that his well-known strong aversion to the taste and smell of alcoholic liquors commenced in *early* childhood, when some mischievous boys coaxed him into a cellar and

gave him something of the sort to drink, which so intoxicated him that he came near dying. Subsequently, when the laborers wished to send him from the field, they always succeeded by threatening to give him "rum."

From the same source we obtain the following: Several boys engaged in playing cards, by greatly urging Lent (the name by which in boyhood he was called) induced him to share their game. Early in the evening it was proposed to break up and go home; but having only about an inch of candle, they concluded to play till that burned out. They became absorbed in their game, and did not note the time till three o'clock, when they were startled to find that their candle was no nearer gone than when they consented to continue the game as long as it should last. Whether the boys imagined this or not, it proved salutary, for it is presumed none of them ever played cards again; certainly the subject of this memoir did not.

It is to be regretted that so few *incidents* of his early life are preserved. As instances of his power in debate when very young: He was boarding in New York for a few weeks, during which his host invited him to attend a meeting held from night to night, at which a Universalist minister was challenging debate. After the challenge had been repeatedly given, with no response, his host urged him to take a part. He stepped forward and announced himself a youth seeking knowledge, and began to ask questions, to which the champion responded from evening to evening, the house becoming more densely crowded, until defeat wore out the patience of the challenger, and he became rude and insulting. The moderator of the meeting expressed his regret that the young stranger who had been so courteous should have been treated so uncourteously.

The meeting broke up, and as he was passing out of the house a gentleman, whose wife was leaning on his arm and weeping freely, accosted him, the lady saying, "You have saved my soul, sir. I am a member of the Presbyterian Church, and led on by the sophistry of that Universalist preacher, was about to leave my own and join his Church."

Subsequently he belonged to a debating club, which embraced gentlemen of the bar and of the pulpit, some of them wholly irreligious. At one time the question for discussion was, "Is there a God?" Mr. Hamline shrunk from the proposition, though then not a professor of religion. He was the more reluctant because a dear friend of his, since a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, who was masterly in debate, and who he feared was inclined to skepticism, was placed on the negative. Several religious men, and one or two clergymen, were on the affirmative. He well knew the power of his friend in debate, and that he was, or would make himself, acquainted with all the known arguments on the affirmative, and prepare to meet them. Though on the negative by appointment, Mr. Hamline said little, and when ready to take the vote the chairman said, "If we vote on the arguments as they now stand, we must vote that there is no God." A pious gentleman rose and moved that the debate be continued, and that Mr. Hamline be put on the affirmative. It was so arranged, and he and his friend continued the discussion most of the night. Mr. Hamline trusted that his friend became convinced, if he had doubted that there is a God; and that the meeting could at last vote strongly in the affirmative. The arguments he brought were originated on the occasion, and were based on the necessity of one *unoriginated* Being.

Once when he was passing up the Ohio River the company in the gentlemen's saloon on the steamboat were engrossed for an hour or two by a noisy infidel, who had gathered a crowd around him, and was entertaining them with jeers at the Christian religion. Mr. Hamline was walking back and forth through the saloon, not seeming to notice what was passing, though he observed that the speaker was eyeing him, and evidently wished to attract his attention. As he turned from time to time he drew nearer the scene of discourse. At length the boaster said, "When I die there will be no more of me than of my old white horse. Can you prove otherwise, stranger?" appealing to Mr. Hamline, who turned quickly and said, "If when your old white horse [which he had put on a par with his own deluded self] is reposing under the shade in a hot

summer day I should approach and whisper in his ear arguments to prove that he is immortal, would you not deem me a fool?"

The company broke up in a roar of laughter, leaving the chagrined boaster to hide himself as best he could. Was not this answering a fool according to his folly?

March 6, 1824, Mr. Hamline was married to Miss Eliza Price, of Zanesville, Ohio, an interesting, reputable lady, whom he ever had occasion to remember affectionately. But she was a frail flower, and seemed destined for a short earthly career. At the time of her marriage, alike with her devoted husband, she was a neglecter of salvation. The result of this union was four children, two sons and two daughters. Three of these died in infancy, Dr. L. P. Hamline, the second child, being the only survivor. When the first-born, Eliza Price, was taken from her fond parents at the age of two years and eight months, as subsequent pages will disclose, her death was made the occasion of transferring the affections of the bereaved parents from earth to heaven. So true is it that God takes our treasure to heaven that our hearts may be there also.

CHAPTER II.

DOCTRINAL DIFFICULTIES — NEW BIRTH.

We now enter upon the most eventful period in the career of our departed friend. If the day of one's natural birth is noted and heralded among earthly kindred and friends as an eventful epoch, how much more important to the Christian world, and the ever-observant myriads of spiritual intelligences by whom we are surrounded, is the announcement that a soul is born into the kingdom of heaven! Wonderful, truly wonderful is the thought! It has been said that the resurrection of one soul from a death of sin to a life of holiness, is a greater miracle than the creation of a world. We do not marvel that a convoy from the celestial city await the issue of a repentant sinner struggling into new life. If the morning stars sang together at the world's creation, how much more rapturous must be the anthems of the burning seraphs around the throne, when the announcement is made of another and yet another soul created anew in Christ Jesus!

Yet how mysterious the change to the mere metaphysical reasoner! Some whom pride of intellect has hitherto kept from coming openly to Jesus by the lowly way of the cross, may be reading these pages. With some sincerity, if not with all the earnestness of Nicodemus, are they asking, "How can these things be?" Could the sainted Bishop Hamline again visit the scenes of earth how would his redeemed spirit love to minister to such! It was to them he would fain have ministered, and with his lips and pen did minister, while an inhabitant of earth; and for the enlightenment of such, and to increase the joy of the righteous, he shall still speak.

With his own inimitable pen Bishop Hamline has graphically sketched the particulars of his conversion, which in view of the magnitude of its issues, and the exceeding interest of its

details, we, without apology for its length, transcribe for our readers. He ascribes his salvation in its incipient stages under God to Mrs. Maphet and her friends.

"What can be done," said Mrs. Maphet, "for a gentleman who listens to all you say, admits his obligations, confesses his sins, yet goes on, careless to the extreme, plunging his soul into perdition?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Maphet, you mistake. He is far enough from these pliant admissions. True, he will not dispute with ladies, because he is too polite; but he is a subtle Calvinist, as I learn from his conversation with my husband."

"Don't you think, Mrs. Edwards, that he talks this way merely for argument?"

"O no; there's no mistake. He's a Calvinist, and one of the rankest sort. He told my husband yesterday that if he were to stab a neighbor at midnight, God would inspire him with the malice, and create the volition of the deed."

"That is Calvinism with a vengeance."

"Yes; but my husband says it is true honest Calvinism, just as Calvin himself taught it, and as the standards of Calvinistic Churches maintain it, though its features are vailed or softened in the pulpit, so as not grossly to offend the public taste."

"I suspect, Mrs. Edwards, that there is little hope of Mr. Hamline's conversion; but he is here a stranger, and from his cast of mind will do much good or evil in the world. Let us make an effort to save him. I think he is a man of dreadful principles, and were his heart as bad as his head, I should be afraid he would turn out a murderer. This Calvinism is a dreadful thing."

"I think badly enough of Calvinism, Mrs. Edwards; that you may be sure; but let it pass at present. I wish you would take this book to Mr. Hamline, and tell him that a lady requests him to read it; and while he reads, will you join with me in secret supplication that God will bless its perusal to his conviction?"

"'Fletcher's Appeal!' Mrs. M., he wont read it."

"Try him, and if he declines I have no hope. If he reads it he will not escape without some serious reflection. Its philo-

sophical cast will suit his taste, and must arrest his attention. You know, too, that, like Moses's ark, it was woven with many prayers. Carry it to him, and if possible get him to read it."

Mrs. E. received the book, and bidding her neighbor good morning, walked toward home, praying as she went that Mrs. M.'s well-meant effort might do some good to her strange guest, though her prayer had less of faith and hope than it had of charity and desire. In a few minutes she was seated in her own chamber. It was winter. The door, as usual, was open into the parlor, where her husband and Mr. H. were seated by a large fire holding the following conversation, to which she listened with deep and mournful interest:

E. Mr. H., let us leave that point, and turn to another. You said last evening that man is a free agent; I wish to know what you mean by free agency?

H. That depends on the being to whom you refer it. God's free agency is one thing, man's is another. Do you ask of human free agency?

E. Of course. Man and his powers is the theme of our discussion.

H. By human free agency I mean a power in man to execute his own volitions. This is, a freedom which comports with the doctrine of universal divine efficiency. It leaves man's agency *free*, but not *independent*. It is free, because it is in harmony with choice. It is not independent, because it waits on God for its volitions.

E. Now, Mr. H., I have one question. In what consists the sinfulness of human action?

H. That is a difficult question to answer. If we say it lies in the *deed*, we contradict reason and Scripture; if we place it in the volitions or in will, we seem to make God the sinner, and acquit man of blame; yet there is a philosophical necessity to predicate sin of the will, which I do, and resort to certain explanations to avoid the conclusion that Deity sins.

E. Pray what are these explanations?

H. There is a difference between the *author* and the *agent* of sin. Its author *provides* for its commission, but does not actually commit it. The guilt lies in *commission*, not in pro-

vision. God, for instance, bestows on man the powers of his nature, the relations of his being, and generates in his bosom thoughts, affections, and volitions, either good or bad. These, in the wicked, are a divine *provision* for sinning; but man is the agent for their use; of course man, not God, is the sinner.

E. Is not their use inevitable?

H. Certainly—inevitable, yet free.

E. How is that possible?

H. Just as water flows freely yet inevitably down hill, or as vapors ascend spontaneously, yet necessarily, to lofty altitudes.

E. But are the flowing waters or the ascending vapors blameworthy for obeying the laws of nature?

H. No; for they neither descend nor ascend intelligently, or from choice. Man's actions are intelligent, and by his own suffrage. They proceed from and gratify taste. This involves praise or blame, and of course warrants and demands either rewards or punishments.

E. What! when God inspires his tastes, gives him by direct donation, for example, a disposition to steal, rob, or murder, is he to be blamed or punished?

H. Yes; for, as I just said, it is not the provision but its *use* which involves sin and involves punishment.

E. On this ground how was Satan to blame for tempting Eve, or Eve for soliciting Adam?

H. Satan was acting beyond his sphere. He had no right to enter paradise, or to assail its happy inmates with temptation. You cannot by any of his deeds illustrate the agency of Godhead. Deity, as the Creator and Preserver of all, is a sovereign. He may do, righteously, what it would be most flagitious for a creature to do. We must keep this in mind. It is a principle carefully inculcated in his word. "He works all things after the counsel of his own will," and then says, without apology or explanation, "Shall I not do what I will with my own?"

Here the conversation ended for the night. But just as Mr. H. took the lamp to retire Mrs. E. stepped in, and, handing him the book, repeated Mrs. M.'s request that he would "do her the favor to give it a reading." He received it with a courteous bow and thanks, saying that he would certainly

enjoy the pleasure of bestowing on it a careful perusal. He took the little volume to his room, laid it on the stand, prayerlessly laid himself down to sleep, revolving with self-complacency and a quieted conscience the subtle and, as he supposed, conclusive reasonings by which sin was shown to be inevitable, and of course, though in speculation he did not affirm it, God, and God alone, was to be blamed for its malice and its miseries.

A few days afterward Mrs. M. called at Mrs. E.'s. She felt a solicitude to hear about the book, and could not but hope, from the fervor she had enjoyed in her devotions, that God was working by it some lasting good.

"I received a little volume from you, Mrs. M., for which I return you my sincere thanks."

"Excuse the liberty I took, Mr. H. I thought the philosophy of the treatise would entertain you; and permit me to add, that I hoped a *higher* good would grow out of its perusal."

"Mr. Fletcher is a lively writer, madam. There is French in his style. Not quite so profound as the Calvinistic school. Edwards is my favorite. His work on the Will is the glory of the human mind. Do not by this understand that I underrate Mr. Fletcher. He is a fine, flowing writer, and I thank you, madam, for sending me the book."

"Did you read the 'Address,' sir, which follows the argumentative part of the volume?"

"No, madam. I supposed the argument was what you designed for me?"

"I would be pleased, sir, if you could read the 'Address.'"

"I saw that it was designed for 'seekers of religion,' and as I am not a seeker, I did not think it applicable to my moral state."

"Perhaps, Mr. H., it would induce you to be a seeker. That is my hope, and in it I solicit you to finish the volume."

"Do you think, Mrs. M., that we can become seekers when we wish?"

"Yes, sir, I am of that opinion."

"I thought, madam, this serious state of mind was induced always by a supernatural influence—by the Holy Spirit."

"Yes, sir; of that I do not doubt; but the Holy Spirit is waiting, unless I greatly err, to impart his gracious influences to every willing heart. He already moves you to seek a Saviour; and if you yield to his gentle drawings, he will greatly increase the influence until it becomes a soul-converting energy."

"There are so many differing opinions, Mrs. M., that one not skilled and experienced is at a loss what to conjecture. Some, you know, hold that the divine efficiency operates all moral changes, and that conversion is an unsought blessing, which none can gain by pursuing, or evade by resisting."

"But surely, Mr. H., as you do not act on this principle in the affairs of life, you would not make a practical application of it in the weightier matters of religion. I cannot undertake to argue the disputed points of Christian theology. As to the nature of God's supervision of all things, and its harmony with our freedom, you can discourse much better than I; but do not think it presuming when I say that I sought the different states of mind through which a stupid sinner journeys into the fellowship of God, and I sought not in vain. This makes me solicitous to see others seek, and causes me to believe that they will meet with like success."

"Perhaps, Mrs. M., your seeking and receiving were connected only in point of time, and not in the order of cause and effect."

"That might be the case if I were the only successful seeker. But many of my acquaintances have sought with similar results."

"But have you not known some converted who did not seek?"

"Never one."

"You will recollect better than I; but I was considering the case of Saul of Tarsus."

"True, sir, he was *convicted* before he sought, and that may sometimes happen. But after his conviction he waited three days before the scales fell from his eyes. In the mean time he was put upon seeking, and going into the city he prayed, and God showed him what he would have him to do."

"But, Mrs. M., this overwhelming conviction has never fallen on me."

"Nor is it probable that it will. Saul's was an extraordinary case. You know that some become rich without trade, and some honorable without effort; but this is not the common course of things. Wealth generally comes from business and economy, and fame from enterprise and prudence. So a few are convicted of sin without studied diversion of mind from the world, or a diligent application to the means of grace. But, generally, efforts at devotion go before serious and deep conviction. Let me ask you one question: Did you ever know a man become rich without effort?"

"Indeed, madam, perhaps—I scarcely know—I think—I believe I am not a competent judge. If you please, madam, I will excuse myself, and attend to a little writing in my room."

Mr. H. retired. Mrs. M. felt some suspicion that his conscience was disturbed, and was encouraged to hope that prayer in his behalf was not wholly in vain.

The months rolled on. One pleasant day in June Mr. H. was practicing a game of chess with Dr. C. In the midst of the game two gentlemen were introduced as "Methodist ministers." After brief salutations the interrupted game proceeded. Mr. H. and his friend were aware that it was rude to resume it so unceremoniously in the presence of clergymen, but they scarcely deemed Methodist preachers as legitimate incumbents of that sacred profession.

Mr. H. had been taught from childhood that Wesleyanism in all its types was the most pitiful of human fanaticisms. He knew nothing from observation. He had heard but two or three sermons from the sect. All he had read was the testimony of its foes; and for some reason its enemies have generally deposed against it as "*swift witnesses*." He was once surprised to hear it averred that John Wesley had "been to college;" but he did not credit the report. He rather supposed that it was gotten up to invest the Wesleyans with unmerited respectability.

Strange as it may seem to the well-informed, thousands of

this day are equally ignorant. They know nothing of a branch of the Church embracing more than a million of their fellow-citizens, among whom are some of the ripest scholars and most profound jurists and civilians of the land. They fancy Methodism to be a mass of rude and misshapen moral elements, unprovided with wisdom to devise, or stability to maintain an ecclesiastical polity. They deem it anything but a "Church," and look with condescending commiseration and concern on such as have enrolled themselves in its disorganized ranks; viewing them not as disciples of Christ, but rather as fugitives from all religion. Its pastoral efficiency, diffusive energy, and strict unity, through class-leaders, the itinerancy, and a general superintendency, are all unknown. Thus its fruits, so rapidly accumulating, are charged upon "excitement," or ignorantly ascribed to a "lax moral discipline." Yet all are aware, except when some unamiable solicitude prompts them to forget it, that if the "excitement" were not religious, it would have worn itself out years ago, and that, among Protestants, a lax moral discipline is so far from building up, that it inevitably prostrates what is already edified.

The game of chess was finished. Perhaps some movement was made toward another. At all events, one of the ministers interposed a question, which was followed by nearly the following dialogue:

Minister. That must be an intricate game, judging from the *deep attention* you bestow on it."

H. (Slightly embarrassed.) It is intricate, and perhaps, gentlemen, we owe you an apology.

Min. Is it a *useful* game?

H. So it is accounted by many judicious persons.

Min. To what good account may it be turned?

H. It is an *intellectual* game. Chance can do nothing for the parties. The skill of the player is tested by its result.

Min. It is, then, like "billiards" or "nine pins."

H. O no, sir, not at all; mind has nothing to do with these. They tend to weaken rather than strengthen the intellect. Chess is a means of mental discipline; its influence is like that derived from the study of mathematics.

Min. I see, sir; chess is a game of intellectual, billiards of mere *manual*, skill.

H. Exactly, sir.

Min. Do you not think, sir, that Euclid would be a safe substitute to train the opening mind?

H. O yes; but Euclid is too severe for unremitting study. We must have relaxation; no man can endure to plod at science always.

Min. But, Mr. H., if chess is so much like mathematics, how can it subserve the ends of relaxation. I should think, from your account, that it would only be exchanging one heavy burden for another. As a means of mental discipline, I cannot approve the game. You know that study has two objects: one is to train the mind to the vigorous use of all its powers; if chess, as you aver, accomplishes that end, another of great importance it never can subserve, namely, the acquisition of knowledge.

H. It has not all the uses of science, but it has one peculiar advantage; by provoking to emulation it rouses mind to its best efforts; and it also blends relaxation with mental discipline.

Min. What relaxation can it give? If you were preparing to address a jury, would you not prefer a walk in the garden to a game of chess just before you commence the argument?

H. You drive me to close quarters. The relaxation it affords is somewhat general, and I cannot just now specify particulars.

Here the conversation took a new turn. Whether the theme was changed by design or by accident is immaterial. The next topic was camp-meetings. Mr. H. was invited to attend one just about to commence in the neighborhood. He declined. He did not "approve of such meetings." He had heard much of "the unseemly confusion which prevails at these forest gatherings," and could not think it right to encourage them.

"Have you ever attended a camp-meeting?" said the minister.

H. No, sir; I was not willing to invade others' rights, and was aware that if I went I should be provoked to levity. I therefore resolved not to go near them.

Min. But ought you to condemn them on the testimony of others, when you might have made your own observations?

H. My witnesses were unimpeachable, and, I presume, stated facts.

Min. But I submit it to you, as a lawyer, whether inspection is not better than report.

H. I suppose it is.

Min. Then you have unwarrantably condemned us. I think, Mr. H., you should come to our meeting. We may surely claim that our trial, as the instigators and supporters of camp-meetings, be according to the "rules of evidence which require" the best evidence that the nature of the case admits.

H. That is not unreasonable; and now I will either come to your meeting, or say no more on the subject of disorder.

After dinner the clergyman departed. Mr. H. was surprised, not to say mortified, to find an "ignorant Methodist preacher" so well informed, and withal so shrewd in conversation, that even on topics concerning which he supposed clerical men knew very little, the argument was rather against himself.

"You caught a Tartar," said the doctor, as the gentlemen withdrew and left Mr. H. and his companion to trifle away another hour at chess.

The third day after this, as Mr. H. was walking in the yard, the doctor rode up and asked him if he would visit the camp-ground.

H. You are not serious?

Dr. Get into my carriage, and I will show you.

H. Then I answer no; I cannot ride in that direction. Anywhere else, if you please.

Dr. But they have got into difficulty with the rowdies, and want your advice.

"Go, husband," said Mrs. H., who, overhearing the conversation, had come to the door, and was listening to the proposal with deep interest.

Mr. H. looked first at the doctor and then at his wife, as uncertain what to do, or whether either was in earnest.

H. Doctor, you say they are in trouble.

Dr. Yes, and they ought to be protected in their rights. I wish you would go over and help them.

H. Well, this is the legitimate result of camp-meetings; yet, as you say, they have the right—that is, the *legal* right—to worship God or Satan, if they will, undisturbed. I will go with you in ten minutes.

Mr. H. made a hasty preparation, took a seat in the doctor's carriage, and in one hour was, for the first time, in full *audience* of a camp-ground. He had lived thirty-one years, much of the time in proximity to such meetings; yet, though often urged, he had never before approached such a scene. As he neared the encampment his curiosity became intense. He leaned forward in a listening attitude to catch the sound of many voices which struck upon his ear. He expected to witness the wildest disorder, and the most incoherent ravings; but the distant voices which greeted him were all in concert and harmony. It was the sound of praise swelling out from the midst of the forest in slow and well-distinguished measure, like pealing anthems from the groves of paradise. They stopped in the midst of straggling parties of profane, vulgar men, whose appearance almost justified Mr. H.'s preconceived notion of a camp-meeting. But alighting and leaving the horse and carriage to other hands, in a few minutes the "outer court" was passed, and the doctor and his friend entered the area consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. In this was a very large assembly, standing in graceful order, and singing a hymn which, after the manner of the Methodists, was "lined" by a minister, who occupied a sheltered platform before them. The two thousand voices which made the music seemed like the spontaneous gushing forth of superabounding joy. Prayer followed, and then those words,

> "Content with beholding his face,
> My all to his pleasure resigned,
> No changes of season or place,
> Can make any change in my mind,"

were poured out upon the depths around, and creation seemed to be hymning its thanksgivings to the great Author of life and its beatitudes.

The hymn closed. The congregation silently settled down into their seats, and the preacher who had so lately challenged the utility of chess arose to address them. He named a familiar text, which, in its exposition and discussion, brought to view the depravity of the heart and the necessity of an incarnate and crucified Saviour. He set forth man, in all his attributes, fair and repulsive; in his guilt, shame, and misery, and in one other feature, which was almost new to Mr. H. He represented this guilty being as absolutely *helpless*, unable to turn and do good works "without the grace of God by Christ preventing him, that he may have a good will, and working with him when he has that good will."

The discourse was not perfect. It had not that exact unity which is displayed in the sermons of Wesley, nor the inimitable simplicity which graces his masterly productions. Yet it was manly and convincing in thought and delivery, and so superior to Mr. H.'s ideas of "Methodist preaching" that he was taken wholly by surprise. He was compelled to acknowledge that not one written sermon in fifty from the trained theologians of the day possessed half the merit of this, what seemed to be, extempore discourse.

The preacher closed with a pathetic appeal to saints and sinners, endeavoring to rouse the zeal of the former and the fears of the latter. He was successful. Amens, blessings, and halleluiahs were intermixed with sighs, groans, and tears, until the voice of the preacher was drowned. Unable any longer to be heard, he fell back from his station, and standing in the midst of ten or twelve of his brethren, who had now risen to their feet, he remained, statue-like, with his streaming eyes and supplicating hands uplifted to heaven, and all the deep fervors of his soul beaming forth in his expressive features. In this posture there was nothing dramatic. It was evidently unpremeditated and spontaneous. Mr. H. felt it to be so. He had looked for greater extravagances, but he expected to detect a fraud where he now plainly perceived the convincing evidences of deep sincerity. He had never before witnessed a spectacle so purely and movingly sublime. The holy man before him seemed gradually to be transformed in every shape and linea-

ment, till Mr. H. could scarcely realize that the great Intercessor himself had not suddenly reappeared to pour his healing benedictions on the vast multitude. At this instant there was a stir in the midst of the assembly. Mr. H. cast his eyes in its direction and saw a man, in the meridian of life, of remarkably athletic appearance, rushing through the crowd toward the stand. His hands were clenched and raised toward heaven, and his features were distorted with agony. He reached what was called the altar, and falling upon his face gave one shriek which sounded like a note of despair, and lay helpless and silent, a spectacle to the gazing multitude. "Come forward!" exclaimed the minister from the stand, repeating the invitation with pressing earnestness. In a minute their words were responded to by groans, shouts, shrieks, and halleluiahs. The voices of the preachers were no longer heard, but they continued to wave their hands, and by gesture invite the people forward. A rush commenced for the altar, and scores were soon kneeling or fallen within it, while others in masses were pressing around them, mingling their loud expressions of triumph with the wailings of their unconverted but heart-stricken friends. The preachers descended from their stations, and mingling with the people, pointed sinners to the cross, and urged the devout to plead in prayer for their conversion.

Mr. H. watched the progress of the scene with emotions which he could scarcely endure, yet could by no effort suppress. He had heard just such scenes described. He supposed that a view of them would provoke in his bosom no other feeling than disgust. But it was otherwise. He felt a solemnity, an awe so great that a faintness came over him; and unwittingly he leaned, pale and trembling, against a tree, and every now and then his hand was upon his heart, as though it were uneasy and pained within him. Nor did he observe that his friend, with a *sang froid* peculiar to himself, eyed him closely, and read in his manner the perturbations of his mind. At length the doctor said,

"Mr. H., suppose we step forward and see what is going on?"

"Doctor, I am sick of it. This is a singular scene, and I am at a loss what to think. I believe we had better return."

"Tut! we must stay long enough to speak with these ministers, and hear one or two more of them preach."

So saying he seized Mr. H. by the arm, and casting at him a significant glance, as much as to say, "Are you frightened?" drew him along to a position where more than a hundred sinsick souls were crying for mercy.

The sight was wholly new to Mr. H. He had never until then seen a sinner convicted to the point of crying aloud in the presence of others for the pardon of sin. Now, to behold so many writhing in such insupportable agony, though he strove to be a stoic, nearly overwhelmed him. But he endeavored to rally himself, and at last resolved to examine one convict after another more minutely. He thought to detect in them some tokens of affectation or hypocrisy, which would relieve his mind of the growing apprehension that this was a divine power moving on the hearts of the people.

The first upon whom he fixed his attention was a young man kneeling before him, with his face in his handkerchief, uttering suppressed cries for mercy; and though not loudest in his grief, apparently one of the most earnest in petition. With the right hand he pressed his handkerchief to his face, and with the left alternately clutched the railing and smote his breast. "I will watch him," thought Mr. H., "until I see the result." He fastened his eyes upon the youth, as resolved to detect in him the cause of his real, or the proof of his pretended distress. For half an hour the struggle increased in violence, and then, from exhaustion, grew more and more feeble. At last the young man became motionless and silent. Mr. H. was about to relinquish his position, but had not yet turned away his eyes when the young man began to say in an undertone, "Blessed Saviour!" with frequent yet solemn repetitions; his voice meanwhile waxing louder, and his manner more and more confident and joyful, till at last, springing to his feet, he uttered in loud accents the raptures of his soul. What was Mr. H.'s surprise to find from his features, till now concealed, that this was a youth of his acquaintance, in whose good sense and sincerity

he had unbounded confidence. The suspicion of fraud was quickly banished, and it remained to inquire for the cause of so great sorrow, succeeded by such joy.

At this moment Mr. H.'s attention was drawn another way. The leader of this *meleé*—the rude athletic man who first approached the altar—had risen from the ground, and with loud cries for mercy was plunging this way and that way to the detriment of those around, and not without danger to himself. A glance or two satisfied Mr. H. that he also was an acquaintance. In a civil suit, involving petty interests, he had applied for counsel, and this had revealed his character to Mr. H. in a most repulsive light. He was a sinner extraordinary. But his appearance did not indicate that he meant to continue such. He was repenting. They who knew him could not doubt it. His lips were compressed, and unequivocally bespoke the horrors of unconcealed contrition. Mr. H. grew dizzy as he gazed, and like the tones of the last trumpet these words of Jesus fell upon his heart: "Verily I say unto you, the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you." The word of God is "quick and powerful," but the Spirit makes it so. Its blow was heavy then on the conscience of Mr. H. He became sick and faint. His friend saw it, and though an infidel, he was for a moment moved. They drew back from a scene so uncongenial to their taste, and took a seat where they could not see, yet might hear the continued expressions of grief and joy.

The altar-scene may seem to the reader extravagant even for a camp-meeting. If so, we will not dispute the point. Say it was extravagant; or, in other words, that there was more excitement manifest than was philosophically necessary to secure the moral results which followed. In the case of such admission, why was not Mr. H. offended and repulsed? As he had heard them described, and as his imagination had pictured them, he, above all men, had loathed these disorders. What could suddenly have made over his nice sense of propriety—his *taste*—to an approving, or, at least, to a sympthetic interest in these "wild" proceedings? That a state of mind had occurred to him differing from all he conceived possible in such circumstances, is indisputable. How happened it? He

had neither sought nor avoided it, for even its possibility had never once occurred to him. As the trout approaches the angler's bait, he had approached the place without suspicion that anything was there, except a little food for coarse levity or inquisitive curiostiy. Two hours had scarcely passed, and he had experienced a solemn conviction of the error of this opinion. He was now in moral *duresse*. With a barbed hook in his jaws, his mind seemed to be plunging all round about, vainly seeking disentanglement, while every fitful effort heightened the torture of his conscience and increased the force of its misgivings.

Will it be charged that this was a morbid state of mind? Descend, then, from the *genus* to the species, and define this morbid state. What passion was diseased? Mr. H. was not a coward. He had no predisposition to religious apprehensions. He had heard from childhood up the most moving descriptions of the woe and wail of undone souls. These, though enforced with appeals of chastened eloquence well adapted to his mental susceptibilities, had produced no saving influence. Yet now, amid scenes which seemed only calculated to provoke his quick disgust, or move his mind to merriment, he was "pricked in the heart." Was it not by the Holy Spirit? The frame of Mr. H.'s mind can scarcely be described. It was nearest to a state of wonder. He had no longer any fixed opinions in regard to what he now first saw, namely, the "disorders of Methodism." The confusion of his mind set afloat all his preconceived views of religion. This confusion arose from the stirrings of his heart. He was smitten, and the blow had reached and wounded "the inward parts." Had he been questioned, he could not have explained either the source or the seat of the disorder; nor how, nor perhaps why, he was pained. But whatever he might or might not have answered, the uneasiness of his mind could not be concealed. The doctor saw it, and, though hardened, he was not uninterested to see the sharer of his pleasures so taken by surprise. For once he was truly in a dissatisfied, it might be said, a serious mood. "For once," we say, because seriousness was neither his habit nor his tendency. This an observing stranger would easily have inferred from his expressive physiognomy. On his face were

so plainly pictured the mischiefs of his heart, that it was difficult to behold him and not divine his temper. He was full of wit, and sophistry, and guile. None knew better how to play a part, and to conceal the hand that played it; none knew better how to enjoy the ripening plot. He had a vigorous, perverted intellect. In religion he was by turns everything, and of course at heart nothing. He discarded revelation, ridiculed devotion, and presumed that God (if God there were) was busy enough about his own affairs without "impertinently interrupting the quiet and pleasures of mankind." He dreaded no such "impolite and troublesome interference." He presumed Deity was not so "consummate a tyrant that he would create corrupt or sinful beings merely to torture them in hell."

The doctor had not always been so reckless of religion. His youthful cogitations were by turns somewhat devout; but he suffered his growing passions—not his reason—to remodel his pliant creed. His heart had ministered moral poison to his brain till both were charged with the infection. One result was the loss of philanthropic sympathies—a dreadful hardening of the heart. This had increased upon him in the progress of his life till he had nearly become a stranger to pathetic states of mind; so that when propriety demanded it his countenance was reluctant to put on a shade of gravity. At this time his humor faltered of its own free accord; but his features were more comical from the opposite and mixed emotions they betrayed. That archness, so habitual, still lurked in the corners of his eyes, while the unwelcome, graver sympathies, which were "pilgrims and strangers" in his bosom, seemed to be timidly invading his heart, and spreading their half-unfurled banners over his resisting, agitated countenance. Happy for him (for he died a hopeless death) had he then resigned himself to the wooings of the Spirit!

Mr. H. was not regardless of the doctor's manner; for his pride was interested to find in the bosom of his obdurate infidel companion such emotions as had suddenly sprung up within his own. Of course, when a shade of slight concern spread along the lines of the doctor's changing countenance it gave Mr. H. lively satisfaction. Little was said by either; the

crisis was on one side too painful for metaphysics, and on the other too grave for wit or ridicule.

Whether the scene at the altar be deemed extravagant or not, a strange concern about religion was spread abroad among the people. It checked the rudeness of impiety, and hushed all profane disorder. It now seemed that the restraints of law were needless; but to make the matter absolutely sure, it was concluded that the protecting statute be read, and the congregation warned against disorderly behavior. Mr. H. was called upon to execute this service. He declined; but the invitation was repeated in a very urgent manner, and the doctor adding his solicitations, and offering to "stand by him," he assented.

A horn gave a few loud blasts, and in a short time the songs and prayers were hushed. Mr. H., with his companion and the preachers, ascended the stand, and sat where he had an opportunity to observe the regulations for public worship. Throngs of people were gathering from all directions and silently dropping into their seats. Their eyes were generally directed toward the stand. Mr. H. thought that he himself was the object of universal and inquiring observation. Some mistook him for a preacher just arrived, but many knew him; and others had received hints as to his real character, and his dislike of camp-meetings. Not knowing what could be his errand in the stand, they watched him, of course, with inquisitive curiosity. He was not in a state of mind to overlook this demonstration. He felt a certain moral nakedness within him which rendered these prying glances unacceptable. He moved backward on his seat, which was crowded, and partially screened himself behind the person of the doctor. But he still grew more and more uneasy and embarrassed, till he seemed like a culprit at the grand assize, brought forth and exposed to the whole universe.

At the very crisis of this inconvenient state he was told to "proceed." The assembly was now waiting in perfect order and stillness. With a paper containing a lease of the ground, and a volume of the New York Statutes, Mr. H. advanced to the front of the stand, and with a perturbation which was manifest to all, proceeded to explain the legal rights of the worshipers, and the liabilities of those who should disturb them.

The embarrassment of Mr. H. was, perhaps, the remote means of his conversion. It surprised many, and was ascribed at once by a large proportion of the pious to incipient conviction. What followed? While he stood before them a mark for the arrow, hundreds of prayers ascended to God in his behalf. For the incidents of that hour, Mr. H. was heard in after life to praise God.

But to conclude. Mr. H.'s views of camp-meetings were known abroad. The irreligious, of course, surmised that he would speak *professionally*, while in his private feelings he would condemn "such delusions." It is not to be supposed that he himself premeditated any grave defense of camp-meetings. He proposed to expound the statute and retire from observation. But as he proceeded he grew confident, and went on to say that this was his *debut* upon a camp-ground; that he had looked for repulsive exhibitions, but that the very things which in description had disgusted him appeared inoffensive to the eye. He then spoke to the disorderly, assuring them that "he who had the cowardice to interrupt these solemnities was too mean to be cursed by any decent man."

After Mr. H. had concluded his remarks, a minister arose and proceeded with the usual exercises The sermon being closed, the mourners were called, and a great multitude came forward again for prayer. The presiding elder, "Father S.," turned to Mr. H. and said: "Come, my friend, go with me to that vacant place at the altar, and let us kneel together before God."

H. Excuse me, Mr. S.; I am a hardened sinner, and dare not approach a place so sacred while my heart is unmoved.

S. That, sir, is Satan's device. He would rob you of God's pardoning mercy. If your heart is hard you should go to the altar to get it softened. The more obdurate it is, the more you need the prayers of God's people, and the more prompt you should be to assume the attitude in which you may enjoy them.

H. Surely, Mr. S., you would not have me assume the *posture* without the *spirit* of mourning.

S. Surely I would if you cannot otherwise assume it. Do you not *wish* to mourn?

H. I suppose not, or I *should* mourn.

S. And do you always, then, feel as you wish to feel?

H. In religion I suppose I do. That is the view I have taken of religion when skepticism has not prevailed over belief. I have heard it said that "*every man has just as much religion as he desires.*" Is it not true?

S. No, sir. The habitual state of a devout heart is that of desire; and one of the most conclusive, indirect evidences of a gracious state is a thirsting after God and his salvation.

H. But if God does not satisfy holy desires is he not tyrannical, and a violater of his promise?

S. What promise?

H. "He that hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled."

S. Mr. H., excuse me to-day from all doctrinal and metaphysical discussions. I urge upon you a simple effort to seek religion, assuring you, from God, "they that seek shall find." My duty toward you now lies in a narrow compass. Will you go with me and kneel down at the altar?

H. I repeat, sir, that to do it would be hypocrisy. Sinful as I am, I should fear to desecrate that altar by approaching it without tempers befitting such a posture. I have no just conceptions of my depravity, no proper desires for renovation, and to do what would indicate such desires would be adding deceit to insensibility.

S. What do you mean by *proper* desires for renovation?

H. I mean a desire for renovation for its own sake, not for its resulting benefits.

S. Will you never seek religion until you can do it without regard to its benefits?

H. Indeed, sir, to tell the truth, I know not what I shall do. But I confess that I am all wrong, or these people are not right. I cannot, however, go with you to the altar; I am selfish, and my nature seems worse than common natures. If I wish for religion, it is merely as a step to heaven—mark that—as a mere step to heaven. I have no love for religion's self. I want not its purity, but its peace; not its sore travail of duties and self-denials, but its escape from the maelstrom of perdition to the beatific rest.

How common is this error on the part of the converted as

well as the unconverted. It is cardinal in some systems of theology. Is not religion a unit? Ought we, as Solomon the woman's child, to divide and then embrace it? Should we crave a part, and not all? Must we sinners attain a benevolence so refined that we shall covet merely conflicts and crosses, and have no regard to crowns? Surely it is not damning to "have respect unto the recompense of reward." Moses was commended for the wisdom of a choice induced by this very motive. Was the apostle heretical in the commendation? Even the immaculate Jesus endured the cross for "the joy that was set before him;" an example which is urged on our diligent imitation. As to Mr. H.'s proposition, that "every man has as much religion as he desires," in one sense it is true. Such desire is itself a religious affection, produced by the Holy Spirit. It follows that, metaphysically, a man has as much religion—that is, in this form—as he has religious desire. But it is not true that other religious affections, as faith, love, meekness, peace, and joy, are equal to a pious man's desires for those graces. Mr. H. did not perceive that the very words he repeated, "they that hunger and thirst shall be filled," imply craving or desire as a condition of the promised beatitude. He forgot the publican, too, who certainly had not all the religion he desired when he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He should have reflected that prayer itself is chiefly an expression of desire, and that if we have all the religion we crave there can be no occasion to supplicate.

Mr. H. did not approach the altar. He remained at the meeting until its close, and his mind grew more and more perplexed; his rest was broken, and he seemed careworn. To all who knew him there were in his countenance unequivocal tokens of deep inward disquiet. When he returned, his wife met him at the door; but her eye no sooner fell upon his features, as she was advancing with great cordiality to welcome him, than she uttered an exclamation of concern, and said, "Husband, what ails you? Surely you have been sick." On his assuring her that he was well, she exchanged her look of alarm for an expression of humor, and said, "Then you must have got the power." The reply was embarrassed, and in a

manner so serious that both soon fell into a grave and silent frame, attended with reflections on the part of Mrs. H., which were probably more or less connected with the religious habits of her after life.

For the two following months Mr. H.'s mind was in a restless state. He proved the truth of that saying, "There is no peace to the wicked;" and of that also, "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Yet, unhappy as he was under the lashings of a guilty conscience, he did not seek religion. He declined a course which would have brought not only peace to his heart, but would probably have saved him from the sorest outward calamities. These became necessary to render effectual the grace which had roused him from his slumbers. Indeed, so far was he from heartily crying to the Lord, that he sinned more greedily than ever, which is probably one instance among many of the great vigilance with which Satan watches and counteracts the operations of God's Spirit on the heart. The city is never so well sentineled and guarded as when it is besieged by the foe.

At two o'clock on the morning of September 10, 1828, Mr. and Mrs. H. might have been seen in earnest consultation over the sick cradle of their only child. She was two years and a half old, and of such a mould that not only her partial parents thought well of her, but strangers noticed her for a "lovely child that would not live to grow up." Little Jane P. had been sick for four days with *cholera infantum*, and her attending physician had not succeeded in checking the malignant symptoms of the disorder. She had grown worse through the night just mentioned, and the parents had become much alarmed. "Suppose, husband, we send for Dr. D.," said Mrs. H. "He is highly spoken of, and is as near as any physician."

H. I have no objection; but I assure you there is no hope. I believe that the child will die, and I have felt so from the beginning. It is a deeply-wrought impression in my bosom that she will be taken from us on *my account.*

Mrs. H. How on your account, my dear?

H. I cannot explain. If I live you shall hereafter know;

but at present I will call James, and request him to go for Dr. D.

James was called. He was a pious young man, just from college, and deeply affected by the approaching calamity which he believed impended over Mr. and Mrs. H.

He rose and came in haste to the sick room, where he listened attentively to the request of his friends, and hurried to execute their wishes. In due time he returned, and was soon followed by Dr. D., who, after carefully examining the child's symptoms, retired to give his views to the attending physician. During their consultation Mr. H. appeared anxious and agitated. He walked rapidly back and forth in the sick room, with his eye constantly turned to the cradle, over which the sorrowing mother bent in fondest solicitude. Of a sudden the child drew up her limbs, and exclaimed, "I fall! I fall!" Mr. H. paused. The unsuspecting mother pressed her child's forehead, and said soothingly, "No, my baby shall not fall;" repeating it till the little one was quieted. But it was the quiet of a moment. She was again spasmodically affected in the same manner, but more violently, and at the same instant her features collapsed, and the seal of death was upon her sharpened countenance. Mr. H. rushed to the door to call the physicians, and then first his wife saw the truth. She sprang wildly up, and exclaimed, "My baby will die!" The little one caught the words from her mother's lips, and said, "Baby die! baby die!" and with her faltering tongue and fainting voice repeated it until she became insensible. The doctors hurried in and exclaimed, "She is gone!" Death soon finished his work, and in a few moments this budding flower was blooming fadelessly in the garden above.

She was an idol. The mother's love and the father's ambition had little regard to any object beyond the family circle. The incidents of her death, as here related, may seem trivial to the reader, but they are mentioned because they are among the means by which God rendered his grace effectual to the conversion of souls.

When this child was taken ill Mr. H's feelings foreboded its death. The augury was not so much of the imagination as of

the conscience. That faithful monitor whispered, "For two long months has the Holy Ghost convicted thee of sin. That time hast thou spent in striving with thy Maker, in grieving the blessed Spirit. Hadst thou yielded and turned to the Lord, it should have been well with thee. But thou wouldst not turn. Since thou wilt not be drawn by mercy, thou shalt be tried by judgments. God shall second the workings of his Spirit by the severe chastisements of his rod."

Thus did an inward voice seem to prophesy in the ear of one who had slighted the grace of God, and disregarded the gentler discipline of love. This was no new method on God's part. He makes his providence as well as his word the minister of grace, adapting it with infinite skill to the moral states of men. How many are now groaning under the strokes of his rod because they would not yield to the drawings of his Spirit! Mr. H. never doubted in after life whether the loss of his child was not a divine method of deepening in his heart the conviction that God had taken him in hand to save him, if grace and providence might do it, from the perdition to which his steps were so rapidly tending.

There is much in this history of God's providence and grace to remind one of those sentiments, which are as true as they are poetic:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

When the first notes of grief yielded to the necessary preparations for laying out the dead, Mr. H. retired to a wood near at hand. A dyke, whose well-trodden summit formed a pleasant pathway along the edge of the wood, afforded him a convenient and secluded walk. Here he moved backward and forward, sometimes giving loud vent to his emotions, and at others silently reproaching himself for having provoked this

severe chastisement of Providence. "And now," said he, "what have I left? Should God come down again in his wrath, what could he lay his hand upon?" The query hurried his thoughts to the fireside. "Ah," said he to himself, "heaven can strike *one heavier* blow, and it will come unless I turn. There is no way of escape but by repentance. God has now only plucked the fruit, or rather, has broken off a twig. If he comes again in judgment he will cut down the tree." For full two hours he ruminated thus, and then seriously set himself to the task of forming a *purpose* to seek God.

But he encountered many obstacles. First it was suggested, "Is there such a thing as experimental religion? What evidence can convince me? The lives of its confessors are often unsatisfactory. Its comforts do not seem to check their pursuit of the world. They suffer chastisement like other men, and their outward crosses harass their minds. They feel sorrow, and often murmur under it." But then it occurred to him that there is a difference. "If many professors are carnal, a few are heavenly minded. If some pursue the world, others are contented without it. If many murmur under chastisement, a few are meekly submissive to a very hard lot. If some live careless of the duties and neglectful of the privileges of religion, others die with composure, and in expiring whispers ascribe praise to Jesus. Here are two classes of witnesses. If I must reject one as unworthy, can that affect the competency or credibility of the other class? Certainly not. And there are enough of these to prove what they affirm."

But "there are disputes among Christians themselves. They cannot, as witnesses, agree together. The sharp conflicts of centuries have destroyed the force of their testimony." In reply to this objection it occurred to him that "these disputes are mostly concerning doctrines. They regard the speculations of theology, not the experience of the heart. In this last particular almost all who know Christ experimentally seem to be agreed. If they do not see, they feel alike. This is all that the case demands."

But as to doctrinal disputes, "suppose they are right who affirm the unconditional election and reprobation of different

portions of our race; then what good will it do to seek religion? Must I trouble myself to do what God's decree secures at all events, or to *be* what his purpose is sure to make me?" Thus did one difficulty succeed another in his mind, till, weary of such debates, Mr. H. said: "I know not how these things may be; but one thing I know—I am miserable, and no earthly good can bring relief. Some say, seek religion. I will try. Maybe there is no such thing; but possibly there is. Perhaps God's decree will prevent my obtaining it; but possibly it will not. How can I know until I try? I'll commence now, and if I find religion a reality, it will be all clear gain. If I find nothing, I shall be just where I am—no worse if no better off. As there is nothing, therefore, to lose, and may be something to gain, I will make the experiment and abide the result."

Fortifying his mind in this purpose, he turned to what he considered the *regular business* of seeking religion. He went at it as to a "job" which was to be accomplished by daily toil, and which was to bring to his heart and conscience its slowly ripening results. He thought to get better by degrees, until the sense of guilt should be lost in the growing innocency of his life, and his vicious tempers should be displaced by the forming habits of virtue. In executing this enterprise he began to pray and read the Scriptures morning, noon, and night, devoting from twenty to forty minutes at each period to these services. The remainder of the day was spent seriously, but in no wise religiously, the intention being merely to avoid whatever might counteract the saving tendency of his regular devotions.

To trace the changes of the mind in a course of legal efforts to attain salvation is very difficult. One reason is that it must be the work of memory; the legalist is not aware at the time that he is aiming to be saved by works. Against this he hears much from the pulpit, and reads much in the Bible. He intends to be saved by grace; yet, blinded by Satan, and ignorant of himself, he directly "goes about to establish his own righteousness."

Mr. H., like most others, may have speculated right, but he practiced wrong. He had no feeling apprehension of his real condition, nor of the death-like struggle by which he must enter in at the strait gate of faith. But his darkened understand-

ing was gradually enlightened by the Spirit, and he came to new discoveries of his own lost state. God helped him from the beginning, though he knew it not. Blessed be his name, he helps all who are willing to receive his aid; that is, all who have a lively, active willingness, manifested by crying unto him for succor. It matters little whether such have right or wrong views, or commence seeking religion in a right or wrong way; Christ is their prophet, as well as priest; and when he sees a soul reaching after him, whether in this or that direction, he will have compassion. It is a part of his blessed work to instruct them "who are out of the way." If one sincerely purposes to pursue life, Jesus does not withhold his aid until that soul has found the path. He visits it in its remotest wanderings, draws it from the wilderness of its errors, and guides it into the way of peace. In it is fulfilled that gracious promise, "Seek, and ye shall find."

Though Mr. H.'s efforts to pray, as to any merit or efficacy of their own, were, as Brainard says, "like paddling in the water," yet they were used by the Holy Spirit to convict him of sin, and to show him his utter helplessness. He soon came to see his heart in a light exceedingly repulsive; for the more he affected to pray, the more violently his feelings declined the service, till even the form was an unendurable penance. He felt that there were in him no elements of devotion, that he could not tolerate the presence of God, and could not long support even the effort to commune with him. Then came the law with its incorrigible precept: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Mr. H. saw that the "commandment was holy, just, and good;" but he more and more despaired of obeying it.

For three weeks he continued, much to the disquiet of his conscience, to perform the ceremonies of closet worship; but he found that he "was nothing bettered, and rather grew worse." It seemed to him that each successive day increased the hardness of his heart. Sometimes, greatly discouraged, he forbore the attempt to pray, and indeed began to feel a strong disposition to give up all, and to conclude that there was no such thing as experimental religion.

In this state of mind he was sitting one day with Mrs. H., engaged in nothing very serious or profitable, when Mrs. M. came in, and seating herself near to both of them, remained a few minutes silent, but evidently anxious and unhappy.

"What is the matter, Mrs. M.?" said Mr. H.

Mrs. M. I am concerned, sir, at your condition.

H. Why so, Mrs. M.? I am trying to seek the kingdom of God.

Mrs. M. Yes, Mr. H., so I understand; but, from all I can learn, you seek in such a manner that you will never obtain.

H. Please explain.

Mrs. M. You spend half an hour or so, two or three times a day, in your closet. The rest of your time, if I understand, you give up to miscellaneous reading and conversation. Now, sir, can a man accomplish any great worldly thing by devoting to it an hour or so each day? Suppose you had studied the languages an hour a day in your boyhood, or had read law at that rate when a student, what would have been the result?

H. Why, Mrs. M., you know we are not to be saved by works. Would you have me drudge all day at my devotions? for, unwilling as I am to confess, or even to *know* it, I find that all my efforts to pray are mere drudgery, affording me neither peace nor hope.

Mrs. M. I fear, Mr. H., that you labor under a great mistake. You say we are not saved by works. Now this is both true and false. It is false in the sense just now suggested by you, and it is false in any sense which lends the least countenance to inaction or supineness in the pursuit of religion.

H. Please, then, Mrs. M., to tell me how it is true.

Mrs. M. It is *true* only in the sense of denying *merit* to our works. We *are* saved by works not at all meritorious in the sight of God. This is the true relation of works to human salvation, if I can understand the Bible.

H. This is a new idea. I suppose, then, I am to work just as though I could purchase salvation.

Mrs. M. Yes, and feel just as though your works were of themselves mere sin and death; for this is true.

H. Then you would have me read and pray more.

Mrs. M. Yes; I would say, do nothing else. Throw away everything: law books, newspapers, history, poetry, conversation, and, if possible, the very memory of your afflictions—forget your child and her grave in the all-absorbing efforts of your soul to find Jesus. In a word, no longer *seek*, but *strive* to enter in at the strait gate. O, sir, it is rather insulting than honoring God to profess an intention to serve him, and then show so little regard for his favor as to pursue it with less zeal and diligence than you would the veriest trifle on earth.

H. Mrs. M., I am convinced of my error; I have insulted God, and by my conduct shown small regard for his favor. But I will do differently; I will from this moment do nothing but implore his mercy.

Mrs. M. wept during this conversation, and Mrs. H. avouched a cordial concurrence in all she had said. From that hour Mr. H. threw aside everything else, and gave himself wholly to the pursuit of religion. For two days he was much of the time alone upon his knees; but, alas! it grew darker and darker. A thick mist seemed to be gathering around him, rendering the objects of moral vision less and less distinct, while hope grew fainter and fainter, till he seemed to be entering the regions of despair. All this time Mr. H. had no special fears of hell, and no painful conviction of guilt. His mind did not dwell on his past life. He wondered at this. He looked for no other conviction than that of past sinfulness; and when he was unable to realize how wicked he had been, and felt no dread of hell to take hold of him, he of course judged himself to be stupid, and waited and prayed for conviction. Yet he afterward perceived that all this time he was deeply convicted; for though conviction is of sin, yet it may be of its defilement rather than of its guilt, and as dwelling now in the heart rather than, as heretofore, acted in the life. Thus it was with Mr. H. He had a painful sense of alienation from God in his affections. He felt his obligations to love God, and was conscious that he did not, nay, *could* not love him; that all the moral relishes of his soul averted from the Creator and cleaved to the creature. Prayer did not improve his heart and draw him nearer to God, but served rather to stir up his enmity, and repel him from his

Maker. As tasting an unpalatable dish serves to nauseate and render the article more disgusting, so every struggle to approach near to God revealed more clearly his disrelish of such communion.

Can there be a worse condition—a spirit with God's likeness, formed to inhabit God's eternity, made to be blessed in God's society, and constitutionally incapacitated for all other happiness, so blasted by the power of sin as to have lost the fruition of God past human recovery? Yes, painful as is such a state, (and how vain all attempts to describe it!) there is a *worse* condition, namely, that which embraces all this evil, and superadds the close of probation and the full horrors of retributive wrath. From such a consummation of evils, blessed Jesus, deliver us!

For months after it passed by, the fifth day of October, 1828, was called in some places "the rainy Sabbath." One lengthened *shower* lasted from morning till night. But for far weightier reasons it was to Mr. H. the day of days. He rose in the morning with a heavy heart, and hastily adopting his apparel for the day, turned aside to prayer. No sooner was he upon his knees than the heavens were as brass, his own heart like adamant, and his tongue for very shame refused to utter words which he was aware must be not a feigned but an unfeeling expression of desires which he had not, but only sought to have. After bowing in silence for some minutes he arose, changed his posture, kneeled again, felt the same stupidity, and still rose without uttering a word, or indulging even a whisper. With little variation he spent the morning in these silent kneelings and risings. He was unable to speak the words of prayer because he was sensible that such words would not be the outflow of desire. When upon his feet it seemed to him that by moving to such or such a place his heart would melt, and he should feel devotion; but on kneeling in that spot the same stupidity and hardness prevented him.

There was to be preaching within a mile, and the carriage being at the door, Mr. H. requested his friends to accompany Mrs. H. in it to church. He chose his way on foot, with an umbrella over his head, and entering a grove of thick trees

which skirted the roadside, he repeated his efforts to approach God in prayer. The rain was falling almost in torrents; the hollow places of the surface were full of water, and only on the elevated spots of earth could he kneel without partial submersion. But he bowed down before God first in one place, then in another, saying nothing, and feeling more and more at each failing effort that he was full of sin, and the lost victim of spiritual death, "without God, and *without hope*." These unsuccessful attempts at devotion detained him in the grove till he was quite wet, and until he was sure that the public services must have commenced. More hopeless than ever he walked on toward the sanctuary. The congregation was small, and the preacher, fully informed as to Mr. H.'s state, and deeply interested in its results, ministered especially to him. He preached Christ crucified in a plain and practical manner, which seemed to touch every heart but one. He for whom it was most especially intended felt nothing of its force and power. His heart, like clay in the sunshine, grew harder and harder under the outbeamings of the cross. The sermon was closed, and while the congregation kneeled in prayer, Mr. H. *stood* by a window gazing at the clouds as they moved in heavy masses toward the northwest. Just then a flock of birds sped along their aerial pathway, sporting on the wing, and careless of the future. Quick as thought Mr. H. mentally exclaimed, "Would to God I were one of your company, to meet death and its everlasting oblivion before nightfall at the hand of the fowler!"

The disease of the soul was forming a crisis, for with a despair not absolute but fearful, there was just then intermingling an obstinacy of spirit which draws the soul nearest to perdition, and which must be met by sudden relief, or must terminate in the settled purpose of impenitency. Nothing shows such spiteful opposition to God as the indurating power of the cross. It indicates the last and ripest stage of enmity to Jehovah.

Mr. H. returned as he went, pausing in the grove, and lingering under the broad expanse of almost every tree which seemed to afford the promise of a shelter from the storm. Long after the family were at home he reached the rear of the house, and

entering by a back door, softly stole up into the garret, and there gave himself to the saddest, nay, the most agonizing reflections of his whole life.

"And this," said he to himself, "is seeking religion. And this agony, which no demon could endure, I am to receive as an illustration of God's mercy. He says, 'Seek, and ye shall find.' Indeed I *have* found — what? A heart incapable of loving God, fierce in its enmity toward my Maker, uncontrollable by any power of mine, and equally so by any aid vouchsafed me from above." Then it occurred to him, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be *anathema maranatha*." "Well," he exclaimed, "I love not Christ. My heart is as empty of all such love as a deserted, falling mansion is of elegant furniture. I cannot love him. And I shall be cursed, nay, am cursed; cursed by the Father, cursed by the Son, cursed by the Holy Ghost! And is there a worse hell?"

As he uttered the closing sentences in an agitated frame he raised his voice, and was overheard by Mrs. H., who hurried up stairs and interrupted his painful soliloquy. Wet and cold as he was, he followed her, with some hesitation, to the chamber, and seated himself by the fire. In a few minutes Mrs. M. announced that the preacher was below, and was about to have prayers, inviting Mr. and Mrs. H. to join in the devotions. "Excuse me," said Mr. H.; "to me prayer is useless, and I must give it up." Mrs. M. burst into a flood of tears and retired. "Husband," said Mrs. H., "let us go down." Partly relenting, and moved by his wife's entreaties, he yielded and joined the praying circle. Probably for three weeks he had not knelt in a more careless frame. Indeed he thought he had determined to relinquish this "vain struggle." He might not have done so, for such were his views of himself and of the wickedness of his heart, that possibly his conscience would have refused repose in spite of his resolve. But this result was waived by an unexpected occurrence. In the progress of the prayer, under some common devotional expressions, a softening influence suddenly touched his heart. It was not overwhelming, but gentle—a small river let in the desert of his heart—a distilling dew on the parched waste of its affections. Yet it was refreshing.

Hope in an instant recovered its lost dominion, and Mr. H. said within himself, "Perhaps I am not lost. I will go to meeting once more, and make another effort to find a reconciled God." He accordingly went that very evening to a prayer-meeting. It was a small assembly of twelve praying souls, met to plead in Christ's name. The minister was there, and having given out a hymn, he said, "If our afflicted friends," meaning Mr. and Mrs. H., "will come forward and kneel down we will all pray for them." It was the first proposition that had been made of the kind, and probably Mr. H. had never until then been in a state of mind to act upon it; but the words were no sooner uttered than he hastened forward and fell upon his knees.

Earnest pleading in his behalf now arose from as many believing hearts as were in that little assembly. The voluntary outward humiliation of Mr. H. as a "mourner" greatly moved them. Their strong desires in his behalf were unrestrainable, and in a few minutes every tongue seemed to be employed in loud invocations for God's mercy upon him. The tears of the writer now flow unchecked as he enters on the description of a scene which, though in its prominent features it is not rare among consistent Methodists, yet is so touching to the heart of piety that its frequent recurrence cannot rob it of its interest. As the songs and beatitudes of heaven are ever new, so shall the tears and the groans, the supplications, conversions, and shouts of these altar scenes never become tame or unaffecting to those whose eyes have been opened to discern their deep import.

Such a scene a few weeks previous would have been unspeakably disgusting to Mr. H. He would have discerned in it the tokens of a frenzy as irrational and degrading as the wildest excesses of bacchanalian indulgence. Instead of which he now felt like turning to one and another, and beseeching each in turn to *plead more earnestly.*

Soon after this outburst of feeling occurred Mr. H. began to say in an undertone, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated it continually, but with great deliberation, feeling in some degree and increasingly as he reiterated it the pressure of

truth upon his conscience, and its quickenings in his heart. In a word, he felt as he never had before, and hope produced a struggle in him. He thought it possible that God would save him, and that the finger of his power was now gently rousing his soul to life.

Amid these incipient struggles he was most unexpectedly disquieted by a change in his bodily state. He began to feel a sense of numbness, first in his feet. It gradually spread upward till his limbs seemed almost paralyzed. He sought in several ways to escape the sensation, or the *fancy*, for he could scarcely determine whether it were this or that. Not used to kneeling, he deemed that it might result from his posture, and by moving this way and that around the chair on which he leaned he hoped to recover; but the embarrassment increased. His attention was now diverted from his moral to his physical state. "Is it possible," thought he, "that I am going to 'have the power!'" The concern or rather alarm that now arose in his mind checked his cry for mercy, and in a few minutes his numbness, his struggles, and his tenderness of spirit gave place to his usual obduracy, and he found himself stupid, impenitent, unconscious of inward contrition, and insensible of bodily ailment.

And now, having lost what he coveted, as well as escaped what he eschewed, he felt keen regret. "Better," thought he, "that I should have endured an outward than have retained this inward paralysis. My body has escaped at the expense of the soul. I should have forgotten the former in my struggles for the latter." He felt assured that his mental and moral exercises for some minutes had been perfectly new to him, and that they had in them a higher promise than any former states of mind. He recollected that, among other reflections which had doubtless contributed to his present obduracy, was the dread that he might be prostrated by the power of the Spirit, and some of his ungodly acquaintances come in and gaze upon him. This he feared was a suggestion of the devil, or at least the apprehension of pride, and well calculated to grieve the Spirit and drive him from the heart.

There is a quick and subtle sympathy in religion. It is

spiritual, can approach all hearts, and is wont to move them in the same direction as the waves of the sea are moved in succession toward or from the shore. How often in love-feast does the whole mass of mind remain slumbering and motionless up to a given moment, and then, like forest leaves under the rising breeze, awake to the touches of the life-inspiring Spirit? Blessed be God for the gift of the Spirit, through our Lord Jesus Christ. What to us were the incarnation, the atonement, and all the opened avenues from earth to heaven, without the Holy Spirit to rouse our sensualized affections and draw us toward our home?

How aptly is a change of heart denominated regeneration. It is birth-like in many ways. It involves struggles not only in the convicted, but also on the part of the Church; for it is God's usual method to rouse her to the most earnest efforts of faith, and cause her enkindled charity to flow forth in strong supplications. The Holy Spirit moves the Church to "travail" and "bring forth."

But amid these struggles there are pauses, in which both the Church and her infant children under their quickenings to newness of life, relapse into inactivity. This is seen in revivals, where the struggles at the altar sometimes become feeble, and coldness like a death-power comes over the warm affections of devotion. God knows the reason, but gives us no account of it. Still, we know that he orders all things well in the kingdoms of both nature and grace, between which we may often discern striking and instructive analogies. In the case before us it is so ordered that in the kingdom of nature the struggles of the first, and in the kingdom of grace the agonies of the second birth should be prolonged by mysterious delays and intermissions. It was partly in reference to this point that we spoke of a "quick and subtile sympathy in religion."

Soon after Mr. H. had ceased to struggle, the same spirit of stupidity seemed to fall on all around him, and at last an awkward stillness succeeded to the many and loud prayers in his behalf. All, one by one, arose from their knees, and an hour or more passed in formal devotions, after the manner of a cold Methodist prayer-meeting. Mr. H. was invited to rise;

unused as he was to kneeling, his posture was painful; but he resolved to atone for his prideful apprehensions that some gentleman might come in, by remaining on his knees the live-long night, hoping thereby to recover the strong feelings which he had lost. A young man, now in heaven, came at length and kneeled by his side, and whispered,

"Mr. H., I fear you are not anxious enough for salvation."

"No, sir," said Mr. H., "I am not anxious at all."

"I feel," said the other, "that if you do not embrace religion to-night, you never will."

"So I think," said Mr. H.

The young man paused a little, and then exclaimed, "I cannot give you up!" and turning aside commenced praying aloud. He had uttered but a few words when a divine influence was shed upon the little assembly. Again all fell upon their knees, and in a few minutes every voice was once more pleading in prayer. Mr. H. felt the descending power. For a minute or two he retained his kneeling posture, but his desires for salvation grew more and more vehement, till at last, forgetful of everything but the wants of a soul making its last effort for eternal life, with one unrestrained outcry for mercy, he threw himself on the floor. Mrs. H. flew to him in great consternation, and others gathered round, ready, if there were need or opportunity, to do what might be done to soften the features of a scene so bold and rugged. But God was also there, and Mr. H. had naught to do with any other. He did not know, until afterward informed, that his wife had hung over him so long in silent agony.

The witnesses say that for one hour and a half Mr. H. continued in this prone posture. Such was the violence of his struggle for salvation that his hands and arms were in constant agitation, reaching up with violent efforts, as if to grasp something above him and beyond his reach. His states of mind during the struggle were as follows: Always till that evening, when he attempted to pray, it seemed to him that no one heard him. He *felt* like an atheist, though he *thought* as a believer. When he threw himself on the floor the movement was induced by the sudden consciousness that Jesus was near and listening to

his prayer. As he fell backward, with his face toward the ceiling, Christ seemed to be just above him. He felt that he could almost reach him, and the unwearied motion of his hands was sympathetic with the struggle of the heart to lay hold on him. The time that he lay prostrate in this manner was spent, with two or three momentary interruptions, in exclaiming, with the utmost effort of his voice, "Come, Jesus!" or, "Help me, Jesus!" without any important variations of language. The interruptions were as follows: In the midst of his struggles it came suddenly to his mind, as though whispered by the lips of the Saviour, "Will you now give up your child?" and instantly his whole heart, with a new, strange outflow of consenting emotions, said, "Yes, yes; I do, I do!" After a little time it was again suggested, "Can you now forgive your enemies?" and in the same full, hearty manner he exclaimed, "Yes!" feeling at the moment that he would fain have all his worst enemies in his arms at once that he might press them to his bosom. After a little it was again suggested, "Can you now give up *yourself* and all you have forever to Christ, to do with you and with it as shall please him?" and again, with an unspeakable fullness and freeness, his heart replied, "Yes, all —all—I give up all forever!"

The experienced Christian will doubtless perceive that this was, with Mr. H., the beginning of a new and heavenly life. Such a yielding up of all things is never accomplished by the unregenerate heart. Just then, when he felt so full and spontaneous a flowing of his affections in the unaccustomed channels of resignation and charity, the regenerating work was wrought. But Mr. H. knew it not. He never once suspected it. He returned again, therefore, from these specific exercises of submission, self-consecration, and charity to pleading with Jesus. This he continued until, his strength gradually failing, he could no more than whisper, and at last, from physical exhaustion, became silent.

There is a difference. Conversion is one thing, and its evidence, or the inward witness of it, another. They are not necessarily simultaneous. Mr. H., now regenerated by the Holy Ghost, thought his quiet state one of perfect stupidity.

He said to himself, "'Tis done! This was my last effort, and Christ, who came so near, has left me forever!" "How do you feel now?" said a venerable saint, since glorified. "Stupid! stupid!" said Mr. H. "Ah!" said she, "you'll feel better to-morrow." She understood better than the new-born disciple what were the symptoms of commencing life.

Mr. H. had returned to his lodgings. It was late; but he said to his wife before they retired, "Let us once more try to pray." So soon as they had kneeled down a gentle melting came upon his soul, which quite took him by surprise. "Possibly," thought he, "all is not lost. There may be hope that I shall yet obtain religion." Musing in this wise he lay down and slept.

In the morning he arose without the sense of any peculiar tenderness, and as soon as he was dressed, desired Mrs. H. to leave him alone. As she retired he turned toward the table on which the Bible lay. The sight of this book caused his heart to throb with unexpected emotions. He stepped quickly across the room, opened the book, and his eye first lighted on these words, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." John xiv, 1. His whole soul seemed in a moment absorbed in meditating the force of this language. "Why am I troubled?" thought he. "Does not *Jesus* utter these words? Why did I not think and feel that it was his own language addressed to a wretch like me? Yes, I believe in God, the Creator, the Judge, the Avenger, and my heart is 'troubled.' Why have I not believed also in Jesus, the Saviour, the bearer of my sin and punishment, and thus eased my troubled conscience?" While he thus mused on the words of his Lord, they seemed to go down into the very depths of his soul, and spread through all its parched wastes.

He laid the Bible open on the side of the bed, dropped on his knees, still pondering the words which had so deeply affected him. In the midst of these exercises it occurred to him, "pray." Raising his eyes upward to do so, Jesus again seemed, as on the previous evening, to be just above him. He *saw* nothing at this or any other time, but was conscious rather of the presence of the Saviour. His first words were, "Jesus,

I cannot let thee go!" These he deliberately repeated; and in the mean time a struggle within corresponded with these outward expressions. He was like a man who, fallen in deep waters, seizes with thumb and finger the edge of a plank. Afraid to let go, in order to attempt a firmer hold, and unable without great effort to retain his present grasp, he can do no more than exert all his energies to hold on. So with Mr. H. A little faith had grasped the Saviour slightly, as it were, by the hem of the garment, and the struggle was to retain that slender hold. Each repetition of the words seemed to increase his confidence and bring the Saviour nearer to him, until at last he changed the former language for this: "Jesus, thou canst not cast me off!" This he also repeated slowly, feeling as he did so that Christ approached nearer and nearer, until at last he seemed to come down into his soul, and in all the fullness of his presence take up his abode within. All was now changed. Mr. H. exclaimed, "O Jesus, thou art *within* me!" and that Scripture was borne to his heart, "Christ in you the hope of glory." He continued but a moment on his knees, for a divine power seemed to raise him to his feet. He hurried this way and that through the chamber, looking at his hands, and pressing his own flesh as though he would be convinced that he was himself and not another. Jesus had so fully possessed his whole soul that he seemed to have lost his own being, and to have become merged or swallowed up in Christ. He was born again. He knew it. As the living are conscious of life, so Mr. H. was consious that he had been raised to newness of life. O how he exulted in the fullness of this life! What weeks and months of holy rapture he enjoyed, and how replete with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" were his days and nights as he still pressed onward to the higher beatific state!

Some circumstances in the narrative of Mr. H.'s conversion may be profitably reconsidered. He was foolishly speculating when the Holy Spirlt first visited his heart. This may be the wherefore that the progress of his soul through the "strait gate" was marked by some peculiar exercises. He had often made specific efforts to resign his child, and to forgive his

enemies, with an utter inability to accomplish either. The reader has seen that a specific impression was made upon his mind in the midst of his agonies in regard to those particular points. He had been exceedingly tried in regard to that faith which justifies the soul. He could not conceive how this "saving faith," as it was called, differed from the speculative admission of the truth of Christianity. He was sorely puzzled at the distinction made between them. He was in a state of mind on this point which would at the time have rendered the views of Mr. Campbell grateful to his mental appetite. But his struggles at the bedside on the morning of his deliverance perfectly satisfied him that faith embraces the affections; that "with *the heart* man believeth unto righteousness."

Mr. H. had wondered also, as well he might, how the Christian could distinguish the impulses of nature from those of grace; but his experience satisfied him on this point. To a skeptical educated friend, who called on him a few days after his conversion, and suggested this very difficulty, he said: "Suppose you were to visit a young man who had never seen the sun, but in the confinement of a dungeon, by lamp-light, had been educated and instructed in natural philosophy, and he should ask you to explain to him the difference between solar light and candle light; could you do it?"

After a considerable pause he answered "No."

"So," said Mr. H., "I cannot explain to you the difference between natural and religious sensibility, but I can *feel* the difference."

Another difficulty with Mr. H., akin to this last, was, how can the Christian know he is converted? And this was a more serious question, from the fact that he had once honestly hoped that he was pious, and found out that it was wholly a mistake. Besides which, many professing Christians, and whole denominations of them, deny that it is our privilege to be assured of our conversion, and that we must be satisfied with probability, or, in the language of their creed, with a hope; whereas the Methodists teach that it is our privilege and duty to feel assured that our sins are pardoned. Mr. H. now understood that the convert may "know the things which are freely given to him

of God." He felt in himself that he possessed a new life, and could no more doubt it than he could his own physical being. As he knew that he had five senses, that he had hands, feet, memory, and imagination—in a word, as he knew with the utmost certainty that he was a living man and not a dead carcass—even so, by spiritual consciousness, or by what the apostle calls the "Spirit bearing witness," he knew that his soul was raised up from its death in trespasses and in sins to a new and glorious life.

Of one other thing he was convinced, namely, that many make a profession of religion who know nothing of its power. Such are they who, taught by the erring, look not for certainty in experience, and of course rest in uncertainty. Such are they who take the fifty-first psalm to be expressive of Christian experience, and of course mistake conviction of sin for a state of justification. Such persons should consider that there are peace and joy in religion, and that to mourn over sin is not the only habit of a truly regenerated heart. He had often heard the pious speak extravagantly, as he supposed, of the superior comforts of religion. He had felt a strong prejudice against such language as this: "I have enjoyed more happiness in one day since I was converted than in my whole life before." This he thought impossible; he supposed that the speaker was merely zealous for his party, and anxious to vindicate the wisdom of his own conduct, and therefore set himself to exaggerate the good which he had chosen. Now he found, to his surprise and delight, that such language was so far from all extravagance, that it fell quite below the truth, and that in reference to all such accounts of religious enjoyment he could say, "the half was not told me." His own mind could not by any effort invent a method to express his own inward comforts. He was like a youth brought up in the meanest, filthiest cottage, and familiar only with the rudest modes of vulgar life, suddenly placed upon a throne, and made to gaze on all the unwonted splendors of a palace. Day after day new conceptions of the excellence and the prerogatives of his present state, of his new birth-right privileges in fruition and in prospect, ravished and almost overwhelmed him. One instance of this may be noticed.

For two days after his conversion his mind was so occupied with present joys, that he had never looked forward and considered the prospect of future glory. He was passing from the house into the yard, when it occurred to him that his overflowing peace and rapture were not all the good religion proffered him; that it had not only the promise of the life that now is, but of that also which is to come. This was, at the moment, a clear addition to his gains. He burst out in halleluiahs at the sudden recollection that, in addition to the heaven now within him, and which seemed more than he well knew what to do with, there was another more glorious and eternal heaven beyond him. We mention this circumstance for this among other reasons: it shows that religious joy is not constituted of mere hope. It has present as well as future beatitudes.

Lastly, Mr. H. was convinced that to know anything satisfactorily of religion we must *experience* it. To speculate upon it is like laboring to ascertain the flavor of fruit without tasting it. If all the infidels in the world would consider the doctrines of religion, especially that of the new birth, as the diagram, and experience as the demonstration, they might soon "know of the doctrine, whether it be of heaven or of men." They are, therefore, inexcusable. Infidelity is willful, because a sure test is proposed which the skeptic will not employ to satisfy himself of the falseness or the reality of religion. If an apple were presented him with the assertion that it is sweet, how should he determine whether it is so or not? By tasting it. Let him treat religion thus. A and B are chemists; A meets B and informs him that he has experimented thus and thus, with such and such results; B is incredulous. A says to him, "Do not contradict me. I ask you to take nothing upon trust. Go to your laboratory, and test the matter according to the usages and rules of our science. But do not allege theory against experiment." So Christians may challenge their adversaries.

CHAPTER III.

HIS EARLY MINISTRY.

When first converted, Mr. Hamline appears to have had no thought of preaching; but at the first meeting he attended after his conversion, at the close of the sermon the minister requested him to exhort. He arose and related the history of the "Prodigal Son," bringing the whole scene in vision before the audience, until they seemed to behold the poor, tattered, forlorn wretch tremblingly approaching the paternal mansion, and the venerable father first espying him in the distance, and watching with intense interest his approach, till at length, recognizing his returning son, he ran to meet and embrace him. He then said, "That prodigal son is before you in the person of the speaker. *I* am that prodigal; I have returned to my Father's house. For me the fatted calf has been killed, and on me the best robe has been put," etc. The affecting manner in which he presented his conversion told on the hearts of the hearers, and a number were converted that night.

At the first love-feast he attended, the presiding elder sat down, after opening the meeting, saying, "Let the man most deeply indebted to grace be first to rise and speak for Christ." Mr. H. was instantly on his feet, exclaiming, "I am that man." As he went on speaking, a sister, whose husband had been defeated in a suit in which Mr. H. was the lawyer for the prosecution, and who had on that account been very bitterly prejudiced against him, asked Mrs. M., who sat next her,

"Who is that?"

"Why, it is the lawyer of whom you have said, 'he cannot be converted unless he makes restitution to my husband.'"

"Well, I believe he is converted." And a little time after she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! he is converted."

A license to exhort was soon handed him, and shortly after

a license to preach; both unsought and unexpected. When first invited by the presiding elder to go out as assistant preacher on circuits, filling vacancies, etc., he had no intention of entering a conference; but, being in easy circumstances, he desired to attend protracted meetings and preach as occasion called, and just live and die a humble, happy, retired Christian. Nor is it believed that the preachers generally who knew him supposed he would make a useful itinerant minister, all his habits having been unsuited to such a life. But he proved himself more than faithful in every position to which he was assigned; and after two or three years of traveling under the presiding elder, was induced to join the Ohio Annual Conference. It is believed that during his entire ministry he never lost an appointment in consequence of bad weather, unless when streams were utterly impassable; nor did he ever shrink from the discomforts of itinerant life when the circuits were large, taking him many miles from home—a most comfortable home—detaining him several weeks at a time, lodging him in cold and comfortless log-cabins, and exposing him to various hardships, such as were inseparable from the life of a faithful Methodist itinerant preacher in those days in a country comparatively new. Nor did he ever refuse to preach because *few* could attend.

On one occasion he reached an appointment through a snow-storm so severe that but three men attended, and to these and the family (it was a week evening appointment in a private house) he preached, he said, as earnestly as though he had had a large congregation. As a result, one at least of the men attending was awakened. At another time his appointment was fifteen miles distant, much of the way on the bank of a large stream, which had been so swollen as to overflow its banks and the road which he was to travel. In this state it had frozen, and then suddenly fallen, leaving the shelving ice jutting over the road. Friends remonstrated against his attempting to reach the appointment, but he resolved to make the effort. His horse, high-spirited and active, but well broken and docile, had been "sharp-shod," and he set out. He was compelled to walk much of the way, and lead his horse on the ice, often holding to the fences to maintain his

standing. There appears to have been no house at which he could stop for refreshment or rest, and he toiled on till just night, when he reached a bridge, all the planks of which had been swept away. Shelving ice was cleaving to the sleepers on both sides, the banks were almost perpendicular, and the stream impassable except by crossing this fragment of a bridge. Having confidence in the sagacity of his horse, and hoping that *possibly* the ice would not fall till he had reached the opposite shore, he solemnly committed himself to the care of God, and started to lead the horse across one of the sleepers. He was certain that should the ice give way the horse would take fright and spring, in which case only providential interposition could preserve him. When *almost at* the other shore the ice fell with a loud crash. He *threw* himself to the shore, and the horse sprang quite over him, his corked hoof striking as near as he could ascertain within one inch of his head.

At dusk he reached a large stream, which was to be crossed by ferry. Weary and exhausted, but grateful for the preservation of his life, he was detained a long time calling for the ferryman. At length, however, he was taken over, and found a resting-place. This exertion came near costing him his life. He preached but once after this in many weeks, and that sermon was delivered sitting in his chair. His hardships and exposures may not have been severe in comparison with many of our pioneer preachers, but his ability to endure was small, and he suffered in proportion.

After proving himself and being proved by his brethren in the ministry, he was urged to join the Ohio Annual Conference, which he did, and continued to travel circuits, never moving his family till 1834, though going many miles from home, and detained from that beloved spot several weeks at every round of the circuit. One of these circuits took him about seventy miles from home to reach the nearest appointment, so that he was compelled to ride nearly all night both going and returning in order to get two or three "rest days" at home. In common with his colleagues he preached and led class at every appointment, visiting the people of his charge in the intervals in the six weeks' round.

While on one of his circuits, many miles from home, he received intelligence that his child, then two or three years old, was very ill with scarlet fever. The news came late on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning a special messenger arrived to call him home, and all the friends advised that he go; but to do so he must leave his appointment unfilled and ride all day. He felt in a great strait, the more so because of the feeble state of his wife's health, and the anxiety she must be suffering; but he decided to fill his appointment, keep the Sabbath, and trust God with results. Starting on his horse, his method of riding the circuit, as soon as Sabbath was past, he hastened with all possible speed to his home. As he rode up to the door he saw the child, who had been the day before deemed almost in the jaws of death, playing at the window. He had recovered quite beyond all human expectation, and the father felt that God had smiled on his self-denying obedience. Certainly no one who knew Mr. H. would for a moment question his parental tenderness, or doubt that his mental struggle between affection and duty had been great.

The following letters will portray his pious solicitudes for loved ones at home, written about this time:

"My dear Eliza,—I shall devote a few of my restless moments this evening to you. You know that we are to die, and whether we shall pay the debt of nature with a full warning of what is about to come upon us we know not. Should I die without your presence, and without the privilege of conversing with you, I pray you, as with my dying breath, to be thoroughly convinced of the following truths, namely:

"That there is a God consisting of three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. That God is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, holy, just, and merciful; that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are a revelation from God; that Christ has made a vicarious atonement for sin; that man is depraved; that our only hope is through faith in Christ's name; that man is immortal, and accountable for his actions and *feelings;* that sin unrepented of will destroy the soul; that the misery of the wicked will be eternal; that im-

penitence is the sinner's fault; and that the finally impenitent destroy themselves.

"These truths, my dear Eliza, embrace all the pillars of the Christian's faith, and contain more sound sense and philosophical wisdom than all the aphorisms of all the great men of earth. Let them enter your heart and communicate their spirit to your very soul, and they will exalt you above all the Platos of old, above all the Humes of modern times.

"You will reasonably be surprised that I have not been a wiser and better man, since my professions proclaim me in possession of this heavenly knowledge. It is difficult to redeem myself from the charge of inconsistency, but it is not difficult to screen these principles from the charge of inefficiency. Whenever I have felt the ruling power of these truths I have been in some degree both wise and good. Not that I have then *felt myself* either, but on the contrary have then been most deeply sensible of my failings and delinquencies; but now, while I revert to those periods when I have and have not felt the force of them, I can discern a striking contrast in which the former state is the light shade of the picture. Yes, holiness of heart and life, purity of thought and action, are the legitimate offspring of these principles; and without them all that has the resemblance of moral virtue among men is spurious. It is factitious goodness, unsubstantial as the shadow, unreal as the dream of night, and wasting as the dew of morning.

"Let these principles, my dear Eliza, rule your life, and you cannot act wrong. Forget and reject them, and you cannot act right. O that I had always been ruled by them! It would have saved me many a pang, it would have brought me many a joy; it would have brightened the morn of life, and it would cheer the evening of my days; it would have illuminated the vale of death, and glorified my soul in the world of bliss.

"I have nothing to do but say, *as you value the peace of your soul* listen to these instructions. May God be your father, may God be the husband of your soul, may he give you the garment of salvation, and cause you to sit in a heavenly place at his right hand! Adieu, my Eliza; my *own* Eliza, adieu."

"My dear Eliza,—I trust you will not permit the affairs of home to make you unhappy. For my part, I think if we can obtain and keep our Saviour we will do well. I know not how our suit may terminate. I shall be satisfied and easy. So must you, my dear. O that we might serve God and enjoy him!

"Your letter came to hand Sunday evening, November 14, just as I was entering the pulpit. I have been enabled to preach to acceptance, and I hope to some little profit. At Wellsburgh the prospect is flattering. I am now on my way round the circuit. Hope to see you a couple of days early in December.*

"Keep courage, and may God bless you and the little boy. If we serve God he will make all plain. O may we have Christ in the soul! I leave it all and commit my cause to God, and trust we shall yet reach heaven. I say again, my dear Eliza, do not grieve and mourn about our affairs. O how much worse off we might be! I fear more for you than the property. I fear for your nerves and headache. Rest in the confidence of divine mercy and protection. I am resolved to commit all my griefs and fears into the hands of Jesus. If you will take the babe and his nurse, and meet me on Tuesday, the 30th of November, at Father M'Leod's, near Norwich, or come on Monday, the 29th of November, to Brother M'Leary's at Washington, I will meet you. Good-by, dear. May you be happy in your God!"

"Granville, *December* 10, 1832.

"My dear Eliza,—I have passed around the north-east part of the circuit since last Sabbath, (yesterday week,) and through awful roads and high floods, and preached at seven appointments. I could not reach Granville on Saturday because of the streams; but on Sunday morning several gentlemen started with me and helped me on, so that I got into town a few minutes before meeting-time. Preached at eleven and half past one. Held a prayer-meeting at candle-light. A good congregation, and I trust a profitable Sabbath.

* This shows how little time circuit preachers spent with their families in those early times.

"This is a wet day. I hope to get out of town this evening. Am stopping with a Brother Barker; a very pleasant family.

"Two gentlemen have just called, Dr. R. and Col. H., and spent half an hour, and are now gone. They are both reformed drunkards, and are very zealous in the cause of Temperance. Truly the Society has wrought wonders here. I trust you are better and more happy in the Lord your God. O how I long to be a Christian like Fletcher or Bramwell, and see my dear Eliza as devoted as Cooper or Rowe! The Lord help you! I have never read the Bible with so much pleasure as these two weeks past. I have read only to the 28th or 29th of Exodus, and to the 10th of Luke. But my soul has often feasted on the Word of Life. I am extremely happy to know that you are my companion in these heavenly studies.

"I have wept like a corrected child over the story of Joseph, the scene at Peniel, and the giving of the Law. It makes me wonder to see how God once talked to men, walking with Enoch, calling Moses from the bush and inviting him up into the clouds and lightnings of the mount. O may we see this God in heaven, and shine before him for ever and ever! Amen."

Rev. Edward D. Roe, M. D., to whom the three succeeding letters are addressed, was trained under the influences of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Dr. R. and Mr. H. were early friends, the former having little idea of becoming a Methodist minister, being engaged in mercantile pursuits previous to his call to the ministry. He was a man of fine feelings and accomplished manners, and the early ardent friendship formed between Mr. H. and himself, both being so similarly circumstanced prior to their call to leave all for the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church, created a mutual bond of affection which was as enduring as life. Dr. Roe died in great peace in Washington City, not many months previous to Bishop Hamline. The first letter is dated November 1, 1832.

"As I am now on the border of your circuit, I will embrace the opportunity to drop you a few lines, which I find can easily be conveyed to one of your appointments.

"I am in good health, and feel very happy. These three days past have been very precious to me. The woods, the highway, reading, preaching, prayer, praise, have been all acceptable. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable goodness! O, I could wear out a thousand lives in God's righteous cause!

"I trust you are now happy. Do you love this work the more as you labor in it? Do you feel to say, after a little trial of it, 'Let me cease to labor as I cease to live?' I am anxious to hear how you thrive in the good cause. I have received a letter within three days advising that my family is well. It will be three weeks on Saturday since I left home. Well, we must forsake all for Christ's sake. So may we, and meet together at HOME, and 'go no more out for ever!'"

"ZANESVILLE, O., *November* 10, 1832.

"REV. E. D. ROE,—Your note reached me at Newark, inviting me in kind and brotherly terms to visit you this Saturday and Sunday. I am not able to do so. As I have just commenced my labors, I cannot consistently leave my circuit at this early stage. I am pleased that you enter with comfort upon your labors, and trust your health, patience, and zeal will wear well. I hardly know what to promise myself. I start to-morrow morning to ride, preach, and, by the grace of God, seek and feel religion. The *circuit* is *my* home, and if I can only take my family along, I shall then be able to say, 'All I require I have—a Saviour, a circuit, a family, a living.' Do you feel well? Are you inspired with an increasing zeal for your God and Redeemer? Do you not repent this resignation to the labors of the vineyard? When you sit and listen to the blast by night and watch the 'scowling cloud,' and know that you are to ride in 'sleety shower,' and shelter in the half-composed cabin, among the rude or rustic, does not your soul draw back? Come on, my dear Edward, and see thy Saviour on plain and 'mount,' and sea and land, with fishermen and 'publicans and sinners,' rejected by a scornful world; in the garden before Pilate and Herod, and *on the Cross*. . . . I'll go through storms and tempests, floods and flames, to serve this blessed Saviour. If I have a wife, he had a mother. If I have gold and riches,

he had the riches of heaven and earth, and for our sakes he became poor.

"I feel better. I have half written down the enemy. Blessed Lord God, give me a glorious victory! I do trust to see good this year. Our quarterly meeting was more than ordinary for Newark. Few joined. I left you a line at Strowther's. If possible meet me somewhere on that part of my circuit. I long to speak with you.

"My poor Eliza has cares pressing upon her in my absence from which I would be glad to see her delivered."

"Newark, *February* 12, 1833.

"Rev. E. D. Roe,—Our meeting is glorious. We have had seventy mourners at a time; fory-six have joined. I know not when the meeting will close; probably next Monday. This is the sixth day. The town is shaken. God walks among the people, and they tremble. Universalism reels beneath the blows of truth.

"We have now no helps from abroad; but God helps. I must say I have been blessed in my own soul. I have been called four times to the pulpit, and my fifth appointment comes this evening. I pray God to send us a little help. I can say to no man, *Come* thou. But I put this prayer down for *your* eye: I pray God to send us a little help. Amen."

On arriving at Cincinnati he writes to Dr. Roe: "We reached here in safety, and in time to witness a severe spread of cholera. It commenced on Saturday last, sudden as plague, and in twenty-four hours about twenty were laid low. It ceased as suddenly as it came. I have felt the wind of the shot, but am not 'killed nor wounded.' The atmospheric influence was as sensible as the shock of an electric battery. O how strange! On Sunday the scene was mournful: the hearses dressed in imposing black, the processions of mourning carriages, and the mourning of the bereaved, deprived almost in an hour of dear and adored friends, made all our hearts ache. Several of our brethren died. We feel, notwithstanding, calm and comfortable. We are keeping house with a few borrowed and purchased articles of furniture,

without a carpet on our floors, and bed-clothes scanty enough. I suppose our goods are in the care of Brother Hall of your town. We suffer for them. Possibly, if he knew our necessities, he could pass them on board a keel-boat and get them to us. Mrs. Hamline's cough is bad, and carpets at this season are necessary for the sick. Could you call on Brother Hall and state the case, and put in one of your *eloquent* pleas for us, you shall have the poor *fee* of our gratitude and continued affection. Of these, however, you may be sure at any rate. I am much, very much pleased with Cincinnati. It is a *bold* young city. Wesley Chapel is a sweet place to preach. I prefer it to the smaller churches of the city as to ease of delivery and audience. No stir; all is calm, but many precious saints are here, intelligent and accomplished in all that is morally and religiously excellent. Pray, my dear brother, that we may meet at the foot of the throne."

To the beloved companion of his early toils in the ministry, Rev. Jacob Young, who at the time seemed to be the subject of peculiar trial from mistaken views in regard to the course of some of his brethren, Mr. H. writes, January 3, 1835:

"My Excellent Brother,—Your letter, which I received in due time, was most acceptable. The account which it gave of your domestic afflictions excited my sympathies and anxieties in your behalf. 'Yes, I *do* feel, most exquisitely feel,' whatever affects the happiness of yourself and your worthy family. I know, however, that there is *One* 'touched with a sympathy divine' in your behalf, who can and will make all things clear to you, and cause you to glorify him for his dispensations.

"For some weeks my soul has had work at home. My sympathies at present seem almost incapable of diversion. We are afflicted. Mrs. Hamline has been declining ever since conference, and appears now to be rapidly sinking under the influence of hectic fever. I am watching her day and night with an anxiety which you can better conceive than I describe. God has in mercy relieved me of one mighty burden. She has never enjoyed a clear evidence of her acceptance with God until last

evening. Judge with what joy I witnessed her reception of Jesus by faith, and heard her proclaim, 'All is well.' 'I have no fears now.' 'I have no longer any will but the will of God.' Bless God! eternally bless his holy name! that he has heard prayer, and given her her heart's desire. Let me now be bound forever to *his* cross who hath saved us by his blood. My dear brother, I doubt not but you will give us your prayers, and plead with Jesus to bless us in our afflictions. I very much fear that we may not honor God in our sufferings. I intended to write to John before now; but my time has been so occupied in the midst of labor and sickness that I could not do as I wished. I wished to send him a book, (the Life of Watson,) but knew of no opportunity. As a new year's gift, let me present him with 'Watson's Conversations,' the little work of Chalmers's, and my precious pocket Bible, which, though worn, he must not despise, for it has been a friend to me, divine in value and profit. I cannot see him to converse with him; but by these I can communicate with him on philosophy by Chalmers, on theology by Watson, and on all that is worthy in earth and heaven by the Word of God. O may he be wrought by the skill of God's performing hand into a precious son of Zion, girt with the armor of truth and righteousness, and prepared for the work of his heavenly Master! I hope and believe, my dear brother, that you will be blessed in your sons, blessed in your work, and blessed in your person now and forever.

"I come now to touch upon a subject which causes me embarrassment. I mean the allusion in your letter to the unpleasant or 'sore' feelings you experienced at conference, and the suspicion you expressed that you had in your old age become an object of envy. I cannot on this subject say just what I desire you to understand, because I am not willing to have a friend question in his heart whether I am not a flatterer. Innocence comforts us when enemies maliciously accuse us; but to our friends we wish not only to *be*, but to *appear* innocent. I will, however, hazard this opinion, predicated not upon my ignorance of the subject, but my *knowledge* of it. You are the last man in my opinion that the members of the Ohio Conference will ever think of envying on the one hand, or of despising on the other.

Some men are too insignificant to be envied; they are only despised. Some are too respectable to be despised, too aspiring and overbearing to be loved, and are therefore envied and hated most cordially. Now, my dear brother, I think you will fully acquit me at least of any want of regard for your talents as a man, of your piety as a Christian, and of your usefulness as a beloved minister of our holy religion. If you do acquit me on these heads, I must turn to you and say, so far as I can learn, my brethren's hearts toward you are as mine. Little danger is there then that any one should interpose to disturb our friendship, (which is to me one of the greatest blessings of my whole life,) unless it be by convincing you that I am unworthy of your love, which I pray heaven avert. And now let me add, that the question will naturally arise upon reading this, 'If my brethren do regard me as you represent, what mean the occurrences at conference?' You know, sir, that men with all their religion and love are not perfect. Circumstances throw them into confusion of mind, confusion begets forgetfulness, and forgetfulness brings neglect of friends, or an apparent disregard for them who are dearer than life. So came the occurrences of conference, which grieved me more than you, or at least more than though I had suffered them in my own person. And let me add, should you permit your views of this subject to exert any influence upon your future course, you will err. Should it cool your zeal for the itinerant cause or labors, or lead you into any other relation to the Church than that which you now sustain, you would err. But, my dear brother, God who *has* been with you will *show* you all, and *do* all for you. I shall look forward to conference, expecting you to be there, (if God will,) as you have been these thirty years, in the front of Zion's armies."

His affectionate nature moved him to be ever ready to minister to the afflicted. To one who had been painfully bereaved he writes, February 10, 1835:

"For several months I have heard of your afflictions, and I can no longer consent to indulge toward you a *silent* sympathy. Though sorrows press upon me and upon my suffering family, yet I and they can feel for you. I go each day (in mind) to

Athens and to Short Creek, and live over the days and weeks in which your Christian courtesy and care and watchfulness ministered health to my body and comfort to my mind; and then I seem to see you, separate from your husband and your son, wearing out the lonely winter months in solitude and sickness; and while busied with such meditations I am reminded of the apostle's words, 'Weep with those who weep.'

"But often I think of you with other views and different feelings. I consider how long you have been a follower of the Lamb; how much your covenant God has done for you; how large, and sure, and fruitful his gracious promises are; and I seem to see you smile amid all your pains, and beholding you rejoice, I 'rejoice with' you. You know in whom you have believed. You have not been entertaining yourself through life with a cunningly devised fable. Your study has been the *truth*, the wisdom of God. And how often has it yielded you heavenly fruit. Often your experience has fulfilled these words:

> 'Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
> From faith and hope may grow.'

Press closer than ever to your heart the blessed book of promise. Use those portions of it which especially suit your present condition. In it you will learn the patience of Job, and will find that in the end the Lord is full of grace and compassion. Our claim to the filial character is determined, in part at least, by the chastisement we receive from God. If we are without chastisement we are *not* children; for 'what child is there whom the father chasteneth not?' May your afflictions work for you 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.'

"What I suggest for your comfort we have need to consider with self-application. My dear wife is on a bed of sickness, and with but a faint prospect of recovery. Her complaint is pulmonary, and the physicians have but little hope. She is some better just now, and we dare to hope. But one week may disappoint our hope for ever. The Lord, in whose hands are our times, will do all things well. 'In all our afflictions he is afflicted.' O may we remember this in every trying hour! My own health is good considering my condition.

"I think often and affectionately of your aged father and

worthy friends. Please to remember me to them very particularly, especially Father Spahr and his family, Sister Morgan, and my dear brother, Edward Morgan. Mrs. Hamline sends the assurance of her warmest love to you, and wishes you to pray that God would bless her. Her mind is generally composed and resigned. She is seeking a preparation for a holy heaven."

Until the autumn of 1834 Mr. H. had never removed his family from their pleasant home at Zanesville. When he received his appointment to the station in Cincinnati, it was necessary that they should change their residence. Rev. Jacob Young, who was like a father in the Gospel to them both, being at their house, Mrs. H. took him through the house and over the grounds, showing him the comfort and interest they supplied, and said, "Do you wonder, Brother Young, that I have been reluctant to leave this home?"

"O, Sister Hamline," said he, "it is very fine, but it is not quite equal to heaven." A remark which she often repeated during her short stay on earth.

They removed to Cincinnati, but her health, already prostrate, steadily declined till death. She often during her illness referred to Brother Young's remark, and expressed great regret that she had not done more for the Saviour, putting her gold watch, etc., into the missionary treasury. In the Bible "Family Record" it is written: "Her last act was to raise her dying hand and lay it on the head of her little son, L. P. Hamline, to give him her dying benediction." She said, "Sing." Her favorite hymn, commencing

"How do thy mercies close me round,"

was begun, and at the lines,

"Sin, earth, and hell I now defy,
I lean upon my Saviour's breast,"

her spirit took its flight to her heavenly home, March 27, 1835.

Several years later, Bishop H. thus refers to this part of his ministry: "After a year of local labor I traveled Ohio Circuit, in the Pittsburgh Conference, with that venerable man, Rev. Jacob Young. In 1831–2 I traveled Mount Vernon Circuit with

Rev. James M'Mahon, a faithful and beloved colleague; in 1832–3 was on Newark Circuit with that holy man, now in heaven, Rev. H. Fernandis; in 1833–4 was on the Athens Circuit with my first colleague, Brother Young; and in 1834–5 at Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati, where, with the exception of three months in Columbus, I have made my home ever since, nearly eight years in the editor's office." "I joined the Ohio Annual Conference on probation in 1832, was ordained deacon at Circleville, in 1834, by Bishop Soule, and elder by the same in 1836 at the Chillicothe Conference."

To the Rev. J. Young, on the death of Mrs. Young, writing on August 17, 1837, he thus ministers consolation:

"I sit down with feelings of deep, distressing sympathy for you and your dear sons, to record my recollections of that beloved saint whom you have spared to go a *little* before you to heaven; but my record will be brief. Too many of her virtues crowd on my mind to permit me to attempt their bare recital. I waive it by simply saying that I need no monitor to keep before my mind her fair example of all that adorn the character of friend, of Christian, of mother, and of wife. And now she blooms with my Eliza and her firstborn in glory.

"O what a meeting was it when, beyond the sights and sounds of misery, she found herself possessing the beatitudes of heaven; clothed with its robes, decked with its crowns, waving its holy palms, walking with its saints, singing and adoring with all its burning hosts!

"My brother, when we look for our departed friends, how natural it is to go to the coffin, unfold the shroud, or to the grave, where roses bloom and willows weep in morning dews. Let it not be so with us. Glory be to Jesus! you have an eye to see beyond these gloomy death scenes. You have learned to seek the dead in Christ, not in the cold grave, but in a bright and spotless heaven; not in mortal, but in immortal forms, do you now look for the companion of your spirit.

"I know, my brother, it is utterly in vain to look for any comfort but from heaven and from its Saviour when such afflictions come. Look to heaven, look to Christ. I have trod

this path of thorns, and even now the remembrance of its bitterness makes my heart bleed afresh, bleed for you.

"Were it possible that I could cheer you but an hour I would gladly leave my home and ride with you two weeks to do you so small as one hour's friendly service.

"I have been laboring under serious ill health, but am better. I now spend the time principally in writing. At present I am preparing a missionary sermon, that if I should go to conference I may not be placed in so embarrassing a condition as I was last year.

"My beloved brother, let me not be thought forward when I *urge* you to go out at once from your solitary home to the district, and dwell and labor constantly among God's people. Let the zeal of God's house eat up your soul. I think in my distress labor for God was my preservation. *I long to see you.*"

One of his early friends, a zealous and talented presiding elder, says:

"I first saw Mr. Hamline in the summer of 1831 at a camp-meeting. His personal appearance instantly attracted attention; but, with the exception of a very few, none knew who he was, whence he came, or what his previous history. It was soon whispered around, however, that he was a very talented lawyer turned preacher, and of course expectation was on tiptoe, and that expectation was not disappointed. He preached but once, yet that once was sufficient to assure his hearers of his future usefulness and eminence. Thirty-four eventful years have not effaced, have scarcely dimmed the recollection of that sermon in my own mind. The text, 'Ye are my witnesses,' afforded a fine opportunity for employing his legal attainments in illustrating and enforcing Gospel truth, an opportunity of which he did not fail to avail himself.

"He had traveled a circuit for a few months during the year in connection with the venerable Jacob Young. The year following he was employed as a supply on Knox Circuit, and in 1832 he was received on trial into the Ohio Conference, and appointed to Granville Circuit. This was my home, and here my acquaintance with him properly commenced. Here, too,

commenced a friendship which was never afterward interrupted.

"He spent most of his time among the people, and it was my privilege to be much in his company, and to become somewhat familiar with his religious life. He was eminently devotional, prayed a great deal in secret, and made experimental religion the leading theme of conversation. The prevailing tone of his own experience seemed to be joyous, and I recollect hearing him say publicly, that if any one had told him beforehand how much real happiness he was to enjoy he could not have believed it, because he did not suppose it possible for a human being to enjoy so much. He had, it is true, seasons of spiritual conflict.

"In social life he was affable, yet serious. His conversation was highly edifying, yet he seemed as if seeking rather than imparting instruction. I remember visiting with him once at the house of an intelligent retired sea captain. He was meditating a sermon on Hebrews vi, 19, and while entertaining his host with his own favorite theme, drew from him full and accurate information concerning the anchor, its uses, position on shipboard, the manner of handling it; in short, everything that would throw light upon the subject of his meditations. I was always, when in his company, impressed with the ease with which he adapted himself to the peculiarities of those with whom he mingled, making them feel entirely at ease in his presence, yet always maintaining the dignity, the polish, the seriousness of the accomplished Christian gentleman, and of the earnest, faithful Christian pastor.

"Always, in public and in private, he seemed to bear in mind the apostolic injunction, 'Be courteous.' From this rule he never departed. And yet when he thought it necessary to minister rebuke he could do it with terrible severity. I have in my mind now some of the most withering rebukes to which I ever listened. He did not delight in sarcasm, and yet he could use it with telling effect. Indeed he never seemed at a loss in meeting any emergency that might arise.

"He seldom spoke of his earlier life only in general terms, and never to gratify an idle and prying curiosity. When he

did refer to it ever so indirectly, it was always in the spirit of the ever-penitent Paul, and that he might magnify the grace of God; but usually he seemed to wish his life-history to begin with his conversion, and forgetting the things that were behind, to reach forth to those things that were before. I remember seeing him once rise in a love-feast, and with a depth of feeling that moved every heart, he said, 'I have much, very much to say of myself, but I shall say it in very few words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."' He said no more, and needed to say no more.

"Everywhere he moved, in the social meeting, in the family circle, in the more confidential intercourse of private friendship, he was the central object of interest; yet nowhere did he awaken such universal interest as in the pulpit. Here he shone with unrivaled splendor. And yet it was not a dazzling but a revealing light, a light that revealed truth. For the time we lost sight of the man, or only looked to him as the guide that led us up to seemingly inaccessible heights of thought, and thence pointed out to us truths that seemed to lie beyond the range of ordinary vision. There was, however, considerable inequality in his preaching. He never failed to interest, never descended into the neighborhood of mediocrity, but frequently so far transcended all ordinary limits that his less successful efforts seemed moderate by comparison. It was only when compared with himself that I ever knew him make a failure.

"One of the best sermons I ever heard, he preached in Granville at one of his ordinary Sabbath appointments. He never lacked the stimulus of a full house, for wherever it was known he was to preach, eager multitudes flocked to hear. On the occasion referred to the text was in Galatians vi, 7, 8. The present life was considered as the *seed time* of man's existence, the future state as the *harvest*, and that harvest 'corruption' in the one case, 'life everlasting' in the other, as the *natural* result of the sowing. The sermon was exhaustive of the subject, and was delivered in his happiest style. It seemed to

me like some grand edifice of immense magnitude, of faultless proportions, of exquisite workmanship, and so perfectly fortified as to be impregnable at every point. For days it was almost constantly before my mind. I could not help a feeling of wonder that any merely human intellect should originate conceptions so grand, of such marvelous beauty, and then combine them into a whole of such wondrous strength.

"I am sure I never heard that sermon surpassed, though I have heard some of the best preachers in America, and I doubt whether I have ever heard it equaled. I heard him on the same text some years afterward, and though the general plan was about the same, and the sermon was evidently the product of a great mind, it lacked the freshness, the completeness of finish, and the inspiration of the former discourse, and failed to produce anything like the same impression.

"But while I give the preference to this sermon as a whole, it did not produce more manifest present effect than some others preached during that year. I think the most marked impression that I ever witnessed under his preaching was produced by a sermon on the text, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' It was preached at night during a protracted meeting in the town of Newark.

"In order to illustrate the greatness of salvation he dwelt at considerable length on the greatness of the evils from which it saves. The church, as usual, was crowded to the utmost, and he held the audience as if spell-bound. As he proceeded the excitement became intensely painful. He seemed as one standing where he could look down into the measureless depths of the gulf of perdition, and contemplate all its indescribable horrors. And he brought us all up to the same standpoint with himself, and then stood there, pointing out to us the unutterable woes of a lost soul. Never, before nor since, was the scene brought before me as such a terrible and present reality. Throughout the congregation not the slightest movement was visible, and the silence was unbroken save by the voice of the preacher, and now and then a deep groan, which seemed to come from the depths of some stricken or sympathizing heart. At length a point was reached where I felt that I could not

endure much more. I could not help wishing he would stay his hand. But how he was to withdraw from his position, how change the current of feeling without disastrous revulsion, was more than I could imagine; but I soon found that he was master of the situation. Just at the critical moment our minds were turned from the contemplation of this fearful scene of suffering to consider the justice of God, which not only permitted but required such seeming severity in the punishment of sin. This was done in few words, and so skillfully that when in concluding he cried out, 'And let all the people say *amen*,' it seemed to me that every one in that congregation, as if moved by one common impulse, joined him in that '*amen*.'

"I have always been at a loss to know how to characterize his preaching at this period of his ministry. It was scholarly, and yet there was far more evidence of profound original thought than of mere book learning. His person was commanding, his countenance benign, his gestures easy and impressive, his voice, a deep, rich bass, was exceedingly musical, and his elocution all that could be desired. He seemed to have a complete mastery of rhetoric and logic, hence his style was graceful and his reasoning conclusive. His imagination was rich and fruitful, but perhaps a little somber, its shading a little too deep. But whether it ranged through scenes gloomy or bright it was held under strict control, and was steadily directed to the attainment of ends approved by his sober judgment. His language, of which he had fine command, was singularly chaste and elevated, and though his style seemed entirely his own, yet it gave evidence of a very thorough acquaintance with our best classics.

"His manner was devout, earnest, often impassioned, but never boisterous. His audiences were frequently moved, intensely excited, but it was a subdued, solemn excitement, and, like his manner, was never boisterous. He seldom failed to reach the heart of his hearers, but it was through the intellect and the conscience, and his assaults upon the heart were always made with the weapons of truth. His pleading with men to be reconciled to God at times seemed to me irresistible; yet he did not excel in pathetic appeal, indeed seldom at-

tempted it, but, like the great apostle to the Gentiles, knowing the *terror* of the Lord, he persuaded men.

"He had not at that time the matured religious experience which he afterward attained, nor the clear views of Christian holiness which so strongly characterized his later ministry; but I doubt whether he was ever more thoroughly in earnest, or more successful in winning souls to Christ, than during that year. He was most lovingly associated with the heavenly-minded H. S. Fernandis and the zealous S. H. Holland, and glorious revivals of religion crowned their labors."

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF MINISTRY — EDITORSHIP.

By the death of Mrs. Hamline Mr. H. was left with the care of two little sons, both in very feeble health, who greatly needed a mother's tender assiduities. One of these followed its sainted mother to the heavenly world a few months after. Through the favorings of Divine Providence he became acquainted with Mrs. Malinda Truesdell, who had also been subject to a similar bereavement in the death of her husband, a man of exalted piety and literary ability. Both having been bereaved about the same time, sympathy ripened into confirmed affection. The following year they were married. That the union was eminently of God, who that traces the future course of Mr. H. can doubt.

To the Rev. J. Young he writes, Xenia, August 2, 1838: "I most sincerely reciprocate all your expressions of friendship, and look back to Short Creek, and other places where I was favored with your society and counsel, with very deep emotion. I think of some of our dearest earthly comforts and blessings now fled to heaven. Almost every day I converse with my beloved Mrs. Hamline about her excellent Mr. Truesdell and my beloved Eliza, and we seldom fail to bring you and your sainted Ruth into the group of the living and the departed. O, my dear brother, may the Lord make all our losses to be ministers of grace, and bring us nearer to heaven! Pray for *us* just now."

Mr. H. was much interested in the cause of missions, and on one occasion had serious thoughts of offering his service as a missionary to France. Writing to his true yoke-fellow, Rev. Jacob Young, he says, April 15, 1838:

"Your letter has not been replied to as early as it should have been, but that I was in hopes to have been at the

examination of the female seminary, and to speak rather than write.

"I failed to see you on account of the sickness of my family and the bad roads, either of which would have rendered my journeying to Columbus at that time very difficult.

"Now, my dear brother, let me say a word confidentially. I am a candidate for missionary labors. My mind has for many months been greatly bent on the subject of missions. Some four months since I began to think much about France, the land of my forefathers. I am now anxious to be sent to that fair but desolated clime to preach Jesus and the resurrection. I am studying the language in all my spare hours, with some hope that I may find my way among that people. I wish very much to see you just now. I know of no man to whom I could so freely and fully unbosom myself as to you, nor one of whom I could so safely and satisfactorily crave advice.

"I think some of making a formal offer of myself to the bishops while they sit in New York. Can you write within two weeks and tell me whether this would be improper?

"If there be no other way for me to go to France I think I might go at my own charge.

"I shall be very anxious to hear from you on this subject, and if I could receive a letter within two weeks from this date it would be to me a great relief. I feel more than ever desirous to put my hand firmly on the Gospel plow and use it to break up fallow ground."

At this time Bishop Soule resided at Lebanon, Ohio. Mr. H. having been greatly blessed in his efforts to promote a revival there, Bishop Soule, writing on March 18, 1838, thus urges a renewal of his labors:

"I am induced, not only by the solicitation of friends but also by the clearest convictions of my own mind, to invite you to come over and help us. It is, I judge, of special importance that we have your help on next Sabbath-day. A strong effort it is believed will be made on that day to draw away from our fold those who have received all their religious impressions at our church. Religious influence is manifestly increasing in our village among every class of society.

"Indeed we are encouraged to hope that the triumph will be complete. Many have been happily converted to God since Brother Hamline left us, and I have never known so many souls reckon their convictions from the labors of one day as from the Sabbath on which Brother Hamline preached in our church. His sermons resulted in incalculable good. I assure you that the call for your help at this crisis is of no ordinary character. I have not time to enter into the peculiar circumstances. I think they are such as to require extraordinary exertion. In consequence of the extreme badness of the roads between this place and Cincinnati our brethren propose for you to come to Middletown by the canal, where they will meet you with a private carriage and convey you to Lebanon. It is greatly desired that you should be here by next Thursday night, to remain over the Sabbath. Don't fail to come unless under circumstances of a very pressing character. I shall wait with no ordinary interest to hear from you, if practicable, by return of mail. Let me know when we may meet you with a carriage at Middletown. Can you be there on Thursday morning or noon? The 'south-east corner' of my house will be in reserve for you."

The elder of the district had been Mr. H.'s colleague, was himself an able and popular preacher, and though a good man, seemed annoyed at the popularity of his colleague. There was no other difficulty between them. This will explain the cause of his writing thus to Mrs. H. from the conference at Xenia:

"My heart is much with you. I trust you are well, and if not, very happy at least.

"The characters of the preachers were examined to-day. I was surprised to learn that while I was out the presiding elder stated as follows, (Brother Moody wrote down the words and gave them to me:) 'Brother H. is one of the most dignified, gentlemanly men in his varied intercourse with society that I ever knew. He has preached as much as his health would allow. He is not only an acceptable but an elegant preacher. He is considered a most conscientious and pure man, and is beloved and respected as a man, a Christian, and a preacher.

"To this speech of Brother —— Brother Elliott added, 'I can reiterate all that has been said of him, and as a coadjutor he is all that I could desire.' Kind men! O that I were worthy!

"I am better; am more cheerful. I hope to see you by Friday. I preached last night, (Friday,) with great comfort, on 'What is man?'

"F. Dighton is here and preaches like an angel.

"To-morrow is Sunday. You shall hear from me again soon."

At the session of the Ohio Annual Conference in 1839, Mr. Hamline was elected a delegate to the General Conference which was held in Baltimore, 1840. He was appointed chairman of the Committee on the Memorial to Establish a Periodical for Females, as recommended by the Ohio Annual Conference, and presented a report, which was adopted. The committee say: "It has become customary for opulent American families to take at least one such periodical, and it seems to the committee of high importance that in a religious community containing eight hundred thousand souls, one at least, blending if possible the theology of the Bible as inculcated by Methodism with the attractions of a chastened literature, should be placed within the reach of our female members."

It was at this session of the General Conference that Mr. Hamline was apppointed assistant editor with Dr. Elliott of the Western Christian Advocate, and the publications of the Western Book Concern at Cincinnati, except the German publications. Under his able supervision the Ladies' Repository was commenced, of which he was the successful and popular editor, till called to relinquish the editorial chair for the episcopal office at the general conference of 1844. Those who, as ourselves, enjoyed the privilege of receiving the monthly visits of the Repository, will remember with interest the dignified and intellectual bearing, and, above all, the influential and attractive piety with which it won its way to the heart and mind of the religious public.

During the session of the conference he writes to Mrs. H.:

"BALTIMORE, *May* 10, 1840.

"Your second letter reached me this day at one o'clock. On Friday morning I was anxious, and feared you might be ill; but now all is well.

"Our business goes on slowly. This is the ninth day, and we have done almost nothing except talk. I am on the slavery committee, and have *enough of it*. It is worse than a battle on land or a storm at sea. I have other troubles. You will see by a paper which I sent you on Saturday something of their nature. When they applied to me for a speech in the missionary meeting I understood there would be several addresses. When it was published from the pulpits, and then in the city papers, that Newton of London and Hamline of Ohio would address the meeting, I was thunderstruck. You will not hear in time to pray for me. I thank you for the poetry; it is inimitable. I have to preach again to-morrow at ten o'clock in Monument-street Church.

"I wish if possible to go to Wilmington, Del., and to Washington city; but all is doubtful.

"As to politics, tell your worthy nephew that I scarcely think of them once a week, only when I fall into company which dwells on them. I am myself a candidate, but it is for *eternal life*. I aspire to a throne, but I must have one which will not perish. I labor to secure my election to a sphere high above all thought of earthly minds. I would rather be frozen up at the North Pole in a globe of ice, and be doomed to exist there in agony a century, than to lie an *hour* exposed to lose forever *heaven* and *God* and all. How then can I stay to be a politician. I have no hope for the country at any rate any further than religion sanctifies. Christianity is freedom, the want of it is slavery. Let me be doomed to all the dungeons of tyrannizing cruelty for a thousand long lives, if I may but have my own soul unshackeled, free; the chains of passion, selfishness, earthliness knocked off; the Spirit in all its liberated affections springing up, up, up unto God. All powers harmful, malignant, devilish, kill me, over and over again do the deed; let me be dying always as to my body, but let my soul live. I cry out with suffocation at the bare thought of a

death of thirty past years in sin, compared with which I would gain to enter on the trade of *dying* thirty years in every dying man's place day by day on all the earth.

"O may our blessed Lord and Saviour give you all your dear friends to be partakers of our joys unspeakable and full of glory!

"My health is perfect. I must now suspend till Monday morning, for though I date then, it is now Saturday evening, and near bedtime.

"Dearly beloved, a word this Sabbath evening. It has been a very rainy Sabbath-day. I had a beautiful church and good congregation, a comfortable time in preaching the 'Advocate' to sinners. I have nothing to add. I will write on Wednesday. I hope before then to have heard Brother Durbin. Heaven bless thee more and more!"

During the General Conference at Baltimore he was appointed to preach to the large and intelligent congregation of Dr. Bacchus, Presbyterian. Anxious to interest the hearers and meet the expectations of his brethren of the conference, he selected a carefully-prepared sermon, the theme of which would accord with the views of the Church he was to address—"Human Depravity." During the entire discussion he was tempted with the thought that the sermon was not adapted to the place; that he was not teaching sinners to come to Christ, but was, in familiar phrase, shooting over their heads. At the close of the sermon, though quite out of the common order, he added a warm exhortation to come to Christ now and be saved from depravity and sin. During the exhortation a rustling in the gallery produced the impression that some one had fainted, or something of the sort. Services closed as usual. In the afternoon, while passing down the street in company with Rev. J. Young, a colored man was noticed approaching with a broad smile. Supposing that he had met him as barber somewhere, Mr. H. beckoned him across the street and said, "My friend, you appear to know me; where have I seen you?" "You don't know *me*, but, bless the Lord! I know *you*, and am a star in your crown of rejoicing. I have been several years

seeking religion, and while you preached about depravity today I saw myself, and loathed my sins as never before. And when at the close you exhorted sinners to believe in Jesus *now*, I was enabled to believe and was converted. I was so overcome that they were obliged to help me down stairs. Did you not hear a noise in the gallery?"

Inquiring of his host, A. G. Cole, Esq., of Baltimore, Mr. H. learned that the convert, William Johnson, was a very reputable colored man, a teacher of music among his people in that city. At the close of his six months' probation he was licensed as a local preacher. The subjoined letter, which Mr. H. subsequently received from him, will explain itself:

"BALTIMORE, *January* 15, 1841.

"HONORED AND DEAR FRIEND,—Having a little leisure today, I propose to fulfill a promise made to you last June, namely, to write you in six months' time. I scarcely know how to begin an address to one whom God has seen fit to use as the instrument in the conversion of my soul. I never can think of the 'blest hour when from above I first received the pledge of love' without remembering the time, the place, the text, the sermon, and imagining that I see the minister standing in the sacred desk, and in his *sweet* tone of eloquence conducting my mind to a point where, for the first time, my flinty heart was melted down in deep contrition, and I felt that the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world was willing to blot out *my* transgressions, and gradually my soul was rid of the load which was pressing me down to despair. Then the vail was rent which had ever obscured the Light of life from my vision; then the love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto me; then was I in the light of the Lord, and have ever since endeavored *to walk* in *that Light*, yea, rather going on to perfection, for I am stronger now than when I first believed. Many besetments and troubles have I undergone since last June, but out of all the Lord delivered me. I will now touch a subject of a delicate nature. I feel impressed by the Spirit of God to call sinners to repentance; to do which I go forward to-day to obtain authority

from the Church. O solemn to tell! Pray for me, that I may walk orderly before the God of my salvation, for I rely very much on *your* prayers. And if we never meet on earth, may we meet in heaven.—Your affectionate brother in the Lord,

"WILLIAM JOHNSON."

The parents of Bishop Hamline knew nothing of Methodism, and considered the word synonymous with fanaticism. Its doctrines, if it had anything which might be termed doctrines, they supposed comprised Pelagianism, Unitarianism, and various other heresies; almost anything but sound theology. With these views the father of Mr. H., as was natural for one so conscientious, was greatly afflicted to learn that his own son had become a Methodist preacher, and years passed without opportunity of showing the good man how greatly he was in error on this point.

In 1840, on his way to General Conference at Baltimore, the long absent son paid his father a visit, and being invited to occupy the Congregational pulpit, preached in the morning on "Depravity," and in the afternoon on "Christian Experience." The elders of the Church listened with profound attention, and said at the close, "H. has certainly preached to us doctrines which he learned before he left us in his youth." But anticipating the result, he had taken with him Watson's Theological Institutes, a Methodist Discipline, and some other works, which he presented to his father. With delighted surprise the venerable man perused these books, and before his son left for his western home he had the happiness of hearing that his father was entirely satisfied that he should preach Methodist doctrines, having become convinced that though not Calvinistic, they contained no fatal error. In less than four weeks after this visit that father had closed his earthly and entered his heavenly life.

On the circuits which Mr. H. had traveled in his earlier ministry, in connection with beloved colleagues, he had glorious revivals, especially in Newark, Ohio, and at Batemantown; the latter a place of strong Universalist influence. His method was never to dispute or argue with these people, never to preach

polemic sermons, but to preach Christ crucified, and *show*, *incidentally*, that the Bible teaches that there is an eternal hell for the wicked.

His sermons were ever no less remarkable for powerful argument than for pathetic appeal and eloquent description: always systematic and logical, and (unless when very vehement) gracefully and impressively delivered, with a voice of richness and weight only equaled by its melody; and when endued with power from on high, his appeals seemed almost resistless.

"DELHI, *November* 21, 1842.

"To MRS. H.,—The Lord is merciful, and Jesus is precious to me this morning. I will now tell you of my yesterday's work. I *walked* to Cheviot, four miles, in the morning; got there at half past eight to love-feast; preached at a funeral at eleven o'clock; then preached again at half past two; then walked back again to Brother Green's, which I reached at sundown; then went to meeting and exhorted after Brother Kilbreth, took in two members, (one of them Mr. Martin Souder's brother-in-law, whose Presbyterian wife will follow him;) came home and slept sweetly, and this morning feel strong in God and in the power of his might. I shall preach here at ten and at night, and to-morrow at the same hours. Pray for me. The work is going on wonderfully. Universalists are getting terribly shaken. I shall not be much at Cheviot. My work is here, so Brother White, the preacher on the circuit, thinks. I will be home Wednesday or Thursday. I love to pray for my dear Malinda and my little boy. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Pray, pray, pray!"

"DELHI, *November*, 1842.

"To MRS. H.,—Six joined last evening. Congregation large and serious. Universalists full of wrath. I think the prospect good. You may expect me at home to-morrow at ten or eleven o'clock. . . . I feel better than usual this morning. Preached at eleven o'clock from 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.' Last night from 'Hope.' Pray for us. I beseech a gracious Redeemer to bless you, dearest, and build us up in sanctification. This is one of the most godly families

I ever saw. In family prayer we get wonderfully blest. O that you could be here a day or two! Perhaps you will come out to-morrow evening when I return. Pray for us!"

Late in the autumn of 1841 he went with Brother Swormstedt, Book Agent at Cincinnati, to New Orleans to attend the Louisiana Conference. On this journey he bought one of the new and popular novels of the day to read, as he said, to test the effect of this sort of reading on his religious feelings, and, as the editor of a Ladies' Monthly, to write understandingly on the subject of "novel reading." From the time of his conversion he had entirely given up that class of writings. Of this experiment he said, "I was often moved by the sentiments of the book, could not but be charmed by the style, etc.; but when I attempted to turn from it to prayer, I found myself not only unfitted for that solemn exercise, but averse to it."

He had just built a dwelling-house in Cincinnati, and said soon after his return from New Orleans, "I have consecrated every brick in my house to God, and every apartment is dedicated to his service." About this time he was awakened more especially to heart-holiness. He felt that he could not continue to preach the Gospel without more divine power, and discerned that full salvation was just what he needed as an embassador for Christ. It was his nature to do whatever he did with great earnestness, and this characteristic was especially exemplified in his seeking entire sanctification. He ate and slept barely enough to support nature, attended to his editorial duties with characteristic fidelity, and spent all the time he could redeem in devotion. He was often found with his face on the floor, at the deep midnight hour, in solemn wrestling with God. Whenever Christian friends called, after a few minutes spent in conversation or business, prayer was proposed, and each in turn called upon God for his blessing. If by invitation a few friends gathered to spend the evening with his family, the visit became a prayer-meeting. And if he went out by invitation to dinner or tea with a friend, the time was, by his request, largely spent in prayer and praise. During the winter he preached nearly every Sabbath, often two and three times.

CHAPTER V.

BAPTISM OF FIRE.

On the 22d of March, 1842, at the house of Mr. Downey, New Albany, Ind., he received the holy baptism so long and so earnestly sought. To use his own words, like most of his brethren, he had been attentive to the means of grace in the closet and in the sanctuary; yet his devotions had sometimes been formal, not exerting a sufficiently vital influence on his life. Once in night visions he stood on a snow-drift near to a village of thirty or forty old tenements. The street was on his right hand, some fifty rods distant; and about as far from him in the opposite direction he saw in his dream a lion of the largest size, and of a most ferocious aspect, making toward him. He made for the nearest house, thinking that possibly he might run half the distance that his pursuing foe must accomplish in order to overtake him before he reached it. As he entered the house and closed the door his savage pursuer reached it. Scarcely had he time to congratulate himself on his escape, when he perceived that the door was broken and its panels loose, and that a slight pressure upon it from without would expose him, unprotected, to the fury of the lion. He saw, too, that the house was uninhabited, and open at various points; so that, after all his efforts, he was not protected, and would probably soon be torn in pieces. In the agitation which ensued he awoke, with these words sounding, it seemed, in his ears and through his soul: "Who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

None can conjecture the effect of this dream. The words of Scripture seemed for days to be ringing all through him; and the supposed escape from the lion, with a vivid recollection of the agony experienced in the exposed condition here described, made an impression so deep and abiding that it proved a salu-

tary warning. It was probably the means of restraining him from a further relapse, or perhaps an entire falling away; for doubtless, without supernatural checks and aids, Christ's disciples would all forsake him.

At another time, when his faith had declined, and of course all the graces of the Spirit languished, he awoke from undreaming slumber, with these words impressed upon him in a most solemn yet consoling manner: "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his root as Lebanon;" and blessed results again followed this merciful visitation.

On another occasion he dreamed that he was worshiping in a Baptist church, and that, the eucharist being administered, he was denied the privilege of communion. But he seemed to be in the altar on his knees, in a posture to receive the elements, and that there the love of God was diffused through his soul wonderfully, as at his conversion. He thought that he began to proclaim the Saviour's love, and walked on his knees to the door as he did so. He awoke, and was so affected to find it was a dream, rather than a saving reality, that he wept much.

Meanwhile it was the case that, though variable in his states of mind, and so visited in his slumbers, he had generally no faith in dreams. He seldom recollected the imaginations of his sleeping hours, and scarcely ever spoke of them; yet at the times here mentioned his dreams were somehow connected with deep and solemn religious impressions. In 1842 he became deeply affected in view of his need of heart purity. It was no dream that then drew his attention to the want of the entire sanctification of his nature. Realities which crowded upon him in fearful array, and burdened his soul in a manner indescribable, impelled him to seek the Saviour's full image. It commenced in the closet. Its earliest stage was a clear discovery—aided by circumstances extremely reproving—of his lukewarmness. He was brought to feel that, though born again, he had lost much of his confidence to enter into communion with God. A sense of the captivity which oppressed him became very deep and affecting. In this state he betook himself more diligently to prayer. At first it seemed a mere

duty, almost joyless and burdensome, discharged not for present comfort, but in regard to resulting advantages. He resolved, however, to practice it night and day. He anticipated that for a long time devotion would be a mere travail of soul, and might be severely protracted. For a few days it was as he expected; but instead of *months* of agony, he soon felt the softenings of the Spirit, which all who have experienced know to be grateful to the soul—a pleasing rather than a painful state of mind.

Very soon, so powerful was the work of God on his heart, that his tongue was almost constantly employed in prayer or praise. Now it was that he saw more clearly than he ever had, how earnestly and perseveringly he must seek wisdom from God if he would be saved from backsliding. He began to inquire what safety there could be in one so prone to wander, while he carried about with him so many unsubdued tempers. He saw that in his heart were the roots of many evils, which, though they could not grow while under the reign of grace, yet were ever ready to spring up under the least declinings of faith and love. He felt that there was no safety in this state, and that he could never hope, without presumption, to persevere in the ways of the Lord without the entire destruction of these roots of evil. Moved by this motive, he began to cry unto the Lord to deliver him from the remains of the carnal mind. The reader may say, "This was very selfish." Doubtless it was not wholly free from selfishness; but can we expect an unsanctified heart to act from motives entirely pure? To say yes, might involve a contradiction in terms. An unsanctified heart is a defiled fountain. Its motives are *streams* from that fountain; and how, then, can they be without defilement? Can a corrupt fountain send forth pure waters?

Day after day he besought the Lord to purify him from all sin. It might be said of him that he *lived* upon his knees; for, indeed, he became so used to this posture, and so intent on the blessing which he sought, that he grudged the time devoted to his sleep and meals. Meanwhile, he was more and more blessed. He felt that he grew in grace from day to day. His was emphatically a wrestling spirit. Bowed before the Lord, he had strength given him from above to take hold on God

with an unyielding grasp. What fervors were then kindled in his bosom! What joys immortal overflowed his soul! He dwelt in the land Beulah, and discerned the glories of his distant home; but with these joys he was not satisfied, and *in* them he determined not to rest. He persevered in almost unremitted cries for holiness.

And now he had come to *love* holiness; so that he desired it not only for safety, but for its own sake. It appeared to him infinitely beautiful and desirable. He thirsted for it as the hunted roe "pants for the water-brooks." He could meditate, converse, read, and pray of little else. Everything in the universe besides had become to him, as it were, a blank. All that was lovely in earth or in heaven seemed so merely on account of holiness. God was lovely because he was intensely holy; and his creatures were lovely or unlovely in proportion as they did or did not partake of this attribute. Besides praying night and day for purity of heart, he read and studied on this to the exclusion of almost every other theme. The Bible was his text-book. He examined, also, Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, Benson, and other Wesleyan authors, with Merritt's Manual, Mahan, and the Guide to Holiness. One or another of those works was almost his constant companion. He also resorted to the society of the sanctified, questioned them, joined with them in prayer, and by every possible means sought knowledge and understanding. And finally he began to feel that he had a "baptism to be baptized with," that he must be pure or die, that he could not endure life unless he might fulfill that language of the apostle, "as He is, so are we in this world." O! his heart and his flesh then cried out for the living God, that the image of the heavenly might be restored to him—*fully* restored. He was straitened beyond measure until this, even this, should be accomplished in him.

Yet, with such vehement desires burning in his heart, and glowing as it were through all his being, he was not unhappy. In the strength of these desires, and putting forth these struggles, he rejoiced. In them he had hope. He saw they were not from nature; and if from the Spirit, which he could not doubt, this great and precious promise was suited to his case:

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." And in this hungering there was even fruition as well as hope. The bread and the water of life were so given him, as not instantly to fill his large desires, but (with much present comfort in partaking them) so as to sharpen his appetite for their exceeding sweetness. It must not be inferred that his state of mind was uniform; that no seasons of relapse or coldness broke in upon this life of quickening ardors and vigorous devotion. Far from it. In the midst of these journeyings he was often much discouraged. Like the ship beating into port, whose pilot misses his expectation to enter the harbor on the present tack, so was this spiritual mariner more than once thrown back, to be tempest-tossed and almost wrecked ere he entered into rest.

The work of grace in the human soul is progressive; yet it has several distinct stages. Conviction of sin is one state, regeneration is another, and entire sanctification a third. Each of these is, for the most part, feeble in its beginning, and strengthens by degrees. Conviction of sin may now and then be sudden and overpowering, as it was in Paul and Gardner; but in such cases the work is extraordinary. The history of the Church affords comparatively few such scenes as that of Pentecost. Revivals of religion are generally under forms more gentle, in which the Spirit is distilled "like the dew," rather than sent forth like a "mighty rushing wind." In a large majority of instances the election of the soul to life has been through a "strait gate and a narrow way"—a way which cost the earnest struggles of days or weeks of agony.

And what is true of conviction holds also in respect to regeneration. This is a distinct form of grace, radically different from conviction of sin, as it involves spiritual life, and not merely a struggle *after* life; but this life is first feeble. Yet by laying aside "all malice and guile," and, "as new-born babes, desiring the sincere milk of the word," it becomes a growing life, in which all the graces of the Spirit advance toward maturity.

Somewhere in this progress the third state obtains, which though gradually approached, is instantaneously bestowed.

This is known to some as the "assurance of hope," and to others as "perfect love," or "entire sanctification." The last two are scriptural designations of the state. The former, "perfect love," is used by the "beloved disciple" in his first general epistle: "perfect love casteth out fear." "Entire sanctification" is a phrase authorized by this language of Paul, in Thessalonians: "And the very God of peace *sanctify you wholly;*" that is, "entirely." That this perfect love, or entire sanctification, is specifically a new state, and not the mere improvement of a former state or of regeneration, is plainly inferred from the Bible. Regeneration is like breaking up the fallow ground and sowing it with wheat, in the growth of which there often spring up tares. It is a mixed moral state. Sanctification is like weeding the soil, or gathering the tares and burning them, so that nothing remains to grow there but the good seed. Connected with this illustration, the growth of the soul in the graces of regeneration and of sanctification will be easily understood. In regeneration a spiritual growth is like the slow progress of the wheat, choked and made sickly by the intermingling weeds. The wheat represents the graces of religion, and the weeds our remaining corruptions. These, while they remain, are always in the way of the former. Entire sanctification removes them, roots them out of the heart, and leaves it a pure moral soil. Then the graces of the Spirit have an uninterrupted growth, except as the violence of Satan's temptations, like a tempest on a desolated field, may interpose.

Growth in sanctification may be illustrated thus: the weeds being uprooted from the field, there still remain certain methods of improvement. One is by *enriching the soil.* This is the privilege of the moral husbandman. When the Holy Ghost has cleansed the heart, or crucified its unholy affections, we may enrich the soil by the acquisition of knowledge. The heart is cleansed by faith in the blood of Christ; but we are exhorted to add to our faith virtue, or strength, and *knowledge.* Another method of growth is to *mature* the *spiritual crop.* The field may be cleared of weeds while the tender blade is springing up, and months will be necessary to grow the grain. So the heart may be cleansed from sin while our graces are immature, and

the cleansing is a preparation for their unembarrassed and rapid growth.

In 1842 the town of New Albany was favored with a stationed minister, Rev. W. D. Daniels, who was deeply experienced in sanctifying grace, having for six years walked in this light. In March of that year Mr. H. visited that place to enjoy the privilege of a religious meeting. He reached the town on Saturday, and in the evening heard a sermon on "perfect love," which was followed by inviting believers to approach the altar and pray for that blessing. He with many others bowed before the Lord for more than an hour. Through the Sabbath which followed he had power with God, and much of the time was in a deep struggle for holiness of heart.

On Monday morning he rose early, and, wrapping his cloak about him, continued until breakfast-time to plead for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Hastily partaking of a slight repast, he returned to his chamber and fell upon his knees. While entreating God for a clean heart, his mind was led to contemplate "*the image of Christ*" as the single object of desire. To be *Christ-like*, to possess "*all the mind* that was in" the blessed Saviour, seemed to embrace all good; and this became the burden of his earnest prayer.

"And why do you not take this image?" was suggested to him, "for he has taken yours. Look at the crucified Lamb. From his bleeding feet and hands and heart, from his pale features, and from every convulsed member, as from a thousand mirrors, do you not catch the reflection of your own vile image destroyed by the fall? Why does the blessed Jesus there hang and bleed, 'his visage so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men?' Is it for himself? No, O no! He is innocent, immaculate. It is for *me*. There on the cross he bears my sin, and shame, and weakness, and misery, and death. And why does he bear them? To give me, in their stead, his purity, and honor, and strength, and bliss, and life. Why, then, not take his image? Give him your sin, and take his purity. Give him your shame, and take his honor. Give him your helplessness, and take his strength. Give him your misery, and take his bliss. Give him your death, and take his

life everlasting. Nay, yours he already *has*. There they are, bruising him and putting him to grief! Nothing remains but that you take his in exchange. Make haste! Now, just now, he freely offers you all, and urges all upon your instant acceptance."

All at once he felt as though a hand, not feeble but omnipotent, not of wrath but of love, were laid on his brow. He felt it not only outwardly, but inwardly. It seemed to press upon his whole being, and to diffuse all through and through it a holy sin-consuming energy. As it passed downward his heart as well as his head was conscious of the presence of this soul-cleansing energy, under the influence of which he fell to the floor, and in the joyful surprise of the moment cried out in a loud voice. Still that hand of power wrought without and within, and wherever it moved it seemed to leave the glorious impress of the Saviour's image. For a few minutes the deep of God's love swallowed him up; all its waves and billows rolled over him.

But Satan was there. Quick and subtle in his stratagem—"Shame," said he, "that you should make this ado to the disgrace of religion, and to the mortification of those whose hospitalities you share." He saw that it was an evil thought, and strove against it; but after a sore conflict it prevailed. He became silent, his feelings subsided, and he arose and proceeded to the meeting-house, where the pious were gathered for the worship of God. His heart still burned within him, and his Saviour whispered words of holy comfort to his soul.

Though so clearly brought into the enjoyment of entire sanctification, he did not for several succeeding months at all times retain the witness of it, but like as the devoted Fletcher, and many others of similar experience, occasionally yielded to the tempter by refraining from unequivocally testifying with his lips of the great salvation, while the testimony of his life was not wanting. From this he suffered loss, and says: "For some eighteen months I was like Samson shorn, because I did not fully confess God's goodness toward me. But at the session of the Ohio Annual Conference in Chillicothe, September, 1843, I made confession unto salvation."

CHAPTER VI.

ABUNDANT IN LABORS.

From the time Mr. H. received the full baptism of the Spirit his desire to preach Christ crucified was unquenchable. He was continually on the wing, going from place to place as invited by ministers in charge of stations to assist in protracted meetings, carrying with him manuscripts connected with the Ladies' Repository and writing his own editorial articles; and in addition to these labors, preaching from five to fifteen sermons in a week, besides laboring at the altar and frequent exhortations, sometimes walking several miles to an appointment, and leading his horse that he might kneel in prayer *frequently* by the wayside. The Lord so owned his ministry that, in the language of a brother minister, "All over those beautiful valleys in Southern Ohio are the seals of his apostleship." A note in his diary, November 26, 1842, says, "I feel as though I had come to the verge of heaven. I have had sad dreams, but am happy now, filled with weeping and praise. I feel like one who has been wrecked at sea and has got into the long-boat. Persons are sinking all around, and he clutches them by the hair. So I see souls are sinking. I feel in a hurry to save them. And it matters not what I eat or what I wear, or who are my companions, for when I have rowed a few miles I shall get home and shall find all my friends there. I feel almost as though I had done wrong to remain at home last night, pleasant as it was." (He had not staid at home a night before in two weeks.) Speaking of the comforts of his home, which he greatly valued, he said, "When I am abroad I am sometimes very uncomfortably *lodged*, but I *rest* very comfortably."

As he was leaving home one morning, he said to his beloved wife, "I am hurried about my business, but I am perfectly calm here," putting his hand on his breast; "there is a calm in the

depths of my soul. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' It is sweet—sweet to labor and to suffer for Jesus. It is well to pray a great deal, to remain on our knees half an hour instead of five minutes. If we would stay longer with Jesus he would talk with us. My dear, if the boat blows up now, you will know I am safe," etc.

As a sample of his spirit and manner of laboring for the blessed Master at this time the following is characteristic. In the autumn of 1842, while engaged in a protracted service in the town of Ripley, on the Ohio, the meeting was suspended on Saturday, in order to prepare the church for Sabbath services. He rose that morning with an irrepressible desire to preach during the day. He looked down the river, and saw at the distance of some three miles a dilapidated village, mostly of log-houses. He inquired and learned that it was Lavona; that it was a most despicable place, given up to drunkenness and vice, and that not a sermon had been preached there in many years. He thought he now understood the Spirit's urgings in his heart, and said, "I will go and preach to that people." The preacher, Rev. M. P. Gaddis, and people remonstrated, urging that he ought to reserve his strength for Sabbath services; but he was not to be deterred. It was again urged, "You *cannot* go, for there is no mode of conveyance." Just at this point he saw a brother crossing the river in a skiff. As he landed he said,

"Brother S., will you lend me your skiff to-day?"

"Yes; but what use will you make of it?"

"I wish to go to Lavona to preach."

"Well, you cannot *row yourself there.* I will go and take you."

As they neared the village Mr. S. said, "On the opposite shore is the little town of Dover, where there is a Methodist Society. I will leave you there, and cross to Lavona and find a place for you to preach and leave an appointment." He did so, and on his return said, "I could get but one place in the town for you to preach, and that is where three sisters live, one of them a driveling idiot, and one of the others little removed from idiocy. . . . The sermon was commenced with Brother S., and, perhaps, three or four other persons present, one of these

standing at the door. Mr. H. said, "I preached with all my might from the parable of the Prodigal Son, and when I closed and stepped to the door I found another man who had been standing a little one side and listening. He said to me,

"'Stranger, if we had known you would preach here we would have given you a better congregation. If you will preach here again you may preach in my house,' pointing to a log-tavern, 'and we will get more people to hear you.'"

Mr. H. promptly replied, "I will preach at your house to-morrow at two P. M." He directed an appointment for Dover at ten o'clock A. M. on the following day also, which he filled, and then invited the members of the Church to go over with him to Lavona and help, sing, etc. Returning to Lavona he saw horses hitched along the fences above and beyond the tavern, and men sitting on logs or whatever else they could occupy as seats, while the house, consisting of two or three rooms, was filled with women. He preached with great earnestness, and invited persons to give their names to the Church as seekers of salvation. One or two joined. He then invited the congregation to cross to Dover with him, where he would preach at night, and many went over. An appointment was also left to preach again at the tavern at eight o'clock the next Monday morning.

On Monday morning the rain poured violently. Mr. H. was told, "You cannot go to your appointment. The sand is deep on this side, and the mud terrible on the other; will roll up over your boots," etc. To all which he simply replied, "I shall go," and started. He found the worst apprehensions of his friends fully realized in the sand and mud; but he found Mr. J., the tavern-keeper, and owner of the ferry-boat, at the river awaiting him, and deeply concerned for his soul. As they were crossing, Mr. J. spoke in very strong language of his past sinful life, and of the harm he had done in that community, and said, "They would not have been so bad had I not led them. Do you think there is mercy for me?" He was encouraged to look unto Jesus, which he did, and was soon after gloriously converted, and made a most exemplary and useful member of the Church. But as they landed they saw

horses again hitched all along the fences, and a congregation of men sitting in the pouring rain, patiently waiting for the preaching, while women filled the house, some of whom it was said had rode five miles on horseback through the rain, carrying their infants before them. While giving out the hymn at the commencement of the services, Mr. H. saw in the crowd Rev. Mr. B., of the Presbyterian Church, who had, as he thought, greatly misapprehended, and who certainly had greatly wounded him. But forgetting all but love, he seized him with both hands, exclaiming, "My *dear brother*, how came you here? Come in and preach to these sinners." Mr. B. declined, explaining that he had broken his buggy, and was only waiting till it could be repaired and must hasten on his journey. Mr. H. said, "Well, pray then," which Mr. B. did most fervently, and in a most fraternal spirit. From this time the two were ardent Christian friends and brethren. Mr. H. continued the meetings, assisted by Brother Lambden, alternating at Dover and Lavona, till Wednesday following, at which time he had received some fifty into the Church, who proved to be stable Christians. He ever spoke of this as one of the most interesting occasions of his life, often saying, "I would not give the privilege of such a season of labor for souls for all the honors earth can bestow; and were I able to preach would like to spend life in hunting up destitute places like Lavona and preaching to them."

In an article written for the Repository he says: "Probably there has never been a period since time began when revivals of religion were so general and so powerful as now. They spread nearly over the Christian world, and they sway the minds of men in an unusual manner. It seems as though nothing was needed to secure the outpouring of the Holy Spirit but the appointment of meetings, and a rallying of the friends of Zion to the work of faith and the labor of love. We have enjoyed the privileges of attending some eight or ten protracted meetings since the close of the Ohio Annual Conference, and at each there was a glorious display of God's saving power. The result has been an addition of more than four hundred to the Church, and the conversion of a large

majority of the young members. It is time for all who love Jesus to awake and enter into the labors of the harvest. The fields are white and waiting for the sickle. The ministers of Jesus should be active. Every energy should be enlisted in this rising cause. It seems that efforts to save souls are, through the ready aid of the Spirit, unusually efficacious and fruitful. What encouragement! Seed now scattered abroad does not 'lie buried in hope.' It soon returns into the hand of the laborer. Is the millennium come? Surely it is not distant. We are in sight of its holy and happy scenes. The light of a new day streaks the heavens, and the Sun of Righteousness is about to be more fully unvailed to a dark and perishing world. Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

Referring to these editorial revival notices the excellent editor of the Canada Christian Guardian says: "This article was written by the editor, the Rev. L. L. Hamline, A. M., and while it is cheering to promoters of revivals, is proof that his heart and hands are occupied in the promotion of revivals too. While men of learning, intelligence, and taste, like himself, are found upholding protracted meetings, and by doing so tell the Methodist Church that they are men-of-all-work, if souls can be converted, we have no fear for the influence of Methodist colleges in the states or elsewhere. The more wise a man is the humbler he should be, especially a Methodist; and when those colleges send out men who cannot or will not undertake any work the Church has for them to do, the sooner the institutions are closed the better. In the case of the editor of the Repository, he must have many urgent and important duties to perform connected with his office, and yet he has taken from his days or his nights, or both, sufficient time to attend 'some eight or ten protracted meetings.' He sets an example we fain would follow, and cannot but wish him many souls for his work of faith and labor of love."

From his conversion Mr. H. had almost wholly separated himself from the world in all public demonstrations, Fourth of July celebrations, etc., in which he had before delighted to participate as orator of the day; but now devotion was the

element in which he lived, and for this he sought retirement, except when duty called him forth.

Another characteristic of his religious life had been the humble views he entertained of himself, ever, literally, in honor preferring others, declining prominent positions and popular appointments, and shunning all responsibility beyond the simple preaching of the cross. He had all along dwelt much on the name of Jesus, but now Jesus was the life of his soul and the theme of his tongue. On one occasion, when very ill, he said, "I would love to get out and carve the name of Jesus on every tree in the grove" which stood before his window.

"Jesus all the day long
Was his joy and his song."

The cross filled his sermons, his exhortations, and his conversations.

As a sample of his manner of leading sinners to Christ we will give an incident: At a protracted meeting which he was holding in company with an aged minister, Mr. L., in a neighborhood of wealthy and respectable Universalists, a revival had commenced, and the work had been ridiculed by many with sneering words that it would *frighten* none but old women and children; but the power of God was there, and aged and middle aged of both sexes were brought to bow at the penitent's altar of prayer. At one of the morning meetings a very athletic man of middle age came forward, shrieking as he came, "God have mercy on me!" and stepping into the altar over the railing, was seated in a chair, with his back to the pulpit. His agony of mind was so great that his face blackened, and his feet and hands were thrown so violently that men could not hold them, and no one could approach to instruct him. Even the old preacher was alarmed, thinking convulsions would ensue, and so the work be marred in the view of gainsayers. No one could be heard in prayer. All was noise, the distressed man screaming, "God have mercy on me!"

Mr. H. went into the pulpit behind him, and stooping over, said, "Brother Hiatt, say JESUS have mercy on me." It was some time before he could gain the attention of Mr. Hiatt; but

at length he caught the word, and began to repeat, "Jesus have mercy on me!" Almost immediately he became calmer, and presently said, "*My* Jesus have mercy on me!" and very soon he was joyfully converted, and was as loud in the praises of his Saviour as he had been in his cries for mercy.

It will give the reader a nearer view into the inner sanctuary of his heart to enjoy the perusal of letters written to Mrs. H. and other beloved friends about this time.

"My dear Melinda,—I fear my not writing yesterday will cause you anxiety. Never be concerned at my not returning as soon as you would expect or desire. I am well in health and unspeakably happy in God. I have no words to tell you. I shall try to speak of some of God's wonderful mercies when I see you face to face. This morning between nine and ten o'clock I was blessed as never before. I was prostrate before God, and felt the Holy Spirit tracing the image of Jesus all over me. I have not a clear witness of the extent and nature of the blessing, but I can with *mighty confidence* trust my *Prophet*, *Priest*, *and King* to teach, purify, and conquer for me as he pleases. He is doing the work with amazing power, and I leave it to him, crying every moment, 'Fill me with all the fullness of God!'

"I intended to start for home to-morrow morning, and be with you on Thursday morning, but God is working among the people. If I do not come until Tuesday of next week be not troubled. . . . The Lord will bless you. I plead with him to do so, and often feel confidence. I will always be in my closet at nine o'clock A. M. and at five P. M. Meet me then. I seem to-day to see my image in its guilt, pollution, shame, blindness, sorrow, pain and exposure, all reflected from my Saviour, who took all my demerit, defilement, and hell deservings, and gives me in exchange all his wisdom, purity, beauty, strength, riches, glory. O is not this heaven!—to see myself as it were, with all my evils on the cross in Jesus, and to see Jesus with all his fullness in my own heart! O think of it, my sweet child, till you can see Jesus burdened with all your sins

and woes, and burdening you in return with all his righteousness and blessedness!

"O it is an eternal mystery, but it is eternal truth! Faith effects this glorious exchange.

"Several have been sanctified since we came here; some conversions, and from thirty to forty mourners. Congregations very crowded. Meetings at ten A. M. and at candle-light.

"Write immediately. God bless you fully and forever. May he give you courage in troubles, hope in fears, and bring me soon to see you in the Lord."

"RIPLEY, *Saturday Morning, October* 22, 1842.

"To MRS. H.:—The work has not gone on very rapidly in the way of adding to the Church, but it is progressing.

"I have been *very happy*. This morning we have no meeting in town, and I am going on a missionary tour to some villages down the river. Shall be back and preach to the children at three P. M. On Monday I shall return, and fear I shall lose the love-feast. I have this morning felt the power of Christ resting on me. Heaven is near. The Lord is so good that I can scarcely restrain my shouts. He is washing me clean.

"Dear M., be instant in prayer. I never felt so assured as I now do that Jesus will hear prayer. I am in haste. The skiff and a brother to row it are waiting.

"Brother Lambden is here, and will return with me. I am perfectly well. Blessed be the God of our salvation! Amen and amen!"

"RIPLEY, *October* 24, 1842.

"To MRS. H.:—There seems to be so special a call for me to stay here to-day that I do not know but I shall yield. If so I send this letter to inform you.

"Eleven of the most interesting young people joined our Church yesterday. The best families are coming in, and probably if my preaching was ever blessed it is here. The boat will be along at eleven o'clock. If I am not home sooner, you may expect me Wednesday evening, but likely to-morrow. I was exceedingly happy yesterday, almost in a better world. My heart burned like a living flame. Not quite so happy this

morning; but I will trust, and not be afraid. Such a day as I had yesterday might be expected to be followed by some conflicts. Satan could not see me as I was yesterday without great wrath. I preach at half past nine this morning, and to-night. I preached three times yesterday without the least inconvenience. This is a dear people, and I shall bring you to see them if we live. I expect a good day. I am now going to pray half an hour, and expect to be blessed. I shall remember you and our dear Leonidas. O how sweet religion is! If I can stay till Thursday say so. God bless thee my dearest one. Reports are coming in from the people which make me wish to stay. God is wonderfully working. I have a *special call here.* I am happy! happy! happy! God is doing wonders; it exceeds all."

While attending the Ohio Annual Conference during its session in Hamilton, September, 1842, he writes thus to Mrs. H.:

"I am well and happy. Conference moves on slowly. I hope to return more blest than when I went. Our missionary collection was $425. Write if you can. I hope to be home Thursday evening. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Be holy. Friends and foes are all one. *None are foes.* Who can harm us if we be followers of that which is good?"

Again, at another date:

"I am yet joyful in Jesus. All my soul is kept and saved. I am resting in God. The wonders of his love are shown me. I can write but a word. A great many visitors are here. The Lord bless my wife!"

"Hamilton, 1842.

"To Mrs. H.,—Yesterday was one of the best days of my life. I had no preaching to do. Except the bishop's sermon, all the appointments are filled with foreign brethren. Many are from Kentucky, North Ohio, and Indiana Conferences. I enjoyed the preaching of Brothers Dr. Thomson, Eddy, and Tomlinson exceedingly. There is more religion in our conference than I ever saw before. Many are sanctified. Many others are pressing into the kingdom, and the fruit of this revival in the conference already appears. Ten thousand were added

to our Church in this conference last year, an unheard of thing in all the history of Methodism! I act with the trustees, but suffer no damage. My mind is kept in peace. I bless God for your letter. Go on, my lovely one. Draw me after you. Jesus will clothe us with the meekness of innocence and the strength of salvation. O we shall shine in heaven! I seem near it. I have *no waking* temptations. When I recollect, as I lie down to pray for spiritual dreams, they *come*. Last night I dreamed my little Price, in heaven, put her little hand to my mouth and I kissed it, and awoke full of rapture. O I feel happy to-day! I know and care not who is stationed in Cincinnati. I have had a sweet interview and explanation with S. I love him and every other brother. All is well. Grover is very happy. Light shines all around us. Take care of health, and let me know if you are ill. I speak in missionary meeting to-night, and the Lord is giving me something new to say."

"HAMILTON, *September* 29, 1842.

"To MRS. H.,—I am now happy. I have escaped nearly all business. They attempted to make me chairman of the education committee, but I declined. I have my dear Brother Ellsworth for a room-mate. We stay together at Mr. Smith's: a pleasant place.

"Let us grow up into Christ. O my precious, bleeding Saviour! I hope to be with him forever. Brother Ellsworth is to preach to-night. I have requested him to preach on "Sanctification." He is a lovely man, and an able minister of Jesus Christ.

"We are going on rapidly with the business. All the brethren are pleasant, and I think are growing in grace.

"*Thursday Morning.*—Brother E. preached an excellent sermon last night. I exhorted after him, greatly to my comfort. I feel Jesus with me now. My soul is blessed. I feel a greater thirst for perfect purity than usual. I rise very early and spend an hour in devotion. It is sweet to live, and glorious to be 'immortal.' Jesus bless you, dear! I have been praying much for you and L. I have a promise for him: 'I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thine offspring.'"

"CINCINNATI, *December* 16, 1842.

"To REV. C. W. SEARS,—Not having time to write on *three sides*, I will, with my dear wife's invitation, occupy *one*, in expressions of regard to you and our beloved sister, and in praises to our common precious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has loved us and called us with a holy calling, and has come unto us and brought the Father with him. 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!'

"Since our conference rose on the 6th or 7th of October, I have by the divine goodness been almost constantly employed in preaching Christ and him crucified in Ripley, Dover, Lavona, Covington, Shiloh, Cheviot, Aurora, and Warsaw, in Kentucky. In these places the word of God has had free course, and more than five hundred have been added unto the Lord.

"For one week I have been resting from these labors and enjoying the peace of home. My breast, which was much affected by preaching more than seventy sermons in two months, with all my editorial duties, is now getting strong again, and to-day I expect to go ten miles into the country and recommence my labors. I have been 'watered also myself.' God has made the labors of the ministry sweet—*unspeakably sweet.* I have felt the supports of his promise, 'Lo, I am with you always,' and I have felt a divine energy while laboring in his precious vineyard. I have been loosened in some measure from sin and the world, and could say,

'Tis all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb!'

I thank God in your behalf that he has put you into the ministry. Beloved brother, let nothing move you from the ground you now occupy. We hear of *overturnings.* Let us go straight forward. God is more than ever setting his seal to the labors of our ministers. In this region nothing has ever been witnessed like the present revivals of God's work. Whether the millennium or the judgment is coming I know nor care not; but God is come forth in his power among the people. Great sins rest upon the nation, and I am looking for great wonders and for woes from heaven. But in the midst of all, as a

minister of Jesus, I hear nothing but 'Go ye and preach the Gospel.'

"I wish to write ten times more, but have not time. My beloved friend, Mrs. Sears, will see a little extract from her private letter, for which I thank her. My labors are heavy. Can you not send each a short article *on religion* to help me? I take my papers often into the country, and write *between preachings*. Pray for us. Let us be faithful unto death, and Christ shall bring us to 'see his face in righteousness: we shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness.'"

To his son he writes:

"CINCINNATI, *December* 17, 1842.

"MY DEAR LEONIDAS,—Your letter of this instant has reached us, and we were rejoiced to hear of your good health. . . . We think much of you nowadays for several reasons. The holidays are near, and we are hoping that some method will be presented for you to enjoy them without sin.

"Our protracted meetings are also in progress, and thousands on thousands are seeking religion in these regions, that they may be ready to die, and may be prepared for the judgment whether it comes the next year or not. Young people and *boys* are turning to Jesus in such a manner as was never witnessed before. The country seems to be all alive on the great subject of religion. Another reason why we think more of you then usual is, that we have felt a most unusual anxiety about your salvation, and spend much time on our knees pleading with God to convict and convert you. Generally we are praying for you at eight o'clock in the morning and at half past five in the evening. Will you not join with your dear parents at that time in asking the bleeding Saviour to give you a new heart? We often think that unless your heart is changed your life will be short, and sometimes, after pleading with God very earnestly to convict you, I think I may possibly hear either that you are converted or are dead.

"I do not know that the judgment is near; but I believe with Professor Bush, of New York, that fearful events are just at hand, and we should be prepared for them. But above all,

death is near; our days are passing away, and we shall all soon be in the grave, in heaven or in hell. O that the blessed Jesus may prepare us for the final state!

"Why, my dear son, do you not say a word in your letters about your soul. Surely you may confide in your parents. We should not harshly and unkindly sit in judgment on your words. Think, L., that all other things are a cypher when compared with the welfare of your precious soul. We would rather hear that you have a serious concern about eternity than to hear that you have become the owner of the city of New York, or monarch of the world. Letter after letter as it comes from you we break with lively and anxious hope that you may have been turned to seek Jesus, and have written a blessed narrative of your conversion and your joy in Christ. We trust we shall not always be doomed to disappointment.

"The Lord bless my son, and give him a new heart and the unutterable joys of religion. Your dear ma sends much love, and will write you in a few days."

CHAPTER VII.

ELECTION TO GENERAL CONFERENCE — ILLNESS.

THE year 1843 opens on Mr. H. amid remarkable and health-consuming labors. Neither editorial duties, failing health, nor the feebleness of loved ones at home could quench the burning ardors of his soul in proclaiming the great salvation. To Mrs. H. he writes, Hamilton, January 31, 1843, "Our Church meeting yesterday morning was excellent. Last night eight or ten mourners were at the altar. This morning the Church meeting was not quite so good. If the Church can be roused all will be well. The world will not be converted unless the Church is awake, and here it has been dead. I regret C.'s sickness. 'Poor Ninth-street,' indeed! I pray God to send them help. S., W., and K. are wrong, and I fear the Lord will requite them. I tremble to think of a Church in such a condition, and ministers idle for fear that their popularity will suffer by too common use; but I cannot leave here sooner than Thursday or Friday. I shall not be able to go to Dayton or to any other place for want of strength. My chest is only tolerable. I have enjoyed my mind well since night before last. Some misgivings, but many blessings.

"I cannot, *shall* not preach for the Bible Society. This is my final answer. My strength would not allow if I were in the city. It is not likely I shall be there, not unless I am unwell.

"Tell Brother Thompson to leave two pages between the Choice of Hercules and Miss B.'s piece for me, and two more after Miss B.'s. The rest you may fill with matter from the 'Guide,' or 'Mothers' Magazine.'"

"LEBANON, *January* 16, 1843.

"To MRS. H.:—I preached twice yesterday from 'carnal mind,' and 'What is man?' an hour and twenty-five minutes

each, without difficulty. Was much blessed, but no fruit. This morning at nine preached on 'Without holiness,' etc.; this P. M. at two o'clock from 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;' both to the Church, and prayer-meetings after. Two have professed sanctification. I shall preach to-night. My breast seems well. I preach low, and with great comfort. I was blessed almost beyond precedent. Happy in God. I now desire your being blessed.

"Brother Maley came in this morning. I go to Franklin on Wednesday. I will write from there. I must cut short on account of the mail. Pray! pray! pray!"

To the author of the "Way of Holiness:"

"*December* 28, 1843.

"DEAR FRIEND,—To accuse myself of delay in replying to your most acceptable letter, and acknowledging the receipt of your books, will perhaps be a step toward pardon which I feel will be needful to my *perfect peace.* I know not how it has come to pass that I have not early acknowledged your goodness, since your little volumes, used by my dear wife so diligently and successfully to stir up many pure minds around us, should have provoked my warmest thanks on my own account also. My opinion of the service rendered to the blessed cause of Christ by this publication you have already gathered. My favorable estimate of it is confirmed by its influence on those who have read it. It has been a blessing to several in this city.

"We were anxious to see the book circulated, and in proposing to write to you, which we have for several months, one purpose among others was to advise the instant transfer of some hundreds to this Book Concern. Unexpectedly they came. We have been speaking of the books since they arrived, and they are rapidly disappearing.

"I suppose the article from Mrs. P. came to hand in my absence at the conferences, or not at all, and if the former, was mislaid. It would be an unmerited but most desirable favor to insert in the 'Repository' some articles of your preparation. Having by some means understood that other volume produc-

tions are expected from your pen, I have nearly despaired of such a favor.

"A work of grace is in progress among Christians of the West. On the subject of entire sanctification a deep and solemn interest prevails. The instances are numerous of the experience of this great blessing. The treatises on this theme are studied with great care, and this department of Christian experience is every way inquired about, not only by the Methodists, but by many of other sects. In this state of the public mind your little volume is deemed by us a choice acquisition to the Church. We will not venture to say more, but add our humble supplications for the blessing of the *Sanctifier* on the labors of your pen. Let me add, by way of religious testimony, or confession 'unto salvation,' that Mrs. H. and myself do humbly praise and glorify God for a 'deepening of his work in our unworthy hearts. And we cannot forbear to add that our blessings are shared by beloved friends, with whom we walk in increasing light, and with whom also we trust to be 'presented faultless before the presence of *His* glory with exceeding joy.'

"In conclusion, accept our sincere thanks for your favors, and let us add thereto our unaffected congratulations that you have been permitted not merely to present a *cup of cold water* in the name of a disciple to *one* of these little ones, but that with readier hand you have presented (perhaps it shall prove) to *thousands* a *richer* offering, instrumentally a cup of salvation, refreshing, salutary in a degree not known to mortals, but more safely revealed in the presence of God and the Lamb. There may we meet and know and be known, for which we are assured you will join with ours your earnest supplications."

The accompanying letter is addressed to an excellent gentleman who had been imperiled by intemperance, and rescued instrumentally by anonymous letters written by Mr. Hamline. To these circumstances allusion is made in the early part of the letter.

"Cincinnati, *December* 20, 1843.

"Whether I have written to you before with my own proper signature I do not recollect. But for circumstances known to

you, I should never have been covert in my correspondence. I am glad that your friendly letters open the way for frank and full communication.

"You speak of *autobiography*. But for one fact I could never discourse nor scarcely think again of self. Except for that one thing I should be the most ultra of all misanthropes, and yet my man-hating would be concentrated self-abhorrence, while I should without effort look tolerantly on mankind.

"And what do you imagine is the isolated fact which renders me often willing to look at self? If you were doomed to bury your *chiefest* friend, how would you thereafter read over and over the productions of her admired pen? As fruits and evidences of the riches of her mind they would be very precious. Now there is *one*, Jesus the Son of God, who is doing a great work among sinners upon earth. He is saving them 'by the washing of regeneration.' The enterprise was commenced upon the cross. In every believing heart he has *written his law in letters of blood.* All the regenerated are examples of his cross and the efficacy of his Spirit. I am an unworthy receiver of this grace. In my own renewed heart I read these characters which his wounded hand has there graciously incribed. For *this* I love to look in upon myself. Every motion of my heart, everything in my whole being which does not bear the stamp of total, of *ineffable* depravity, is a fruit of my blessed Saviour's sufferings and love, and an illustration of his wonder-working *grace.*

"In this connection I can bear to see myself, and scan my inward life in its most repulsive aspects. In this connection I can review my outward life; for the efficacy of grace is not only evident in whatever sanctified affections I may possess, but also in the long journey by which mercy brought me from the Egypt of my bondage to the Canaan of God's love. The artisan's skill should certainly be judged of not merely from the excellence of his mechanical productions, but also from the material out of which he wrought them. He who from dross could produce a single dime, would merit more than he who should coin millions out of pure massive bullion.

"You see now, my dear friend, how only the sight of self can be endured. It is a helper in crucifying pride. It can contribute to cast me down deep into the dust; it can aid my views of Christ; it often helps me to conceive more clearly the *love of Jesus passing knowledge* as displayed toward one so vile. I am this dross; yet on *me*, who am unworthy to crawl with abject worms, Jesus lays his hand of pity and of power. He takes '*my* feet out of the pit' and places them 'upon a rock.' He takes away my notes of mourning and puts into *my* mouth the song of joy and praise. Casting all my sins behind him, removing them '*far* from me,' he raises me up to sit in heavenly places with his saints.

"The song of the redeemed, even in the heavenly world, regards their lost estate on earth as well as their beatitudes in paradise. 'Thou wast slain and hast *redeemed* us to God by thy blood, and made us unto our God kings and priests.' The Saviour's love and glory appear not only in their present eminence and bliss, but also in running back to what they once were, and in the redeeming process which sanctified and crowned them.

"In the connections here expressed I have use for all my past remembered life. Let its history be graven on my soul forever. I never must, never shall forget it. It must and will remain in everlasting junction with the cross of my Redeemer. No, no, thou *bleeding One*, let neither time nor eternity, nor both, with their brief or lengthened cycles, efface from memory the past! O how will the greatest follies and offenses of my life gather a welcome freshness from the future, as seen in the ever-growing light of a Saviour's cross and passion!

"While I sit in meditation on a theme so mortifying and yet so salutary, so self-annihilating and yet so life-giving, connecting all with Christ's most gracious sufferings and doings, my nature is dissolved. To my consciousness existence seems naught but *flames* and *tears*, for *gratitude* and *penitence* do swallow up my being. And these very meltings are fresh fuel for the flames, because themselves are new instances of God's exceeding great compassion. He kindles up this life of ardors, or it

never could exist. A threefold death is conquered first, that life may gain dominion afterward.

"You speak of some 'concealed' grief. There is not a sorrow of my nature but you and all the world may know; but would you know it, you must come along with me to Calvary. All my deep emotions are now kindled at the mount. My griefs and joys of any moment are blended with its scenes. O my friend! be assured that I am born into a new and higher life, which slights as insignificant the interests and sympathies dissevered from the cross. Can you understand this? To know it well is the acme of all wisdom and felicity in time. 'Tis climbing up to heaven; it is ascending to where angels would, but cannot soar."

From the Kentucky Conference, held in Louisville, September, 1843:

"To Mrs. H.,—Your letter came to me like spicery of love divine, or odors from the hill of Zion. I wept, and returned thanks to God. In return for it, I can say my soul is kept in almost perfect peace. Amid the 'contentions' of conference action, I have felt Jesus almost every moment precious. My soul is the subject of a most gracious work indeed. I feel much stronger and stronger. Little things that used a year ago to disturb my peace, now leave all the depths of my soul calm. The surface only feels the winds which blow upon it. I can say boldly that God is graciously finishing his work. O how blessed it is to wait and feel him carry it on! We are blessed indeed! O for a return of holy service and unceasing praise! I preached last night with great comfort to the Brooke-street charge. Text was, 'Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.' Gal. iii, 26.

"To-night I am going over the river to Jeffersonville, where Brother Daniel is stationed. He commences a protracted meeting, and I shall labor for him more or less every day till I return. I expect not to be home until Tuesday or Wednesday. I cannot leave, as P. C.'s business with Swormstedt is on the tapis, and they will not release me. I shall be hurried, but cannot help it. Give them the printer's articles of

reprint for the November number. Select from the 'Guide to Holiness' one article, one from the 'Imperial Magazine,' and one from Mrs. H. Put them on different forms, so that they will not come together.

"I am very happy to get with dear Brother Daniel. Pray for me and L. I addressed the conference this morning in reply to the unkind remark of a Kentucky presiding elder. He said all the Cincinnati ministers had arrayed themselves against their young preacher, P. C. I replied, and while doing it, the blessed Saviour mellowed my heart and tongue, and I poured out on them the language of holy affection till a great melting seemed to come over all. The presiding elder came around to explain and plead his innocent intentions, and I received him into my arms and felt that peacemakers are blessed. I think they will not accuse us again. I have prayed for meekness and wisdom, and God gives. O blessed be his holy name!

"How pleasant to spend three days in our dedicated home where Jesus blesses us! Let us 'hold fast.' I feel unutterable confidence and sin-consuming love. My soul is sweetly burdened with joy. Now, as I write, it swells up in me."

The following letter refers to his editorial duties, and explains to some extent his manner of laboring at its date. It also expresses something of his conflicts during the time that he withheld his testimony of full salvation. He was laboring at a protracted meeting.

"Hamilton, *January* 29, 1843.

"My dear Wife,—I preached last night to a moderate congregation on 'Ask and ye shall receive.' This morning, on 'The Advocate.' My health is much better. I regret exceedingly that I cannot hear from you to-morrow.

"Our meeting this morning was full, but the people don't pray as they should. Can you get the good sisters together and ask them to pray for us this week?

"Did I know you were well I should feel much relieved. My heart aches, but I am beginning to feel more prayerful. I fear I shall yet fall by the hand of my foes, God does so

much for me, and I so willfully let it go! O for an escape! Nothing but sanctifying grace will save me. For this, and for Hamilton, I am struggling to-day. God bless you, my dear wife, and help you to hear, and to do, and to pray, and to trust till we enter into rest.

"Five o'clock P. M.—A good meeting of members at three this afternoon."

At the Ohio Annual Conference, held in Chillicothe, 1843, Mr. H. was elected a delegate to the General Conference to be held in New York in 1844. In writing to Mrs. H. from the seat of conference, he says, September 27:

"Your letter came this morning by Brother Swormstedt, and relieved my apprehensions in part in regard to your health. And it rejoiced me still more to hear that, intermixed with some disquiet, you had great comfort. The weather has now become so cool that I trust you will be permanently better.

"I was not much sick in the stage. We had M'N. and B., two members of Congress, and politics all the way. My soul was sick. We reached C. at one o'clock at night much fatigued. Slept at Madeira's, and early in the morning Brother Atwood was over after me. It is a superb place in every respect; all the elegancies of life, and religion to crown the whole.

"Saturday morning my joys, which had ebbed all away on Friday, returned in full flood. O it was a precious day! During the morning I preached to a company of Christians on 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' etc. It was a holy hour, and so I believe all felt it to be. L. preached in the evening and I exhorted. . . .

"It was a happy Sabbath to me. I had no hard feelings toward S. at any moment since we left home. Still I disapprove of his course, and though I had nearly made up my mind to vote for him, I now hesitate. He is very kind, and his ambition is a *disease* of the *heart*, which I can overlook, yet I think maturer grace is needed in General Conference. These little occurrences, with the undisturbed tempers with which I met them, greatly encourage me. I cried all day by turns, 'O Lord,

give others all the honor, and me all the reproach, only so my heart be cleansed and kept pure!' So I feel now.

"The conference met this morning. I am on three committees which will not require much labor. I had a peaceful morning in conference. A good spirit prevails. I think our session will be pleasant. We talk of having prayer-meetings. I hear of many brethren who enjoy, it is said, a high degree of holiness. Brother Phillips is one. I intend to have conversations with many of them. Father Collins is here, very well, but feeble. Now may the God of all grace bless and sanctify us! I feel great comfort in praying for you. I can plead very earnestly for Leonidas. It is now your class-hour. I trust you are greatly blest.

"I may be able to write an article for the Repository; in that case you will hear from me soon. I have been received with great kindness by all, preachers and people. Many meet me with very open hearts who once seemed distant. We pray much in our room. My companions are very pleasant and devout."

"Friday Evening.

To Mrs. H.,—This letter was to have been sent night before last, but by misinformation about the Post-office it failed. Now I fear you will not get it till after the Sabbath. But by the delay I can give you good news, not that I am elected to General Conference, that would be a poor gratification. No, blessed be God! it was higher, more glorious. Yesterday was the *best day* of my life. All day in conference, amid much confusion and many tokens of *uneasiness* among the brethren, such as I am *sorry to see*, my soul was so filled with glory and with God, that I could scarcely stay in conference; indeed, it often seemed that I should burst out in shouts. It was a deeper and more permanent bliss than I ever experienced. To-day has been different. I have had very little joy; but amid still greater confusion I feel a self-command, a *placid purity* which I cannot describe. I do believe, my dear, that 'God doeth it.' I believe he is now purifying my heart by the Holy Ghost. I believe he is giving me wisdom to *see* it and to trace it, and wisdom to discern the hinderances and

the opposition to it. O blessed be his holy name! I trust you are well by this time. I think much, pray much for you. I want much, very much to see you, and praise God with you. O how we will bless his name if we live to meet again! The conference is not as last year. I take very little part in it, except to keep my seat and vote, and read 'Bramwell,' out of which I get such sweet and holy thoughts as lift me up to heaven. Adieu, beloved. God bless thee!"

"MONDAY, *October* 2, 7 *o'clock P.M.*

"To MRS. H.,—We are getting along tolerably well. The election, which was most of all in our way, is over. Brothers Elliott, Finley, Trimble, Raper, Sehon, Connell, Ferree, and your unworthy husband are the delegates. My election is one of the most unexpected events of my life. I can now scarcely credit it. My position alone was, I supposed, an entire bar; but I had left all to God, and I have one satisfaction—a sweet one it is: not more than *one* minute, put it all together, has been spent in talking of General Conference in my company since I reached Chillicothe. I did not know that *one* person was going to vote for me, nor did one as I know of expect me to vote for him. Thank God that he gave me a higher calling, heavenly and blissful, so that I could not find it in my heart to talk of elections or General Conference. You may wonder how, with so much opposition to the Book Room, two editors should be sent. I wonder also. But I will *tell* you more: I feel satisfied that it is of God. This is the best of all.

"I feel more and more that God is working in me mightily. He *blesses* me! Saturday night I preached on 'Loving God with all the heart.' Sabbath, three o'clock, I preached to an immense crowd, at the ordination of the elders, from 'Our sufficiency is of God'—a new subject; and if ever I was aided from heaven, and preached with the Holy Ghost, it was then; the house was full of shouts.

"I shall, unless I hear of your ill health, start for Zanesville on Friday morning, leave there on Monday, and reach the Springs on Tuesday night; start from there on Wednesday evening, and reach home on Thursday morning. How pleas-

ant it will be to see home again; to see you, and in our consecrated chamber bow before God. I plead much in prayer for you. God will bless us. He will come and save us.

"I have conversed some with Brother ——. He is happy sometimes. The election, I fear, worried him. He was apparently surprised at the result. Why they left him out I cannot tell. I think he has agitated the subject of salaries so much that it has greatly affected his own standing. They will agree with him when he talks about it, yet they don't seem to approve of so much agitation. They have reduced all our salaries this year, but we shall get along.

"It is now near eight o'clock. I must start over to the church, for the missionary meeting is in progress, and I will be expected to give something. Having preached three times at Conference, besides the dedication meetings, (I forgot to say that I preached in Mr. Beecher's church on Sunday night on 'Be ye holy,' etc.,) I take no part in the addresses to-night.

"Mr. Galloway has called several times; took tea with us to-night. He was inquiring about sanctification. I like him much. He is frank and intelligent. I trust he will be a good husband, and have no doubt but he will be a happy one.

" *Tuesday morning.*—I did not go to the missionary meeting. When I was about ready I felt so much the want of sleep that I went to bed, and slept from eight to five. It is the first night I have had a *full* sleep. I feel exceedingly refreshed this morning. I am *perfectly* well. All is now serene. I often feel like a *burning* bush as I sit in the conference room. It is sometimes difficult for me to remain in my seat. All you say about B. I will manage as I can. I shall not trouble myself, but leave all to God. *Submission* in him is the best protection, waiting on God the surest defense. Where he is a bulwark there is no danger. Who will effect a breach in such a wall. I will fill up my sheet to-morrow. Brother Whitcomb and I have just finished our prayer-meeting, which we have each morning in our room. He is gone out, and now I am going to *plead* for *us* and for L.

" *Wednesday noon.*—Yesterday was almost the best day of my life. In the conference room, with Brother S.'s good-

natured jokes keeping up a constant buzz around me, I was calm and solemn as eternity. It neither tried my *patience*, nor disturbed my sobriety. I seemed dwelling in love and in God. I believe God has sanctified me throughout, soul, body, and spirit; and I am willing all the world should know it. He has sprinkled me, and I am clean. From all my filthiness and from all my idols he has cleansed me. This I first confessed in our love-feast Sabbath morning. At first the enemy thrust sore, and almost devoured me; but the light is increasing. I believe this work was accomplished in New Albany eighteen months ago, and that I have been in bondage ever since by hiding 'his righteousness within my heart.' I shall talk more of this if I live to see you. The Lord strengthens me. 'I live not but Christ liveth in me.' Adieu, my beloved. Jesus will perfect us, and keep us unblamable and unreprovable in his sight."

When Bishop H. was appointed editor of the "Ladies' Repository," in 1840, he felt that his task was peculiarly difficult and laborious. Writers in the Methodist Episcopal Church suited to such a work had not been called out, and the Book Agents were unaccustomed to pay for correspondence. On these accounts he wrote largely himself for the work, and for the sake of variety often received articles to prepare which really cost him more labor than to have written original articles of the same length.

The following notice from the Western Christian Advocate will give an idea of the *eclat* with which such a publication was hailed, and the estimate in which he was held as editor:

"A layman in St. Louis sent in a list of some twenty subscribers. Traveling preachers, local preachers, laymen, ladies of every grade, seemed to vie with each other in encouraging the forthcoming 'Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West.' Letters poured in from all quarters in the West, and the sermons preached in them, the notes of approbation uttered, and the lists of subscribers sent in, gave full encouragement to the publishers to commence publication. Some argued that because the periodicals for ladies were made up of such light

and trivial matter, a better supply was necessary; and then the religious element had little or no place in ladies' books generally, while others exulted that the most refined literary taste, as to style, sentiment, etc., would characterize the new ladies' book.

"The first number was issued, January, 1840, and exceeded in interest the expectation of its most ardent friends. Few men possessed equal gifts as a writer with Brother Hamline, whether it regards style, pure Christian sentiment, literary taste, or logical acuteness. His great powers, with small assistance, were brought to bear on the Repository the happy effects of which till this day are impressed on its pages. Mr. H. was the man that gave character to the Repository. He gave it form, and fashioned it after a pure model, and the result remains."

At another date the editor remarks: "To the patrons of the Ladies' Repository we would say, that no periodical within our knowledge has received more individual praise from the most intelligent in the land. We could fill whole columns of our paper with notices of the most flattering kind, penned by editors of the most respectable literary journals out of the Church."

To witness the ever-glowing, all-consuming ardors of perfect love, as exhibited in the daily life of the beloved subject of this memoir, must demonstrate the precious effect of that doctrine to the most skeptical. With him holiness was seen in its most convincing significance—entireness. Though still held responsible by the Church of his choice to his editorial duties, and more than answerable to all reasonable expectations in that capacity, still his one great calling was the ministry. A dispensation of the Gospel had been committed. To this solemn, awful trust, common with every man who has been truly called of God as was Aaron, he saw himself pledged before God and man. To this life-work, that is, practical and continuous efforts in soul-saving, he felt that neither editorial duties, nor any office that Church conventions might impose, could release him.

Not only from the Church had he received an ordination to preach the Gospel, but He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost

had confirmed that commission. On him the *tongue* of fire had fallen; and when the flame lighted on him, it did not only rest on his head and inflame his intellect, but descended down deep into the inmost recesses of his heart. And there the fire ever dwelt; its unquenchable flame inspired his lips, and while he wrote with pen of fire he must needs also with tongue of fire spread the hallowing flame. Can we wonder that so many were pricked to the heart through his ministrations?

After this conference he seemed more indefatigable in labors than ever; but though, like Moses's bush, unconsumed in fire, he appeared almost to have forgotten that we have this treasure in earthen vessels. And now commenced an illness which for weeks threatened his immediate dissolution, and from which he never really recovered. Hereafter we shall behold him oft in the heated furnace, and how gloriously the form of the *Fourth* was seen amid its flames our subsequent pages will disclose.

On the 5th of January, 1844, Mr. Hamline returned home from a week of severe labor as well, he thought, as usual, and in this state retired for the night. About midnight he awoke with high fever, and other alarming indications of illness. The next day, Sabbath, he had three appointments to preach in the city, and rose at his usual early hour to prepare for the day's work. But before the time of preaching, Dr. Baker, a member of the Cincinnati Conference, (and a physician of experience,) came in to learn where his appointments were; and perceiving that he had a high fever, said, "You must not preach to-day," and kindly offered to get his appointments filled, or to fill them for him. The family physician, Dr. L., was called, but no remedies proved effectual to remove the disease. After some days Prof. L., a particular friend, was called in consultation. This gentleman promptly suggested that the heart was the seat of the disease, and a third, Prof. W., was invited to consult with the other two. After careful examination Dr. W. confirmed the opinion that the heart was the seat of the malady, but hesitated as to the peculiar nature of the affection. Ultimately, however, they all agreed as to the nature of the disease, and also in the opinion that all labor, mental and physical,

must be suspended, or he could not survive but for a short time.

Of his own feelings and joyful experiences during this period of illness a loving hand has made some brief records, from which we will transcribe:

"*January* 21.—Illness continued. At early evening Sister W. called. During conversation and prayer he was much blessed, and had a peaceful night.

"22.—He woke early and began to repeat the act of consecrating all. At first, he said, it seemed a mere intellectual effort. Then the heart moved. 'A blissful day.'

"*February* 7.—He said: 'Last night slept less than usual. My sins were before me. It appeared as though every individual sin stood forth distinctly from childhood, from five years of age. I divided my life in sections, that I might have a more particular view. It seemed as though I had before only a general repentance. I had looked at my sins as we see mountains in the horizon, as *one* elevation. Now they appear to me as mountains must to an eagle soaring above them. He would see each distinctly in all its hugeness.' It was said then, 'You feel that you throw each as it rises upon the Saviour.' He replied, 'I rather *believe* than *feel* that I do.' It was rejoined, 'Faith is better than feeling.' He said, 'I have a deep apprehension that each sin has inflicted a deep wound on my Saviour.' During the day to Rev. J. Young he repeated these experiences, who replied, 'But you do not feel condemnation?' 'No,' he said, 'but contrition.' Not long after this Bishop Morris coming in asked the state of his mind. He replied, 'I find by reviewing different portions of time as they pass—as the day, etc.—that I am almost continually desiring to depart. I feel as though I had been absent from home a month or two, and was very anxious to see my family, and had got almost home. Not that I think myself dangerously ill; only these are my feelings.'

"28.—To General Collins, who called to see him, he said: 'I thought the other day, while my physician was kindly examining me for disease of the heart, I have more reason to be concerned for his heart than he has for mine, however diseased

mine may be; and you must not think me obtrusive, but so I think of you, general.' General C. replied, 'I think much more of you for that interest and for that remark.' After his physician suggested that he had dilatation of the heart, he said: 'My heart has often been dilated with divine love.' To Sister J. Y.: 'I do not believe there will be another history like mine in heaven. There may be as great sinners, but no one has treated his Saviour as meanly as I feel I have.' Again he said: 'I shall stand in heaven a taller monument of my Saviour's grace than the rest; not that I am better, but *more unworthy.* I feel as though I were sailing in a bark canoe over a sea of fire; yet I expect to come safe to shore.' To Dr. Lawson, when he suggested that another physician be called in consultation, he said, 'I do not wish any other; I am not anxious about my recovery.' The doctor replied, 'You have ties to life.' He said, 'I know of no one who could more conveniently be spared from the world,' (alluding to the condition of his family.) The doctor said, 'You have public relations—relations to the Church to detain you.' In reply, he said: 'I shall be much more active if taken to heaven than I can be here. The departed are not buried, but are much more energetic than we are. Religion is a calming influence, but imparts an amazing energy. When under its influence I have felt as though I could never get weary in preaching.' His general expressions were such as the following: 'All is right;' 'I do not care what is my disease, Jesus knows and that is enough.' At night, 'Perhaps He will take me before morning;' and in the morning, 'Perhaps he will take me before night.' 'What a Saviour! O wonderful! wonderful that he will take such a heart!'

"*March* 3.—Sabbath he lay on the sofa. His countenance was observed to be placid, almost smiling. Presently he made a singular noise. On being awakened, he exclaimed: 'O let me sleep, dear! I was dreaming of a text.' When asked 'What text?' he replied, '"He is able to save to the uttermost," and I was trying to shout.'

"On Saturday, March 16, Dr. W. was called in to examine him with the stethoscope. Decided that his heart was seriously diseased. Afterward Brother S., who was present at the exam-

ination, and had been conversing with the physician, came in. He said, 'I told Dr. W. that you had been in the habit of preaching five sermons in a day. He looked astonished at this.' Mr. H. said, 'I am not sorry I did so.' Brother S. said, 'But that was living too fast.' Mr. H. replied, 'But it was sweet living, and if I die now, I am glad I worked while I could.'

"On Sabbath morning, the 17th, he stood looking out at the window. Remarked, 'It is pleasant to look out upon these things, upon which after a little while I shall look no more with these eyes.' Then said, 'The thought of so wonderfully changing one's mode of living is very exciting. To leave so many friends behind, to go to meet so many who have gone before. To leave so many saints struggling on their way, and so many who are not struggling, and so many sinners to be saved.'

"A little while after he said, 'Could I to-day be introduced to a thousand of those who have gone before in Wesley Chapel; could I see Jesus in the pulpit, and the apostles sitting in the altar, and Wesley and Fletcher and Guion and Hester Ann Rogers and their companions in another circle, and so on; could I spend the day with them and hear them speak in the order of love-feast—their experiences—the Saviour first uttering words of wisdom, and then hear Abraham tell of Isaac, and of his feelings when he offered him up; with what wonder should I gaze upon their faces, that is if they were in the body and had never died. I hope soon to see them, and spend not a day, but an eternity with them.' Mrs. H. said, 'Your unusual calmness, and the manner in which you have regarded death, has ever since you were ill made me feel that your condition was that of serious disease.' He replied, 'That calmness does not always precede death. Hezekiah was greatly troubled at death.' 'True,' she said, 'but he did not live under the Christian dispensation.' He rejoined, 'I could not ask for fifteen years to be added to my life, nor for five months, nor five weeks;' and then as his joy increased in the hope of heaven near, he said, 'I feel as though it would be easy for me to enter upon the song, "Worthy is the Lamb;" my lips feel as though used to it.'

"In the afternoon he said: 'It is a precious Sabbath to me. I feel like Columbus and his crew when they got in sight of land. My soul sings a *Te Deum*.' The doctor coming in, said he might recover, and was not in sight of land. In allusion to this remark, Mr. H. said, 'Then it is only mountains of fog I see; but as an eagle stirreth up her nest, and hovereth over her young, so the Lord stirreth me up and teacheth me to fly, and I think he will soon burst my cage and let me soar. I feel as though my soul had wings.' A little after he said, 'I should think the moral feelings would affect the heart [meaning physically] they are so intense. My heart trembles with the love of Jesus. It is a weight upon my heart.'

"At another time he said to Brother S., 'I do not care whether my heart be turning to fat or stone physically, nor what ails it, so that it will answer to receive Jesus. This is all I want of it.' Again, to the same, 'Choosing diseases is like going into a flower-garden; one can hardly tell which to select, all being so beautiful, so they release me from earth.'

"*Monday*, 18.—At night to Sister Young he said, 'My life has been one of great mercy; my sins have been great, and it has required great grace to pardon them. It will be very delightful to cast my crown at his feet and cry, "Worthy is the Lamb," but I don't know what he will do with me in heaven. I feel as though he would place me away in some corner, so unworthy; but I sometimes think that grace has done so much for me that I shall stand out a monument to show what Jesus can do for sinners.'

At another time, "I am on a bed of roses. All is right! all is right!"

The convalescence of Mr. H. was slow, and he now supposed he would not be expected to attend the approaching General Conference, and prepared as early as possible for leisure and traveling, in hope of relief from the faintness and partial paralysis from which he continually suffered. He could not speak above a whisper, and much of the time could not endure the presence of any number of persons in his room; but the Ohio delegation declined to release him, and urged that they desired his presence at the conference in New York, where they could

consult together. He replied, "I may not commit suicide, and my physician says that to go will be death; but at the call of the Church I am willing to go even unto death."

His brethren of the delegation assured him of every possible care and assistance, which pledge was most faithfully redeemed, and he decided to attempt the journey, bearing with him this written protest:

"CINCINNATI, *March* 25, 1844.

"REV. L. L. HAMLINE:

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to the question propounded to your medical advisers as to your ability to attend General Conference in May next, we reply as follows:

"As already stated to you, we are of opinion that your disease is an organic affection of the heart; to remedy which, if that can be accomplished, a regular and persistent course of medicine is necessary, together with proper exercise, and a suspension of your ordinary labors.

"We consider it not only detrimental, but absolutely precluding the possibility of a cure, to continue engagements which will require great mental exertions, with but little physical exercise. In addition to this we would say that public speaking, or confinement to a crowded assembly, would be peculiarly injurious, and hence we have no hesitation in saying that an attendance upon General Conference, either as a debater or silent member, would prove highly detrimental, and might increase the affection beyond the control of remedies. Our opinions, therefore, are positive and clear that you cannot with any degree of safety go to conference as a member.

"Very respectfully,

L. M. LAMSON,
N. WORCESTER,
S. A. LATTA."

CHAPTER VIII.

ELECTION TO THE EPISCOPACY.

We question whether the Church militant has ever witnessed, since the days of the self-sacrificing Paul, a more marked exemplification of affectionate devotion to her interests, than we trace in the beloved subject of our memoir.

What a manifestation do we behold in all the future of Mr. H.'s life, of the Christ-like spirit that moved the holy Paul to say in sympathy with his divine Master, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God." In answer to the call of the Church, whose doctrines and usages he ever revered as eminently scriptural, he left his sick room, though his health was still in a most critical state, and accompanied his brethren of the delegation to the General Conference about to commence in New York.

While on his journey he writes to the ever-loving sharer in all his solicitudes at home or abroad: "Ohio River, nine miles below Wheeling.—We have had a delightful voyage so far, and I am better than when I left. All is well. The brethren are kind and affectionate, and I have felt well in my mind. I pray for you at the time appointed, and doubt not you pray for me. I sleep well, better than before I started. I would write more, but the boat jars so I cannot. I leave this at Wheeling, and it will reach you, I trust, Monday morning. The Lord bless my dear Melinda. Pray much for me."

On his arrival in New York he writes:

"My dear Melinda,—God has blessed me in every way. I am at Dr. P.'s, in the best place for me in the city. A large beautiful room and spacious bed for *you* and *myself*, but you

are not here. Mrs. P. says she shall write for you to come, but the plain indications of Providence are that you do not come *now*. My health was affected by my last *crowded* night on the canal; but the sweet family where I stayed in Philadelphia cured me almost, and now, finding Dr. P. stands very high as a physician, I have given myself up to him. He gave me a substitute for blue pill last night which operated as a charm. God has wonderfully revived me in heart, and yesterday in Sister P.'s meeting for holiness I was enabled to give a testimony for Jesus. I am full of praises. I shall write often, and a narrative will come for the Repository. I am now, (nine o'clock,) May 1, going to see the conference opened. God is with me. I am happy. Not a temptation but once since I left home. Glory to God!"

"New York, *May* 6, 1844.

"To Mrs. H.:—On Saturday I went with Sister P. forty-five miles up the Hudson, opposite to Peekskill, to spend the Sabbath with her sister, Mrs. Lankford, an Israelite indeed. Professor ——— had paid her two visits, and ever blessed God, as I am informed, that he saw her face. I feel like going back again and spending another Sabbath with her. I intend to give an account of my visit in the Repository, but cannot do it now, nor tell you much about it. It was indeed a *holy day*, and time fled on swift pinions while we talked of holiness, *felt its power*, prayed for nearer and fuller communion with God, and were drawn in a wonderful and unforgotten manner to Christ. . . . We returned on Monday evening, and as we finished so heavenly an excursion, I thought how would my dear M. have enjoyed it. I almost felt sorrowful that I should have so great a privilege which you are denied. I also thought of our beloved Sister Neff, whose sanctified heart is always kindling up at the sight of the good and pure, and to hear the chastened accents of their voice. What an addition it would have been to my jubilee to have shared it with you both! but we shall share an eternal heaven, and be with *Jesus always*. I am still better. I trust I am gradually but slowly improving. I sit in conference now most of the time, but we have only one session, from half past eight to one o'clock. I can walk a mile

without much inconvenience. I cannot use my voice. A little conversation still affects me. There is a singular difficulty in this respect, and I see but little improvement. I exhorted about three minutes in Pittsburgh, and about five minutes in a prayer-meeting last Sabbath evening. Have been to church twice only, and to two small meetings since I left home.

"Two o'clock P. M. I dropped my pen for dinner, and now resume it. Brother and Sister King are here, two lovely spirits. We are a happy family. Sister P. modestly leads in everything. . . . O that some of our Methodist doctors were like him! He takes me every morning in his chaise to the conference room, and I seem blessed as I ride along.

"Bless God for his mercy. I am growing in grace. I feel his blood applied. I rejoice in what he is doing for you. O may we meet in Christ! We shall I think.

"Sister P. is full of love for you. She is all you could expect, especially after an acquaintance."

Writing to Mrs. H. on May 14, he says: "I am still better. Except for my voice and back, which troubles me some, I should not feel that I am much sick. I ride almost half of each day, sometimes in an omnibus for miles in a rapid manner, and at others in Dr. P.'s carriage. I sit in conference four hours without any serious difficulty. Yesterday, for the first time, I spoke five minutes."

He then proceeds to mention some unkind treatment received from a brother, which he (Mr. H.) closed by saying, "I can talk no more on the subject. I will surrender it all up to Providence." He adds, "The brother was troubled at my calmness. I had a delightful morning, sitting close by him in conference. I leave all to God, and have great peace in doing so." [The brother was petulantly opposing his being returned to the editor's office, for which he had been nominated.] . . .

"We had an unusual scene in conference to-day. Dr. Capers and Dr. Olin moved to appoint a committee of three from the North and three from the South to meet with the bishops, and endeavor to devise some plan of pacification to preserve the unity of the Church. Many tears were shed, many prayers

offered, a day of fasting appointed by the conference for the committee. John Early was appointed to represent the middle slave states, Dr. Capers to represent the south slave states, and William Winans the southwest; Crandall, from New England, Dr. Olin from New York, and L. L. Hamline from the West.

"We met at three o'clock P. M. and took up the case of Bishop Andrew, slaveholder, (all the bishops except himself being present,) and labored till six o'clock to find some ground of compromise; all in vain. We sit to-morrow P. M., and the conference will be fasting and praying while we are engaged. It is an hour of darkness, and I now think you will hear in my next that the Methodist Episcopal Church is cut in twain.

"As the representative of the West, I stated that we were shut up to a naked necessity; that the question of a slaveholding bishop was, to the western conferences, a question of *existence* or *non*-existence. You may tell Brother M. that I shall lie down to-night at peace, feeling that I have done my duty, and He at least will sustain me.

"*Wednesday Morning*, 5 *o'clock.*—A beautiful morning. Our fast day. I feel that God is with me, and I trust with you. *Lord bless!* Pray, pray!

"I think S. will become friendly. While I have such blessings as I now have, much as at the Annual Conference, I feel that God gives me a gentle power over him, and the delegation now propose nothing but my return to the editor's office. I LEAVE ALL TO GOD.

"*Later.*—I have just received your dear letter by Brother I. It was good to read it. 'Don't backslide.' Get nearer to Christ daily. I feel more like dying for Christ than *leaving* Christ. God is taking care of all. I need only him on my side, I found it so in the Annual, and now it is so in the General Conference. I am unspeakably blest. O how Jesus dwells in me!"

"MONDAY, *May* 19, 1844.

"To MRS. H.,—I had an exceedingly pleasant Sabbath yesterday. In the morning went to Brooklyn with Brother Elliott. and had a good meeting at Centenary Church. Walked back in the afternoon, having walked four miles, two out and two in,

without much inconvenience. In the evening went to Allen-street Church and exhorted fifteen minutes, and this morning feel well. To-day we have a heavy business, namely, to deal with the slaveholder, Bishop Andrew. Our 'committee of pacification' (or, as it is now called, *of conference*) could do nothing. Early on Saturday morning I called several old brethren (Finley, Bangs, etc.) together, and proposed that a man be appointed by each northern delegation (including Baltimore, which goes with the North) to prosecute Bishop Andrew. It was agreed to, and a committee of twenty was thus raised for that object. They met at three o'clock P. M., and appointed five of their number to call on Bishop Andrew and have a free conversation with him. These five went to see him, but *he very* EPISCOPALLY *declined having any talk with them.* They were Bangs, Elliott, and men of that cast. When this is known this morning I expect northern men will be ready to act. I do not regret he gave them such a reception. Indeed, it seems as though the *hesitation* of the North were constantly rebuked by some such occurrence. While our bishops and delegates are weeping in sleepless anguish over the distractions brought on Zion, he seems as unconcerned as a comedian and as tyrannical as Nero. He will probably get his due. I feel that God blesses me in all my efforts against him.

"Three o'clock P. M.—Brother Elliott and I walked two hours this morning. The conference is over for the day; all is noise and dread in regard to Bishop Andrew. He will probably be deposed. Woe to the Church if he is not!

"I feel still like giving up all to God. Pray for me. I have no *temptations*, not one except in spirit. Help me at the throne. Sister P. was much pleased with your letter, and wishes you were here. She is a sister indeed! She is out at meeting, or would send love. Time is passing rapidly. I trust to be home by 10th of June, twenty days from this.

"I pray God to bless you, my dear. O may we grow and be his! I leave all to him. You must not write after the 27th, if you get no other direction. About the time you receive this you may send your last letter. Adieu! May we be kept by mighty power through faith unto salvation!

Up to the date of this letter Mr. H. did not know that he had been named for the episcopal office. May 23 he writes to Mrs. H.:

"This is the fourth week of our conference. We are now in the midst of Bishop Andrew's case. There is a resolution before the General Conference to suspend him. It will doubtless carry. Much good feeling at present in the conference; but we fear a burst of rage every moment. I think of speaking a few minutes to-morrow; but if I feel feeble, shall take it as an admonition from Providence not to do so.

"Yours of the 15th has reached me. If your dream should be realized, I hope you will have trust in God and go on your way till we meet above. I am now as well as at any time since I left home, except that speaking in meeting a few minutes hurts my voice. I have no numbness, and only now and then a pain in the back, and that very slight. The conference, I presume, will hold on two weeks longer.

"*Sunday Morning, May* 26.—This is a delightful morning. My soul is borne upward. I feel Jesus preciously near, and all is well. I have great confidence in his ruling and overruling all things. I have much joy in committing to him the Church and its interests. I have great comfort in committing myself and family to his gracious care. I have greater comfort in him. I feel that I dwell in him. He is my habitation, my tower, the rock of my defense, and my refuge.

"Wesley Johnson arrived from Liberia last Sabbath night in very feeble health. I called to see him, and found him withered, weak, and, I think, near the grave. He supposes he may recover. His spleen is affected. He has gone home. Brother White arrived here last Friday and is staying with me. His health is poor. He is very affectionate, and they wish much you were with me. I shall not visit them for want of time. All well.

"*Sabbath Evening.*—I walked this morning with Brother Elliott two miles to the foot of Courtland-street, and crossed over to Jersey City, where he preached. Had a delightful day. Returned after dinner, having walked four miles without inconvenience. I have slept this afternoon two hours refreshingly.

I will go this evening with Brother White to John-street, and shall walk two miles more. I go to hear Brother Hibbard, of Genesee Conference, who, as Searle told us, preaches 'Sanctification.'

"I shall not hear from you for more than two weeks. Our conference will still hold ten days or more. You could have written on the 27th with safety. But I must leave it as it is, fearing that if you write after receiving this it will be too late. I will write to you as soon as the elections are over. At present Bishop Andrew's case takes up all our time, and will not be disposed of for several days. I hope to speak on it in a day or two. Pray for me. I wish you to give my love especially to Leonidas, and tell him that I intended to write him, but my calls are so numerous and onerous that I cannot. I will send him papers frequently. Adieu, love!"

"*June* 1, 1844.

"To Mrs. H.,—I wrote you yesterday when the case of Bishop A. was pending, and now again to say it is decided. His functions are suspended until he gets rid of slavery. All but ten or twelve of the non-slaveholding conference delegates, including Baltimore Conference, voted to suspend him. All but S. in our delegation. He has been with the South in every movement since Harding's case was disposed of, and has given us no little difficulty. He will have his reward.

"Immediately after the final vote we adjourned, and the southern delegates gave notice to meet in conclave, where they are now devising. They threaten us with lawsuits, etc., but their threats are harmless. They are impotent in their position, and *we* are on the rock. We have now until Monday to cool off, and then we shall do, I know not what. I am well and happy. Not a wave of trouble, nor a fear, nor a temptation, except to unbelief. These six weeks seem to me a constant miracle of preservation from sore temptations. I am dead indeed in some respects, as I never thought possible, and it seems to me almost as much as though I were in heaven. And I might fancy myself there also from the company that surrounds me. Sister P., beloved saint, has adopted me as her brother in all respects, and like an angel of God's commissioning, keeps to the pursuit and the enjoyment of Jesus, with

whom she is so well acquainted. O could the whole world be as this dear family is, how nearly it would resemble heaven. Yet sickness would be here, for she is still feeble, though recovering. She has commenced a letter to you *in mind*, but her cares and home duties with all her company detain her hand from the sheet.

"I will summon up all the courage I can to wait from this on without hearing from you. If I had said the 4th of June, instead of the 27th of May, it would have been better. We cannot close before from eight to twelve days from now, and I dare not tell you to write after receiving this. Your last letter has just come, and assures me of your health and bliss. I weep and thank God! How often do associations come up to remind me of two years ago, when we were separated longer than now, and help to inspire patience under the deprivation of this. 'O for a song of joyful praise!' Pray much—much—for me, that I may be kept and 'be presented faultless before His presence;' and, if it please his infinite goodness, to you also.

"I am expecting a glorious Sabbath. I could preach, but decline at the request of the brethren, so as to preserve my strength for the conference. My speech has called forth a great deal of congratulation, which was quite a trial to me, and the wonder is that it has not 'puffed up' my vanity, and made lean my poor soul in all sweet and humble things; but I am preserved. They have proposed to make *a bishop* of me, but my friends shield me by pleading my poor health; and I should rather be anything else within the Church (sexton, if God will) than undertake to be a bishop.

"As to editors, it is expected, I believe, that Elliott and myself shall be returned. The two are divided, and the Repository stands first, so that I cannot let pride plead against my return. The election will probably be made in three or four days. I will inform you.

"I send a manuscript. If you think it will not do, lay it aside till I come. Rev. Laban Clark's daughter wrote it. 'It is all fact—every word;" which may be stated in a note if you publish it. How my heart runs after you and after Christ, my blessed Lord."

"MONDAY, 2 *o'clock P.M., June* 3, 1844.

"To MRS. H.,—This morning it was somewhat trying not to hear from you, and I found relief in part by letters to Brothers W. and S., stating that you were well. I had a very comfortable Sabbath morning. In the P.M. was threatened with my old complaint, but Dr. P.'s homeopathy threw it off by the divine blessing. This morning an effort was made to *explain* away the meaning of our *deposing* resolution in the case of Andrew; but it was laid on the table. A committee of nine is appointed (myself one) to adopt and recommend a plan, if we can get at it, to separate—they call it 'divide'—the Church. Strong southern men (Capers, Winans, etc.) are on it and in favor of separating, and we shall have hard work. But I must stop and go to conference.

"*Tuesday morning.*—I have had a good night's rest, and feel wonderfully well, and calm, and blessed. I talk of preaching some time this week on 'Holiness' in Dr. P.'s parlors. I shall have a select congregation. We shall probably be through our business by Saturday. You may look for me on Saturday week. If I come earlier you will be glad, as I shall. I now think it possible I may change my plan and come rapidly by Baltimore. We may visit here next year if we choose, and I feel as though we shall be likely to do so.

Thursday morning.—Since Monday I was appointed on a committee to *divide the Church*, as the southern delegates call it. They have not succeeded, but there is a *fair prospect.* We meet this morning, and I have a plan ready which I suppose *will go*, as it meets the approbation of Capers and Winans of the south, and of my northern brethren who are on the committee. Nearly all, north and south, wish to separate. We have, I believe, laid to rest all further action in Andrew's case. He has gone. I do not envy him his conscience or his burdens.

"Last night the nominations were made in western delegations: Wright had thirty votes and Ames twenty-one for bishop. Swormstedt and Mitchell for agents, and Elliott and Hamline for editors, without a dissenting vote. Peck in the East for bishop, Bond editor, etc.

"I expect we shall elect officers to-morrow or next day, and adjourn on Saturday or Monday. I think I will, God blessing me, be home on Saturday week. I have an appointment to preach next Sabbath. I am nearly as well as ever. Can walk two miles rapidly without any inconvenience, and sit in conference eight hours per day more conveniently than ever I could in my life. God has blessed me in all ways. I feel his presence and love, and he gives me wisdom to act and control the acts of others as he never did before. Much business has been thrown on me, but he has helped me. I will write, if delayed longer than Saturday, again. If not, I shall probably not send another letter.

"I heard from you yesterday by letter from Kilbreath, and thank God that you are well. O may we be blessed forever!

"I think the election of Editor of the Repository, etc., may be considered as tolerably sure. I have to write a report this morning, or I would fill my sheet.

"Tell Brother Young I want him to study out all the heresies of my speech, and tell me of them when I return. Bishop Soule don't like it; but I depend on him more than on Bishop Soule to say if it be not constitutional Methodism. I hope he will give a verdict in my favor."

"New York, *Friday evening*, *June* 8, 1844.

"My dear Melinda,—Compose your mind for a severe shock, which, however, God will enable you to bear in all Christian meekness, because God has done it. In a most strange and unaccountable manner your unworthy husband was half an hour since elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church by a vote of 102. Brother Janes, our Bible agent, was also elected by a vote of 98. I say, *God has done it.* You know what I mean.

"I suppose Sabbath day will be appointed for the consecration services. I am calm, and have been so much of the time. Till last night I thought all idea of my election was relinquished; it came upon me suddenly. I was able to commit it all to God.

"You know now, my dear, that I may not come home im-

mediately. I may be sent east, west, north, or south, to conferences; but if so I shall have you with me as soon as L. has finished his vacation. I have the hearty friends of a Saviour around me to cheer me, and my health is getting good. I feel sustained. If possible I wish to get the opportunity to attend two or three conferences with Bishop Morris before I am called to preside. But I must send this letter in haste. No separation yet; I think will be. In that case my work will be much more easy. I will write again in a day or two."

"MONDAY, 12 *o'clock M.*, *June* 10, 1844.

"To MRS. H.,—Yesterday was a day of holy delights. I preached my first sermon for five and a half months in Sands-street Church, Brooklyn, on "If we walk in the light as He is in the light," etc. It was a precious season. Preaching seemed to bring into my soul a world of gushing emotions, such as I cannot describe. This morning Brother Janes and myself were consecrated to the duties of the episcopal office at Greene-street Church, (in the presence of a great crowd,) and conducted to our places in the altar. My emotions were so overpowering that it was with difficulty I could answer the questions or make the responses. I wept and wept till I knew not what to do, and brethren around me joined in weeping. But O! they were tears which, unworthy as I am, I believe were bottled up in heaven. It was a holy and delightful morning; one of the most solemnly joyful I ever had on earth. I feel fully that God has called me to the office of a bishop. In my heart he has set his seal to the commission in a way I hope never to forget. I feel that I am his in deed and in truth. O may I grow in grace which now purifies, strengthens, and saves me.

"*Tuesday morning*, 6 *o'clock*.—I sat in conference until eleven o'clock last night, making about ten hours of constant sitting through the day without much weariness, or rather with *simple* weariness without sickness. I slept soundly, and feel well and blessed this morning. I feel *cleansed* wonderfully.

"The bishops meet this morning at eight o'clock. The New York Annual Conference meets to-morrow in Brooklyn. I shall, if God permit, attend it diligently, to learn my business, for

you know I never was in a stationing-room. If I have to go east or north-west, I will have you come; but I think I shall return in about two weeks. 'Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy.' O blessed be God! Much as I love you, and delightful as it would be to see you, the Lord gives me perfect patience and holy resignation.

"*Wednesday morning.*—I feel, my dear wife, that God's mercies are so great and so many, that you will not be afflicted when I say that I go to the Troy Conference next Monday, thence to New Hampshire Conference, thence to Black River, thence to Oneida, thence to Genesee, thence to Michigan, and finish my first year's work in October, from which I shall have rest until the next July, when I go to Pittsburgh, Erie, North Ohio, Ohio, Indiana, and North Indiana. The next year Rock River, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, and Indian Mission. The fourth year Troy again. I shall have six months rest yearly, unless some other superintendent fails. If you can possibly arrange it, I wish you to be in Hillsdale on the 20th of July. In Baltimore go first to Mr. Coles's, corner of Eutaw and Lombard streets, who says he will meet you at the depot, if you write; then to Dr. Palmer's, No. 62 Rivington-street. We shall not be home until near the last of October. Now, dearest, rent the house as you think best. Consult Wright, Swormstedt, and Kilbreath.

"I know I need not ask your prayers. Sister Palmer and all the friends plead for me here. I am perfectly free (almost miraculously it seems to me) from the *least* temptation except to unbelief. O what hath God wrought! I am dead, and my life is hid with Christ in God. Happy! Happy! Happy!

"To-day I attend the New York Conference with Bishop Hedding, who presides and asks my help; a great favor indeed, as I shall be able to learn much about my duties before I start to my own conferences. Troy Conference meets in Poultney, Vermont. I am perfectly unconcerned about my health. Traveling *is my health.* I expect to improve by every mile's travel. I can now walk rapidly two miles, and feel an unusual vigor of body and soul.

"New York, *June* 13, 1844.

"To Mrs. H.,—Yesterday I made my first trial of the new duties imposed on me.

"Bishop Hedding opened conference, and after a little, placed me in the chair, where I remained the rest of the day. I got along tolerably well, and hope by experience to improve. I was so blessed that I felt no perturbation or confusion or *faintness*, and hope that God gave me favor with the brethren. The best kind of accommodations are provided for me with Bishop Hedding, and I shall stay in Brooklyn until Sabbath night, whence I shall start Monday morning for Troy and Poultney. We have had some difficulty in managing the case of Bishop Andrew, but trust we have finally disposed of it right.

"If you cannot leave home so as to meet me on the twentieth of July, it will answer every purpose to come on so as to be with me on the tenth of August. I shall then have attended three conferences, and we can meet at Albany so as to go on to Ithaca together. I think I would enjoy the journey through New York, and I trust your health would be improved. I leave that wholly to God."

His long tried affectionate friend, the Rev. Dr. Elliott, has kindly furnished the following sketch:

"Bishop Hamline, as a member of the General Conference in 1844, was especially called on to take a prominent part in the case of Bishop Andrew. It is necessary to present this briefly, in order to have just views of the important services he rendered to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the decision of the case, and in the events which followed it.

"In January, 1844, Bishop Andrew married a widow lady who owned slaves by a former husband. He took no step toward setting them free, but rather took steps to have their freedom placed entirely beyond his power. His becoming a slaveholder was not reported in any of the southern papers, and nothing was known of it in the Church in the Middle or Northern States. It was learned in Philadelphia as the preachers were on their way to General Conference, and it

became generally known to the members of General Conference on their arrival at New York. The case of Harding of the Baltimore Conference was up, and was first to be disposed of. The Committee of Pacification—first committee of nine—appointed May 14, must try what they could do in preventing the disruption of the Church. This committee, after several attempts, found they could do nothing. They saw that the southern members had schooled Bishop Andrew so effectually that he became their mere instrument in carrying out their resistance to the moral discipline of Methodism, or in failing to do this, their purpose was to divide the Church, peaceably if they could, violently if they must.

"On Friday, May 17, twenty-two delegates from the free states met and chose five members, namely, N. Bangs, Charles Elliott, T. Spicer, George Webber, and another to visit Bishop Andrew at his lodgings in order to inquire what could be done to prevent the prospective rupture. N. Bangs was chosen spokesman. But the bishop declined to have any conversation of any sort with the committee. He said if they had anything to communicate they must do it in writing, and he would reply in writing. As the object of the committee was purely fraternal and peaceable they declined any such measure, and retired from the house disappointed and grieved. So deep was their mortification, that they parted at the next corner without any conversation except to express their sorrow on seeing their proposals for peace thus entirely frustrated. This interview occurred May 18.

"On May 20 J. A. Collins and J. B. Houghtaling offered a resolution, which was adopted by the conference, 'That the Committee on the Episcopacy be instructed to ascertain the facts in the case, and report the result of their investigations to this body to-morrow morning.'

"On May 21 the episcopal committee reported, and their report was made the order of the day for the twenty-second. The report states that they present the written account of Bishop Andrew himself. This statement of the bishop was received by the conference as a true account of the bishop's connection with slavery.

"Rev. A. Griffith and Rev. J. Davis offered a resolution as follows, preceded by a preamble, 'That the Rev. James O. Andrew be and he is hereby affectionately requested to resign his office as one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.' This was debated during the day, and on Thursday, May 23, the following resolution, preceded by a preamble, was presented by Finley and Trimble, a substitute for the resolution of Messrs. Griffith and Davis, 'That it is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of his office so long as this impediment remains.'

"On Friday morning, May 31, Bishop Waugh read an address from the bishops. The purport of it was that they recommended the postponement of the case until the next General Conference. If the embarrassment of Bishop Andrew should not cease the next General Conference could better decide. In the mean time he could be employed in those parts where his services would be acceptable. The object of the bishops was to prevent disunion, and promote harmony in the Church.

"On June 1 the substitute offered by Mr. Finley was carried by 111 yeas to 69 nays.

"While the case of Bishop Andrew was up, the following speech on the occasion was made by Mr. Hamline on Monday, May 27. Mr. Hamline said:

"'I do not rise, Mr. President, with the hope that I shall "communicate light" on the topics before us, but rather for the purpose of imploring light from others. It cannot be unkind in me to suggest that this discussion has taken an unprofitably wide range; for many whispers within the bar, and the complaints of several speakers on the floor, show that this is the case. We have drawn into the debate many questions which have but a very slight connection with the propositions contained in the resolution. I would, if possible, call the attention of the conference from matters so remote to the real issue in the case. It is complained that we seem to have forsaken all argument, and a call is made for our "strong reasons." We ought, indeed, to argue on both sides. And if I should not do it, I will, at least, refrain from addressing a word to the galleries, or to the spectators.

"'There ought to be two questions before us: 1. Has the General Conference constitutional authority to pass this resolution? 2. Is it proper or fitting that we should do it? The first question should be first argued; but so far it has scarcely been touched. If we have not authority to pass the resolution, to discuss its expediency is surely out of place, for it can never be expedient to violate law unless law violates justice. I shall leave the question of expediency to others, or only glance at it; but I ask your attention to the topic of conference authority.

"'The resolution proposes to suspend the exercise of a bishop's functions on a certain condition to be performed by him. If I mistake not the resolution is a *mandamus* measure. Its passage will absolutely suspend the exercise of the superintendent's *functions* until he complies with the prescribed condition. The measure of power required to do this is the same which would be requisite to suspend or depose a bishop for such reasons as the resolution mentions, or in other words, for "improper conduct." Have we then such authority? I shall assume that we have, hoping, if I *prove* nothing, to provoke proof, pro or con, from the brethren who surround me.

"'I argue this authority in the General Conference, first, *from the genius of our polity on points which the most nearly resemble this.* Strict amenability in Church officers, subordinate and superior, is provided for in our Discipline. From the class-leader upward this amenability regards not only major but minor morals; not only the *vices*, but also the *improprieties* of behavior. The class-leader, by mere eccentricity, becomes unpopular in his class. The pastor at discretion removes him from his office. The exhorter or unordained local preacher proves unacceptable, and a quarterly conference refuses to renew his license. The itinerant pastor is not useful in his charge, and the bishop or the presiding elder deposes him from his charge, or from the pastoral office, and makes him an assistant. The presiding elder impairs his usefulness on a district not by gross *mal*feasance, but by a slight *mis*feasance, or oftener still, because "he is not popular," and the bishop removes him to a station or a circuit, and perhaps makes him

an assistant. I speak not now of annual appointments, when the term of the itinerant expires by limitation, but of removals by the bishop or the presiding elder in the intervals of conference, which always imply a deposing from office, as well as a stationing act. In all these instances the manner of removing from office is peculiar. 1. It is *summary*, without accusation, trial, or formal sentence. It is a ministerial rather than a judicial act. 2. It is for no crime, and generally for no misdemeanor, but for being "unacceptable." 3. Most of these removals from office are by a sole agent, namely, by a bishop or preacher, whose will is omnipotent in the premises. 4. The removing officer is not legally obliged to assign any cause for deposing. If he do so, it is through courtesy, and not as of right. 5. The deposed officer has no appeal. If indiscreetly or unnecessarily removed he must submit, for there is no tribunal authorized to cure the error or to rectify the wrong; but we believe that there are good and sufficient reasons for granting this high power of removal to those who exercise it. It promotes religion; it binds the Church in a strong and almost indissoluble unity; it quickens the communication of healing influences to the infected and the enfeebled parts of the body ecclesiastical; in a word, it is a system of surpassing energy. By it executive power is sent in its most efficient form, and without loss of time, from its highest sources or remotest fountains through the preachers and class-leaders to the humblest member of the Church. The system is worthy of all eulogy.

"'We will now inquire as to the bishop. In his case is this strong feature of Methodism lost sight of? Is he who can at discretion, by himself or by his agents, remove from office so many, among whom are thousands of his co-ordinates or peers, subject in turn to no such summary control? We have seen that to lodge this power of removal in superior, and impose submission to it on inferior officers, is the fashion of Methodism. She loves the system. She carries it up through many grades of office until we reach the bishop. Does it suddenly stop there? If so, on what ground? I can conceive none. If any can, let the reasons be arrayed before us. I can perceive none, Mr.

President, *in being;* but I can conceive them possible under given circumstances. In Church and in State there must always be an ultimate or supreme authority, and the exercise of it must be independent so far as systematic responsibility is concerned. But is the episcopacy in regard to this question supreme? Certainly not. The General Conference, adjunct in certain exigencies with the annual conferences, is the ultimate depository of power in our Church. And I beg to dwell here. For in the second place I shall argue our authority to depose a bishop summarily, for improprieties morally innocent which embarrass the exercise of his functions, from the relations of the General Conference to the Church and to the episcopacy.

"'This conference, adjunct (but rarely) with the annual conferences, is supreme. Its supremacy is universal. It has legislative, judicial, and executive supremacy. Its legislative supremacy consists of "full powers to make rules," as the Discipline words it. This is full power for *quasi legislation.* Under self-assumed restrictions, which are now of constitutional force and virtue, (especially as they originated in a General Conference, composed not of delegates, but of traveling preachers,) it can make *rules of every sort* for the government of the Church. The restrictions are few and simple. They embrace our articles of religion, the ratio of representation, the perpetuity of episcopacy and the general superintendency, the general rules, trial by committee and appeal, and the avails of the Book Concern. Beyond these slender restrictions its legislation is legitimate and conclusive, and within them it is so if the members of the annual conferences are consenting.

"'Now, Mr. President, in legislation the bishop has not only peers, but more than peers. In clerical orders every man on this floor is his equal, but in legislative functions his superior. Can you contribute the uplifting of a hand for or against a conference act? You may not do it. The Discipline, which we shape at pleasure, defies your touch. You may not in this regard breathe upon it. You may not spread the plaster upon a patch which we *ad libitum* apply to its weak parts. If the conference by a tie fail to do what is desirable to be done, and (like the philosopher's starving brute, caught centrally between

two heaps of hay) cannot escape from the dilemma, I believe it is doubted by the college of bishops whether the president can come to our rescue by a casting vote.

"'This conference has *judicial* supremacy. It is a court of appeals, beyond which no parties can travel for the cure of errors. It is the dernier resort not only of appellants, but of original complainants. You, sir, must stand or fall by its sole decision. If it err, which is not a legal presumption, its unwholesome error is incurable, except by the *vis medicatrix*—the medicinal virtue—of its own judicial energies. Nor has a bishop part or lot in its court action. He is constituted the judge of law in an inferior tribunal, but not here. His lips are sealed in this august body, and except when himself is concerned, he may not rise as an advocate either for the Church or for an implicated party. It would be treason to do so. It would be a most offensive deed, like the bribing of a judge, or a *covinous* communing with a juryman. So naked, sir, of judicial prerogatives is the bishop in this conference. Every member on the floor wears the ermine, which you may not assume. Each of us blends in himself the functions of both judge and juryman, to which you are an utter stranger. And in the mean time you are liable, as I suppose, to be stripped by us of those other high prerogatives of which, by our countenance, you now hold investiture. You see, then, that as a bishop you are both elevated and depressed. In regard to legislative and judicial prerogatives, when you went up you went down. Your station in the General Conference is a peculiar eminence. Your high seat is not at all terrific in concealed or outbeaming power. It is like a gallery of disabilities, where as a spectator of tragedy you can do little more than admire or reprobate the piece, and smile or frown upon the actors. But, sir, such as it is, you and we approve it, and you would be as unwilling as ourselves to see your prerogatives changed by increase or diminution. You are high up and low down, and all (but yourselves most of all) are content that we, as we mean by grace to do, should keep you up and keep you down.

"'But from the legislative and judicial functions of the conference I proceed to its *executive* or *ministerial*. Here I may be

approaching debatable ground. But as I wish to provoke truth and gather instruction from others, I will venture to advance, leaving, if you please, a bridge of retreat, if hemmed in at last to that discreet refuge. All will consent, I suppose, to the doctrine of conference supremacy in the two points stated above. They will grant that this is our ecclesiastical legislature, and the high court—*curia maxima*—of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"'But it has also *executive* functions; and are these supreme or all-controlling? So I affirm; but it is for argument, and not with the least design to utter a mere proverb, or to impose my dictum on the conference. I beg all, sir, to hear and remember this emphatic disavowal. I proceed, then, to argue (having affirmed it as a mere logical formula) that the General Conference is clothed with supreme executive functions. I will strive both to sustain it and to commend it to your favor.

"'First, then, the General Conference is the *fountain* of all official executive authority. It is the Croton River of that system of executive ministrations which flow in healthful streams throughout our Zion. I know, sir, that between this fountain and the Church members, who are the remote points of minute distribution, there are interposed several reservoirs of this ministerial authority. The episcopacy is one and the chief reservoir. The pastorship is another. The class-leaders are the small channels, through whom passes to the door of each one's heart in the class-room a measure of the disciplinary influences of the Church. What is objected, sir, to this view of the subject? Will it be disclaimed that the conference is this fountain? Can you advise me where else than here executive authority takes its rise? Whence do you gather these life-preserving waters? From the constitution? That, sir, is a very brief instrument, and its provisions can be scanned in two minutes. Show where its authority creates the machinery of a Church administration. Does it provide one wheel or spring? It seems to me, sir, that like God in Eden, who planted but did not till the garden, resigning that delightful task to man, so our constitution says to this General Conference, Under such and such restrictions you are commissioned with "full powers to

make rules and regulations for" cultivating the fields of Methodism. Full powers for what? For two things. First, "to make rules." That is legislation, sir, as it stands related to other powers of the conference. But is this all it can do? No. It has full powers also "to make regulations" for the government of the Church. What is a regulation? To appoint a preacher to a field of labor is a regulation. To remove him to another field is a regulation. To recall that bishop to his former station is a regulation. Now, "what a man does by another he does himself" is a maxim in law. The General Conference may make these regulations without a bishop, and leave him a less onerous superintendence, or the conference may make these regulations by a bishop, and multiply the toils of his superintendence.

"'That the conference has executive authority is indisputable, for the bishop derives his authority from the conference. Are not answers first, second, third, and eighth, to question third, in section fourth, statutory provisions? Do they not convey authority to the bishops? If those answers were blotted out by a resolution of this conference, would the bishops proceed to execute the duties therein prescribed? This General Conference clothes them with these powers; and can the conference convey what it does not possess? Can it impart to bishops what was not inherent in itself up to the time of conveying it? The conference has these powers. Everything conveyed as a prerogative to bishops, presiding elders, preachers, etc., by statutory provision, and not by the constitution or in the restrictive rules, was in the General Conference; or it was mockery thus to grant it, and the tenure of these officers is void, and their *seizin* tortious. They should be challenged, then, as to their authority. Now, sir, all that this conference can confer it can withhold. And whatever it can confer and withhold, it can resume at will, unless a constitutional restriction forbids it. It can resume, then, all the powers granted to a bishop by its own act, except such prerogatives as are essential to episcopacy and superintendency. As to the episcopacy, which we may not do away, the power to ordain is essential to its being; and whether, so far as it is concerned, the whole of section fourth,

with that exception, might not be constitutionally expunged, is doubtful. Not that I would have it expunged. But I am now arguing the question of conference power, and not of ecclesiastical expediency. I love the episcopacy just as it is; and reverence for the office emulates in my bosom a sister passion—affection for the venerable men who occupy it, affection for them all; *every one.*

"'Here, Mr. President, let me say a word concerning our Church constitution. It is a remarkable instrument. It differs cardinally from most, or all, civil constitutions. These generally proceed to demark the several departments of government—the legislative, judicial, and executive; and by positive grant assign each department its duties. Our constitution is different. It does not divide the powers of our government into legislative, judicial, and executive. It provides for a General Conference, and for an episcopacy and general superintendency. It leaves all the powers of the three great departments of government, except what is essential to episcopacy, etc., in this General Conference. It restricts us in all our powers, but not in one department more than another. Under this constitution the conference is as much a judicatory as a legislature; and it is as much an executive body as either. What is there in the constitution to distinguish the three departments of our governmental authority, or to bestow one and withhold another? The grant of power to us is in the *mass*, and no more excludes the executive than it does either of the sister departments. And that our powers are administrative, do we not declare when we demand at each General Conference the minutes of every annual conference, and by the "Committee on the Itinerancy" inspect and pass judgment upon them? and when, too, the administration of our bishops is put under a severe inquisition, and a committee reports approval or disapproval? Surely, if anything could, this proves that the conference assumes to be supreme in administration, else why does that administration thus appeal to this conference in the last resort? Why, sir, the streams of these administrative acts took their rise here, and, like running waters to the ocean, they return hither to their source. How unlike those of the President to

the American Congress, with which I have heard them compared, are the relations of the episcopacy to this conference? The Constitution of the United States gives Congress *its* powers, and the President *his*. Each exists independent of the other. The term, the duties, the privileges of the president are all fixed by constitutional provision. The presidency, as an office, and the incumbency of it, are plainly designated. Our Church constitution recognizes the episcopacy as an abstraction, and leaves this body to work it into a concrete form in any hundred or more ways we may be able to invent. We may make one, five, or twenty bishops; and, if we please, one for each conference. We may refuse to elect another untill all die or resign; and then, to maintain the episcopacy, which we are bound to do, we must elect one at least. As to his term, we may limit it at pleasure, or leave it undetermined. But in this case is it *undeterminable?* Certainly not. The power which elected may then displace. In all civil constitutions, as far as I know, not to fix an officer's term is to suspend it on the will of the appointing power. Cabinet ministers and secretaries are examples. No officer as such can claim incumbency for life, unless such a term be authoritatively and expressly fixed upon.

"'I now reach a point in my argument to which I solicit particular attention. It has been urged privately by very many, that we have no authority to displace a bishop, except for crime and by a formal trial. And they who advocate it tell us to look into section fourth, page 28, and we shall be convinced. Well, what now is section fourth to us in a question of this sort? That whole section is statutory. Were it a part of our Church constitution it might be invoked as authoritative. Mere rules as they are, and alterable by us in ten minutes, by two conference votes, they expressly recognize our authority to "expel a bishop for improper conduct." Why, then, urge anything in the fourth section against this pending resolution? If there were no express rule for deposing a bishop, we should still be competent to depose. And for this plain reason. Whatever this conference can constitutionally do, it can do it without first resolving that it has power to do it, without pass-

ing a rule into the Discipline declaring its authority. The power of this conference is derived, not from its own enactment, but from the constitution. Is there anything in the restrictive articles which prohibits the removal or suspension of a bishop? This will not be pretended, and of course nothing in our statutes can deprive us of powers conferred on us by the higher authority of the constitution.

"'Let me explain. Suppose Congress should, under the pressure of any causes calculated to blind or confuse it, deny its powers to raise revenues for the support of government, would it be bound by its own act? The very next day it might proceed to exercise the self-prohibited power, and for this reason, the prohibition is by Congress, but the grant of that which is prohibited is by the constitution, which is binding upon Congress in despite of its own opposing action. So with this conference. Suppose the fourth section provided that this body "has not power to depose a bishop for improper conduct if it seem necessary." We should still have power to depose, because the *constitution* confers it, and that is paramount to all our resolutions and statutes. We cannot by our enactments divest ourselves of constitutional powers, no more than man made in God's image, and about to inhabit God's eternity, can spurn the law of his being, and divest himself of free agency and immortality.

"'Now let me proceed after the manner of mathematicians. We have seen, if I mistake not, that a provision in the fourth section, page 28, declaring our incompetency to depose, would still leave us free to do it, because the superior authority of the constitution confers the power. Much more, then, may we depose if, instead of a statute forbidding it, the Discipline is silent on the subject. But much more still may we depose, if instead of silence there is a *rule* for deposing as well as the constitutional warrant. I do not claim this for demonstration, albeit I have chosen such a mode of reasoning; but unless I greatly err, the argument claims some regard. Now, sir, there is a rule which many of us believe applies to this case in the answer to question fourth, page 28: "To the General Conference, who have power to expel him for improper conduct, if they see

it necessary." Let it be noticed, that in harmony with what I have said concerning our constitutional power, this rule does not *convey* authority, else the auxiliary "shall" would be used. It does not say the General Conference *shall* have authority, which is the style used in creating constitutional prerogatives. The language of the rule is simply declaratory, recognizing a power already existing. Let us notice certain phrases in this declaratory rule. "Have power to expel," sets forth the extent to which we may proceed in our efforts to guard against the consequences of a bishop's improprieties. The expulsion contemplated is doubtless from office. For though *depose* is the word generally used in such connections, expel is not less significant of the thing. To put out of office is expulsion. If any dispute, and say the expulsion must be from orders, or from the Church, we may answer, A power to expel from the Church is certainly equal to the power of removing from office. The child who has license to play *all* day, need not dread the rod for playing ***half*** a day; and the boy who is told he may ride ten cannot disobey by riding five miles. That argument is hard pushed which resorts to the phrase, "have power to expel," to prove that the conference has not power to *depose.* "*Improper* conduct" means less than *imprudent* conduct. Imprudence carries our thoughts to the neighborhood of crime. It means a want of wisdom to a degree which involves exposure and harm. Improper means not suitable, or unfitting. The *usus loquendi* in the Discipline forbids us to assume that in some general sense it embraces crime. Whatever is unfitting a bishop's office, and would impair his usefulness in the exercise of its functions, is embraced, I conceive, in the phrase "improper conduct." In the Discipline it is used in contradistinction from crime. And it is never treated as crime in the administration, except when a private member, after frequent admonitions, obstinately refuses to reform. In such a case obstinacy itself becomes a criminal state of mind, and may procure expulsion. Finally, the phrase, "if they see it necessary," sheds light on the whole paragraph. It proves that improper does not mean criminal; for then it would be necessary, and the condition would be useless. The phrase accords to the conference discretionary power, and invites them

to proceed on the ground of "expediency," of which some have loudly complained. They may expel him, if they see it proper or expedient, that is, if his improprieties injure his usefulness in the high office where our suffrages placed him.

"'My mind, sir, (if not my words,) has all along distinguished between orders and office. The summary removals which I have noticed are from office, not from the ministry. In regard to ordained preachers, these two rules will hold. First, they cannot be expelled from the ministry summarily, but must have a trial in due form. Second, they cannot be expelled for "improper conduct," but only for a crime clearly forbidden in the word of God. These rules, with few exceptions, will apply to private members, who may be removed from the leader's or steward's office at any time without notice, trial, or cause assigned. But they cannot usually be expelled from the Church without trial, or the offer of trial; nor for improper conduct, unless it become incorrigibly obstinate, and then it assumes the character of crime. The principles which apply to members and preachers should govern us in regard to bishops. They ought not to be expelled from the ministry for "improper conduct," nor without due notice and trial. But if others, they too may be deposed from office summarily, and for improprieties which, even if they be innocent, hinder their usefulness, or render their ministrations a calamity. That the bishop's is an office, is, I suppose, conceded. True, we ordain him; but we may cease to ordain, and by suspending the conference rule which requires a day's delay, may immediately blot from the Discipline these words, page 26, "and the laying on of the hands of three bishops, or at least of one bishop and two elders." Would not this harmonize our practice and our principles?

"'I shall not dwell longer, Mr. President, on the question of conference authority. We have seen that when clerical orders or membership in the Church is concerned, crime only, or obstinate impropriety, which is *as* crime, can expel. This is Methodism. We have seen, on the other hand, that as to office, removals from it may be summary, and for anything unfitting that office, or that renders its exercise unwholesome to the Church. I have urged that all ranks of officers are included

up to the point where the officer has no superior; which never happens with us, because the General Conference, under certain restrictions, is the depository of all power, legislative, judicial, and executive. I urged this *fashion* of Methodism as applicable especially to a bishop, because his superior influence will render his improprieties proportionally more embarrassing and injurious to the Church.

"'I have argued that the conference has power, from the grant of the constitution, (which is a catholic grant, embracing *all*, beyond a few enumerated restrictions,) to try a bishop for crime, and to depose him summarily for "improper conduct." Is this hard on the bishop? Does he not summarily remove, at discretion, all the four years round, two hundred presiding elders and two thousand of his peers? and shall he complain that a General Conference, which is a delegated body, in a word that all these two thousand peers of his, whose authority converges through the channels of representation and concentrates here, should do to him what he so uniformly does to them? Shall one elder holding a high *office* at our hands be so puissant that, like the sun in the heavens, (though he be a planet still, and in his office reflects no light which we have not shed upon him,) he must bind and control all, but is in turn to be controlled by none? No, sir; this conference is the sun in our orderly and beautiful system. Look into the Discipline. First you have our "Articles of Religion," in which God appears. What is next in order? The General Conference, which, like the orb of day, rises to shed light on the surrounding scene. It is first shaped or fashioned, and then, like Adam by his Maker, is endowed with dominion and made imperial in its relations; and, saving the slight reservations of the constitution, it is all-controlling in its influence. Let it never be lost sight of, that the General Conference is "the *sun of our system.*"

"'I said, Mr. President, that if I noticed the question of expediency, it would be only by a glance. I will remark, generally, that in determining what is proper, after having ascertained what is lawful, we should look two ways. As first in importance, we should consider the interests of the Church. Second, we should consult the feelings of the officer. And we

should inquire as to the Church, how is she likely to be affected by the improper conduct of her officer? Will she be locally and slightly embarrassed, or extensively and severely? If the injury threatened will be confined to a small district, and will probably be slight and ephemeral, we may bear it. But if it be likely to fall on large districts and work great evils, producing strife, breaking up societies, and nearly dissolving conferences; and if calamities so heavy are likely to be long-continued and scarcely ever end, the call for summary proceedings on the part of this conference is loud and imperative. If in such circumstances she decline to act, will she not betray her trust and dishonor God? In regard to the officer, it should be inquired if the unfitness he has brought on himself for his sphere of action was by some imperative necessity; and if not, whether it was in presumable ignorance of the grief and misfortunes he was about to inflict on our Zion? Or must he have known what would follow, so that his act proceeded from, or at least was associated with, some degree of indifference, if not of wantonness, in regard to results? These things, sir, should be well weighed in settling the question of expediency.

"'A bishop's influence is not like a preacher's or class-leader's. It is diffused like the atmosphere, everywhere. So high a Church officer, (I will not say, sir, *conference* officer, though just now I take you to be such, at least for the time being,) I say so high a Church officer should be willing to endure not slight sacrifices for this vast connection. What could tempt you, sir, to trouble and wound the Church all through, from center to circumference? The preacher and the class-leader, whose influence is guarded against so strongly, can do little harm—a bishop infinite. Their improper acts are motes in the air; yours are a pestilence abroad in the earth. Is it more important to guard against those than against these? Heaven forbid! Like the concealed attractions of the heavens, we expect a bishop's influence to be all-abiding everywhere: in the heights and in the depths; in the center and on the verge of this great system ecclesiastical. If instead of *con*centric and harmonizing movements, such as are wholesome and conservative and beautifying, we observe in him irregularities which,

however harmless in others, will be disastrous or fatal in him, the energy of this body, constitutionally supreme, must instantly reduce him to order; or, if that may not be, plant him in another and a distant sphere. When the Church is about to suffer a detriment which we by constitutional power can avert, it is as much *treason in us not to exercise the power we have, as to usurp in other circumstances that which we have not.*'

"In response to the strictures of Dr. Smith on Bishop Hamline's speech, we find the following by Bishop Hamline, who, having declined to interrupt Dr. Smith while on the floor, now asked and obtained leave to explain:

"'*First.* Dr. Smith says he [Brother Hamline] brought you to the conclusion that Bishop Andrew had acted improperly. *Answer.* I did not name Bishop Andrew or any other bishop. I intended to argue, not to accuse; and if I carried you to that conclusion, as he says, whether it was by argument or not, it could not have been by confident assertion as to Bishop Andrew's conduct.

"'*Second.* I argued that a bishop may be displaced at the *discretion* of the conference, when in their opinion it becomes *necessary* on account of improper conduct, and I might have said, without improper conduct on his part, so far as constitutional restrictions are concerned.

"'*Third.* I never said, as Brother Smith affirms, that the administrative powers of the conference are "absolute." I said they were "supreme." Absolute means "*not bound.*" This conference is bound in all its powers, whether legislative, judicial, or executive, by constitutional restrictions. "Supreme" means that while acting within its constitutional limits its decisions are final and all-controlling.

"'*Fourth.* As to the use of the word "legislative," the hypercriticism of Brother Smith would apply to the use of the term "judicial" with equal force; for properly the conference has neither the functions of a legislature nor of a court. I used the term as it is used every five or ten minutes all around me. And it is amusing that Brother Smith should have fallen into the very fashion for which he reproves me. He said if the conference

does this, "*it acts above law.*" Now where there is no legislation there can be no law. I commend to him, in turn, the report of 1828, which has long been familiar to me, and of which I most cordially approve; yet I presume that he, as well as myself, will continue to use the only convenient terms, *legislation* and *law*, to distinguish one class of conference powers from another.

"'*Fifth.* As to the assertion that the analogy between bishops and inferior officers will not hold, because this conference is not responsible for its action as removing officers are, I answer: This conference is responsible to the constitution; and if it wished to bind itself not to remove a bishop, it could call on the annual conferences to aid it in assuming a constitutional restriction. Not having done so proves that it intends to hold this power, and execute it when necessary.

"'*Sixth.* As to the abolition address charged on me, the conference may be surprised to learn that it was a colonization address; and was so acceptable, that the Colonization Society in Zanesville published it in pamphlet form. Moreover, a friend of mine forwarded a copy, without my knowledge, to Mr. Gurley, of Washington City, who noticed it with unmerited commendation in the African Repository, the official organ of the African Colonization Society, and gave extracts of it to the public. Surely the brother is too magnanimous to have attempted to counteract the force of my argument by misrepresenting, and rendering me personally odious. As to my exerting my slender influence for evil ends at home, I must submit to be judged by my own conference, who will know how to estimate the value and the motive of the insinuation.'

"It is agreed on all hands that the speech and explanation of Bishop Hamline were a full answer to the pleas of the South, who were bent on the disruption of the Church, unless their pro-slavery principles and practices were approved by the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Indeed, the political division of the South was at this time adopted by the leading politicians of the South, and their great aim was to obtain the assent and aid of the Southern Churches, especially the Methodist, in accomplishing this. And while the

delegates of the northern conferences were in favor of everything reasonable and scriptural to promote peace and union, the schismatic and revolutionary course of the South was anticipated, and all the guards against mere revolution were carefully avoided; and yet the conciliatory and liberal course of the General Conference of 1844 was an excess of Christian courtesy, of which the revolutionary spirit and acts of the southern Methodists took undue advantage. (See Debates, General Conference, 1844, pp. 144, 145.)

"Again, (p. 223:) Mr. Hamline took the floor by consent while the journals were examined. He explained the action of the committee in reference to the sixth restrictive article. When the first committee met they had before them a paper which proposed a new form or division of the Church. The committee thought there were difficulties in the way of such a proposition. One provision was to send it to the annual conferences, but that was unconstitutional and revolutionary in its character; and when their votes came back, the General Conference would have no more authority than they had now. Why then send it? The Book Concern is chartered in behalf of the General Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. But if they sent out to the annual conferences to alter one restrictive article it would be constitutional to divide the Book Concern so that they might be honest men and ministers. The resolution goes on to make provision, if the annual conferences concur, for the security and efficiency of the southern conferences; for the Methodist Church would embrace them in its fraternal arms, tendering to them fraternal feelings and the temporalities to which they were entitled. And the committee thought it could not be objected to on the ground of constitutionality. He for one would wish to have his name recorded affirming them to be brethren if they found they must *separate*. God forbid that they should go as an arm torn out of the body, leaving the point of junction all gory and ghastly. But let them go as 'brethren beloved in the Lord; and let us hear their voice responsive claiming us to be brethren. Let us go and preach Jesus to them, and let them come and preach Jesus to us.'

"Again, (p. 226:) Mr. Hamline would state the views of the committee on the subject. They had carefully avoided presenting any resolution which would embrace the idea of a separation or division of the Church. The article which was referred to the annual conferences had not necessarily any connection with division. It was thought, as complaints were abroad respecting the present mode of appropriating the proceeds of the Book Concern, it would be for the general good that the power to appropriate such proceeds should be put in the power of a two thirds vote, instead of in the power of a mere majority, thus making it more difficult to make a wrong appropriation. And the occasion of this report was taken hold of by the committee to make it more difficult to misappropriate the funds, in which they believed they should serve both the particular object of the report, and the general good of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The first committee of nine (or Pacification Committee) had before them a paper which *proposed* a new form or division of the Church. The committee thought there were difficulties in the way of such a proposition.

"When the second committee of nine were appointed, J. B. M'Ferrin offered the following resolution:

"'*Resolved*, That the committee appointed to take into consideration the communication of the delegates from the southern conferences be instructed, provided they cannot in their judgment devise a plan for an amicable adjustment of the difficulties now existing in the Church on the subject of slavery, to *devise*, if *possible*, a constitutional plan for a mutual and friendly *division* of the Church.'

"Mr. Hamline rose, and being too weak to speak loud, walked from his seat in the side to the center aisle, and said: 'I cannot go out with such instructions.' Being urged to go, he said: 'I will not go out with instructions from this conference to devise a plan to divide the Church.' 'Then will Brother Hamline go if the instructions be so changed as simply to read, "If the South should separate, to make provision in such a contingency to meet the emergency with Christian kindness and the

strictest equity?"' Mr. Hamline said, 'I will go out with such instructions.'

"During the sitting of this committee, which met in a private room, Mr. H., being very feeble, sat by the bed, leaning his head on the pillow; and while the committee were discussing, held in his hand a paper, on which, with pencil, he wrote what formed the basis of the report of the committee of nine, which has since been the subject of so much animadversion in the Church. After much dissension, during which he had remained silent, they turned to him and asked his views. He replied, in substance: "You cannot have two General Conferences. You would forfeit all the Church property of every sort in the United States, which has been deeded according to the Discipline: churches, cemeteries, book depositories, etc., etc. We cannot divide this General Conference.'

"'Brother Hamline has told us what we cannot do; now will he tell us what we can do?' was their reply.

"'Well, brethren, I have sketched on this piece of paper the only plan I can devise for your *separation*,' holding up the sheet he had written with pencil on the bedside. 'If you insist that in order to preach to the slaves you must get away from this General Conference, you must be seceders. There is no other way.'

"William Winans sprang to his feet and said: 'That is so. Brother H. has the right. I see it,' etc. 'But I hope you will not insist on calling us seceders.'

"Dr. Capers repeated the same sentiments, and all the committee except one concurred in this view.

"The southern members of the committee desired Mr. H. to write out with pen and ink what he had written with pencil. This he did, *carefully guarding every word*—as 'separate' and 'separation,' instead of 'divide' and 'division.' When the committee had adopted their report, and were ready to adjourn, they asked what next to do. Mr. H. said, substantially: 'Brethren, if you will go into the General Conference, and say that you will be compelled to *separate from the General Conference* of the Methodist Episcopal Church in order to be permitted to preach to the slaves—if you say this is so—I think

the conference will meet your proposition kindly. I certainly will.' But on returning to the conference they did not *so* state the case; and when the report was presented in conference several words were changed. Observing this, Mr. H. left his seat and went to Dr. Bangs, as the oldest member of the committee, and called his attention to the altered words, adding, 'I fear there is design in that.' Dr. B. did not see the *legal* advantage the South would gain by these changes. Mr. H. having substantially written the report, though Robert Paine (afterward bishop) was chairman of the committee, being a young member, let it pass, the result proving how important was the precision with which he had guarded the language in the committee-room."

This account seems important, as the Church has blamed this committee of nine for their report. If they were to be blamed, it was for adopting the report *as it appeared in the conference*, after it had been changed from that adopted in the committee-room; or rather for *permitting* it to *pass* the *conference* in language which had not been permitted in the committee-room. Mr. H. often referred to this during the following years, always manifesting his own mortification that it had so occurred. Surely the conference were not compelled to adopt the report even if it had been presented as the committee adopted it. Who it was that changed the words involving the difficulty who can now affirm?

CHAPTER IX.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: FIRST YEAR.

"THE just shall live by faith." Hitherto the religious career of Bishop H. had been characterized by an extraordinary degree of sensible emotion and almost open vision. In the future of his Christian course the experienced believer will have occasion to observe that his career, though manifestly onward and upward, was marked by stronger tests of faith and greater conflict. This suggests a higher degree of faith, as God in his faithfulness has promised that his devoted followers shall not be tempted above that they are able to bear. If God permits the graces of his Spirit to be more than ordinarily tried, it proves that an extraordinary degree has been given. It was not because there was a want of perfection of divine graces on the part of Job that the Lord permitted him to pass through such a long and seemingly severe ordeal, but because an extraordinary supply had been divinely bestowed, and therefore not in severity, but with the loving design that the graces given might be *tested* and brought out to the praise of the heavenly Giver, he *permitted* Job's graces to be tried.

Thus we believe it was with the eminently devoted subject of this memoir. While he was evidently maturing in his faith, and in all the gifts and graces of the Spirit, often from causes, which we will not enumerate, connected with his onerous position and failing health, he was the subject of remarkable trials, the results of which, as will be seen by these pages, brought out a wonderful display of the power and beauty of holiness, as exhibited during his superintendence of annual conferences, and in all the minutiæ of his life.

Bishop Hamline observes on the twelfth of June: "I first occupied the chair in the New York Annual Conference at Bishop Hedding's request, my soul all the while overwhelmed

with unutterable baptisms of the Spirit such as I can never describe. As business proceeded, my soul cried out to God in behalf of his ministers. After four days, preaching on Sabbath in Sands-street Church and ordaining the elders, I started for the Troy Conference at Poultney."

His first conference commenced June 19, 1844. He says, "The Lord was with me, and gave me blessings and favor with his ministers. I was ill, *very ill* for two days; but my worthy friends Rev. Jesse T. Peck and lady nursed me with the greatest care and kindness, so that I was able to attend to the ordinations."

He had taken the precaution to inform the family that he was liable to faintings, and in the night they heard him fall, and springing from their beds to his room found him prostrate, and as they supposed, dying. Several physicians were immediately in attendance, but medical skill for the time was unavailing, while for twelve hours he could only occasionally be revived to consciousness, and then sank away again, as if life were nearly extinct, until his recovery was deemed almost hopeless.

From this sudden attack he recovered sufficiently to attend to the onerous duties of the conference. On his way to the next conference he writes, July 3:

"To Dr. and Mrs P.:—A leisure hour comes at last for communion with you, whom I am obliged to address not on the ground of gratitude alone, though that were a sufficient motive, but also as urged by my own necessities, for I feel a solicitude that I may lose nothing in your prayerful remembrances. I feel nowadays such a pressure upon me of care and concern, sometimes even to the point of faltering in my faith, and regret for my condition, as though it were not wholly of the Lord, that I turn to you in my thoughts as helpers on whom I may depend, under God, for some aid, and more sympathy, which is of itself an aid.

"You will have learned probably that among my trials at Poultney was ill health, which was in the circumstances a severe affliction. In the midst of it a certain stupidity crept

all over me, so that I realized little of the divine presence, and scarcely any religious affection seemed to remain when I most needed its exhilaration. But I am thankful that a naked confidence remained, so that though I could not *feel* I could *see*, and could *say*, '*I am the Lord's.*'

"On my way from conference to this place I was also exceedingly destitute, having no clear vision spiritually, and obliged, like the mariner in a storm when the rudder is lost and the compass gone, to leave all in God's care, and believe that he would rule the winds and the waves in my behalf. I did make out by his grace to hold on to the expectation, that though the storm at sea was severe, he would carry me safe into port. To be sure he did so, and yesterday I found a calm. I feel now that the Lord is on my side, that his presence goes with me, and that he gives me rest.

"My health is in a measure restored, and I am comfortable. I greatly desired Dr. P.'s counsel at Poultney. I had one hard night, fainting away several times, with mucous disease, and have felt partially prostrated ever since; but the rest I am now taking helps me much. When Brother Collord left I was laboring to the utmost of my feeble strength; overdone with writing, which occupied me almost every moment when I was not either in the conference or in the stationing room. I could not write to you, and, moreover, resolved if I was not much relieved when I reached Albany that I should go down and spend a week under Dr. P.'s care.

"A letter met me at Troy from my dear Mrs. H., informing me that by the divine blessing she will meet me on the twentieth of July. . . . I pray God to bring her safely on the way."

On the tenth of July Bishop H. attended the New Hampshire Conference at Portsmouth, from the seat of which he writes to Mrs. H., July 8: "I hastened on to this place four days before conference, hoping to find here a letter from you, and on reaching here I received yours of the twenty-seventh. I was exceedingly pained to learn that you have been ill, and that it was doubtful when you wrote if you could travel to New York. I was pained also to learn that you thought my letter to Brother

Swormstedt was intended to *deter* you from the journey on any other ground than the inconvenience of your leaving home. When I wrote that letter, I began to fear that in so promptly and unconditionally urging you to meet me on the twentieth, I had *imposed* possibly a *very difficult* if not an *impracticable* enterprise. In that case I intended merely to release you from so *hasty* a call, and leave you to do what you thought best. I only pray that you may have reached New York in safety, and you may be assured that I shall exceedingly rejoice if you may have accomplished the journey (with the divine blessing) without injury to your health.

"The directions which I gave through Sister P. last week are the best I can think of if your health is not too feeble, namely, on Thursday, July 17, come to Barrington by Bridgeport, which you can do, I am assured, in one day. I will write to Mr. Humphrey to be at the depot on that evening with a carriage to take you to his house. If this conference closes in season, we can start the next morning to Hillsdale, or to Saratoga, just as you please. If I do not reach there for a day or two you can rest, *and do good.* I think you will be exceedingly refreshed in body and soul at Dr. P.'s. I wish you may find his medicines and their fellowship as useful to you as they were to me. While there in the '*land Beulah*' you will all plead for me. I say *all*, for I am sure those beloved friends, for the Church's sake, cease not to plead in my behalf.

"I preached yesterday to a large congregation in the large and convenient Methodist church here, and administered the sacrament. There is no 'perfect love,' I am told, here, and I can readily believe it; and while I dwelt a little on the theme it was like as moonbeams on a mountain of ice. My heart sunk within me; but the preachers are coming in, and I am told some of them are warm and sunny and fiery, and can *weep* and *shout.* O I bless God for *religion*, and for Methodism; but when Methodism affects the dignity and silence and stiffness of Presbyterianism or Congregationalism it makes me weep. I want to see it the *warm breathing* thing it was in the days of Abbott, and not a statue, a lifeless imitation of what it was.

Thank God, I feel his life in me this morning, and believe my beloved M. enjoys it also.

"I am getting over the chills of yesterday, and feel warmed by the Sun of Righteousness. I feel steadfast, founded on a rock. Blessed be God for his great goodness. I have just dined, and read over a precious admonitory letter from Sister P., sent me at Poultney. It has moved me exceedingly. If that 'divine conviction' of which she speaks remains on her mind, I must claim again her ardent prayers. I believe her doctrine is of God so far as the Church is concerned. An awful conviction rests on me that unless the Church in N. H. is aroused to the doctrine of holiness and its *experience*, God will have little use for Methodism here. O plead with God that he will help us at this conference! It seems to me that if I may but meet you in peace we shall praise God as we have never praised him. I pray that he will prepare us a song, and that we may 'make ready the harp.' Bless the Lord, O my soul! Be sure and bring a long faithful sister's letter from Sister P., and as many others as will write. I feel as though I wished to say more about those dearest friends. I cannot send love enough to them; but in heaven I can explain. O how the image of my blessed Saviour shines in them! The Lord surround them and fill *them—thee—me—forever*."

"PORTSMOUTH, *July* 11, 1844.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.:—Yours of the ninth inst. reached me early this morning, (it is now but half past seven,) and just before I go to the conference I will write a few lines toward filling out a letter which I feel in great haste to send you. I received with yours a letter from my dear Mrs. H. which has been in New York, I presume, four weeks, giving me an account of her illness, of which I knew nothing except by a hint now and then, which I could not understand until now. Had this letter come directly into my hands when it arrived I should have returned from New York directly to the West. As I received it now I was overwhelmed, excruciated, that my dear wife should have suffered as she did, and I not even aware of it, so as to suit my feeble prayers to her

state. It is a great mystery to me that this one letter only should have been detained from me. I scarcely know how I should have borne it; but in my grief and tears I opened the other letter (a small one to look at) and found it to be a treasure from my precious sister, and falling to the reading of it through some (unmanly) tears, the current of my feelings gradually changed, till my sorrow of one sort became mingled into a very peculiar sympathy for my suffering wife and a suffering Church—the Bride—the Lamb's Bride. Now, dear sister, the sorrows of my heart are not only enlarged, but purified by the Spirit through your letter. And you know that religious grief has a divine support which God does not impart to relieve natural grief. Your letter was a donation from my heavenly Father, and by him you were moved to write it, and he prepared it from your kind hand against the time that the friend of my heart, the doctor, should receive the other, that they might come to me at the same moment. The two thus meeting have been to me a morning blessing. They have roused me, driven and drawn me nearer to God than I should have approached this day without them.

"The bell rings for conference and I must go. The Lord fill us with all his fullness. I wish to testify to you that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth me from all sin. God helping me I will let his servants know it. We have bursts of praise in the conference room. Brother A. D. Merrill is here, and will preach to-night.

"I commend to the Lord Jesus Christ and to thee, my dear wife, who has been, I doubt not, a bruised reed for three months past. Fare thee well. My best regards to every member of the family. The remainder of my letter I will address to Mrs. Hamline."

"One o'clock P. M. My dear M,—I have expressed above my entire ignorance of your illness until this morning; but though I could not precisely sympathize with you at the time, it seems as though you lost nothing, except the unseasonableness of my sympathy be a loss. . . .

"I feel blessed to-day. That precious one whom God hath given us for so dear and helpful a friend, Sister P., sent a help-

mate along with your delayed letter, and when this had almost driven me from all Christian recollection, that, like the youth's harp to Saul's distemperament, soothed me down into holy confiding recollection. It has made my sorrow for you, my beloved, a chastening and purifying grief. It is now constantly whispered, 'She is sick,' 'you will see her no more;' 'she will be taken with that disease on the canal boat and die unhelped among strangers.' But I can come nearer than I could to saying, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.' If I see you again in peace I shall be so thankful, grace enabling me, that sometimes I think God will grant it that he may receive back the odor of my warm gratitude and praise. Thank God! 'Bless the Lord!'

"Get all the acquaintance you can with that family. You will meet them with many predilections, but acquaintance will not endanger your esteem and love for them. I wrote to Sister P. because I wished to direct the letter to her, and have her open it if you are not there. I am willing she and the doctor should see all our hearts. The Lord bless thee, beloved, and preserve us to meet in his dear name."

"Saturday Evening, *July* 13.

"To Mrs. H.,—By this time I cannot but hope that you are safe in New York. Your and Leonidas's letter just reached me, having been sent first to Portsmouth, Ohio, and being remailed from there on the eighth, having lain there four days. My anxiety has been increasing up to this time, and to-day was extreme and painful. I presumed that mine from Poultney must have reached you by the second of July, that you would answer it immediately, and that of course I should receive a letter by the tenth or earlier. When none came day after day I concluded that you were sick, too sick for me to be informed about it, and that the fact was intentionally concealed from me.

"*Sabbath morning.*—Though much concerned about you and unable to dismiss my fears, . . . yet I have this morning great peace in giving you into the care of Jesus. Your life and society seem to me so necessary to my usefulness, that if he has

any important work for me to do, I trust and think he will preserve you. I have much gratification in hoping that we may worship him together next Sabbath. It will be delightful indeed thus to appear before our blessed God and Saviour. We shall 'enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.' 'The beauty of the Lord our God' will be 'upon us.' We shall 'worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.'

"*Sabbath, one o'clock P. M.*—This morning at eight o'clock we had a most heavenly time in love-feast. It was appointed at my request, and proved, as I hoped it would, a great blessing to my soul. Several ministers testified to their possession of the perfect love of God, some in a most edifying manner. I was enabled to join them, and was blessed in giving in my testimony. It was a season of peace and triumph.

"Brother Sorin of Philadelphia preached at ten A. M. from Isaiah xxviii, 16, an excellent sermon. Twelve deacons were ordained, and the services were very solemn, witnessed by some weeping and many serious persons. It is said by the brethren that they have never witnessed so much spirituality and devotion in any former session of their conference. It is all through so far a sort of love-feast. There is often shouting and praising till the house rings. Blessed be God for such unmerited mercy. I keep adding a little to my letter because it does me good. The Lord bless thee to-day. This has been my cry.

"Five o'clock P. M.—Have just returned from meeting. Dr. Olin of Middletown preached from John xiv, 1; my text, and my leading propositions, which you know always destroy a sermon for me, as I never preach it afterward (if I thought it my own and no other one's) with the same confidence. 1. *The belief of God the Father and Judge troubles the heart.* 2. *Believing in Jesus is the only method of relief from that trouble.* I often think it strange that in all my hearing and reading I never lighted on that division of the text, it seemed so obvious and so important; but it was my supposition that *I alone* had it, except some one had borrowed it from me. But he made so much better use of the divisions than I could, that I freely

relinquish it to him. It was one of the grandest exhibitions of intellect I ever witnessed, and as pious as it was majestic. He preached from it the witness of the Spirit and the doctrine of perfect love to a vast number, I presume, who despise both. I doubt not that Dr. Olin is the *greatest* man on the continent; *simple* as *great*, (wonderfully different from some GREAT men.) Ordained twelve elders this P. M. I did not decline preaching to-day because I was too ill, but because being well, or nearly so, I wished, if Providence favored, to keep so. Two ordinations are nearly equal to a sermon, and as I addressed the candidates before ordaining them, it was, I think, quite equal to a sermon. I am as well now as I have been at any time since leaving the West. I am not in raptures this P. M., but have faith in Christ.

"*Monday morning.*—The conference is very far forward with its business, and unless a case of *character* about to come before us to-day should detain us, we shall close at least by Wednesday noon, perhaps by Tuesday night. I now think that if prospered I will see you Thursday morning at New York, or at Brooklyn. I shall not regret it if your letter says 'I will wait at New York.' I would be pleased to see Brother and Sister P. again; but you must not attempt any new arrangement in answer to this. I shall go to conference with a light heart, and think I can praise God. May he bless us and our dear friends. Love to them.

"I find no great difficulty in my business, only to keep my heart right. Whatever I do without the sensible power of religion is foolishly done, and I am ashamed of it; but when I feel Christ with me all seems to be done as it should be."

On the twenty-fifth, in writing to his friends in New York he says: "We arrived in Albany last evening after a pleasant trip from Brooklyn, and start toward White Hall in about an hour, say at eight o'clock. Reading Sister P.'s letter by Mrs. H. this morning (which I had declined to do while we could enjoy her conversation) I felt a desire to say a word or two, which I could conveniently do by inclosing it in a package to Brother Lane.

"I like exceedingly, especially as it promises me aid, the

doctrine of bearing 'one another's burdens;' and I am very happy to find that Sister P. has connected that doctrine in her experience with my very heavy burdens. I trust the Lord will continue to call you, my dear sister, to this work. I know that in a very profitable manner to me the Lord has brought us acquainted, and among the peculiar mercies of my life was my providential sojourn with you during the General Conference, and that not only for the relief it afforded me for the time being, but for the continued acquaintanceship and fraternity which has resulted from it. I pray that I may neither wear it out nor *write it down.*

"I wish at this time to crave a particular interest in all your prayers in regard to my visit at the approaching Black River Conference. My mind is led to meditate a very special effort above all I have yet made to promote holiness among the members. Mrs. H. will, I know, feel, as she continually feels, a great desire to do something among the sisters. I cannot but hope that good will be done 'in the name of the holy child Jesus.' From five to six A. M., and from seven to eight P. M. when not interrupted peremptorily, we will be pleading with God for his blessing. Please join us when you can.

"Will Sister P. write to Potsdam in three or four days, if it be but a brief letter, that we may know how she reached home. She left the savor of Christ's grace in Hillsdale and Barrington, and we do very much hope that seed was sown whose harvests will be known in eternity. I am better this morning than usual, and 'the Lord of Hosts is with me, the God of Jacob is my refuge.' I feel that the company of my dear wife will strengthen me. We feel more confidence in regard to her taking the journey to Potsdam. Mr. Pomeroy and his family (cousins) called to see us last evening, and he having once been an extensive contractor, knew all roads, and gave us helps for the journey."

Bishop Hamline attended the Black River Conference on July 31 at Potsdam, N. Y. In his diary he remarks: "Suffering much on my journey from Plattsburgh west, but helped of the Lord, and blessed by the company of my dear wife, who ministers to both my soul and body."

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Bishop Hamline by the Wesleyan University. A note from President Olin announcing the fact, bearing date August 8, 1844, is before us.

"Rev. L. L. Hamline, Bishop of the M. E. Church:

"Rev. and dear Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that at the commencement of this institution just past, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon you in obedience to the unanimous vote of the Faculty and of the joint Board of Trustees and Visitors.

"With the highest respect, I am yours,

"Stephen Olin, *Pres.*"

Bishop H. presided at the Oneida Conference, held August 21, of which he says, "The Lord was with us, and his ministers were blessed. This is a model conference. Many enjoy perfect love, and the people, like their ministers, press into the liberty. In Elmira, thirty miles south of Ithica, we spent a few days, and found a people blessed of the Lord."

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—It was an acquisition which I deem wholly providential, when without my let (but not without desire) I was introduced to your acquaintance, and then be-became an acknowledged friend and brother both to you and my dear Sister P. I have no time nor strength now to do more than assure you of my mindfulness of these things as *providences*, for which I expect, in time and in eternity, to be thankful and to render praise.

"My health is feeble, strength exhausted every hour, conference half through, and scarcely remission for taking a cool, slow breath now and then, so pressed am I with cares. Mrs. H. is writing to Sister P., and seeing this 'bit of paper' lying by her, I hastily scribble a line to thank you for your letter; to assure you of my joy in God, and my increasing strength for a few days past in Christ, and to promise you that when I rest a little from my labor I will write you a letter. The Lord bless thee and thine! O let us press on *in holiness* for the prize of our

high calling! As to the suggestion about our visiting New York it is pleasant in idea. I leave it now to providential indications."

"GENEVA, *September* 9, 1844.

To DR. AND MRS. P.,—We are waiting here until to-morrow, when we expect to take the cars eight miles to Vienna, the seat of Genesee Conference. For two weeks I have been down into the wilderness. My hard heart felt but a small degree of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. I lay down at ten o'clock this (Monday) morning and slept a little, sad and mourning at my low state. At eleven I awoke, and after a time of lamenting upon my knees, I took up the 'Shorter Way' and read the second, third, and fourth sections. As I came along to pages 13–16 the Lord was pleased to bless. My heart, which had seemed so hard, burst forth in a wonderful manner, as though the waters had been accumulating for two long weeks for this very occasion. 'The parched ground suddenly became a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.' For two hours I have been raining tears and *whispering* praises. Now, my dear friends, better prepared for trials than I *was*, one comes upon me in a fearful shape. It is formidable, vital, and asks your prayers. But I leave Mrs. H. to inform you what it is."

Mrs. H. adds: "Mr. H. being very feeble and unable to make his own explanations, desires me to say that Brother C., a venerable minister of this conference, has just paid him a visit, and informed him that there is among the members of this conference strong and increasing opposition to the doctrine of Christian Perfection. The old error that Justification and Sanctification take place at the same moment, they preach, and it is spreading with fearful rapidity. O it is painful, painful!

"Last week we went to Elmira, where are, I should think, twenty or more witnesses. A lovely society; but even here there is need of instruction. They have now an excellent old minister, experienced in the grace and sound in the doctrine. I do pray that the sower of tares may not get among them! Yesterday morning, in love-feast, Mr. H. rehearsed his experience, and made some appropriate and pointed remarks, and

then preached from 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' etc. A strong *doctrinal* sermon, and experimental too. I rejoiced that the enemy was foiled."

His diary says: "The Genesee Conference met September 11 at Vienna. Here I found much talent and piety, but fear that Count Zinzendorf has taken some of the young men captive. May the Lord make us a pure people in heart and life and doctrine!

"Sabbath 22d spent in Buffalo, and on Monday sailed for Monroe, Mich., where I spent a few days and a Sabbath with Brother Morton and his kind family, enjoying a comfortable visit, but found their preacher sick."

On Wednesday, October 2, the Michigan Conference convened at Coldwater, one hundred miles west of Monroe. Bishop Hamline presided. He says, "It was a devout season, and perfect love was very much the theme."

He writes to his New York friends: "I have very little strength after preaching an hour and a half and ordaining twenty-four preachers. We have had a pleasant time, prosperous gales. The Lord of Hosts is with us! We *feel* the efficacy of your prayers. This has been a delightful day to me and to the Michigan Conference. Much love in Christ to you both. Pray still. I am going, by God's grace, to try to get nearer the throne. My health is the same. Perhaps we may see you before January."

We copy the following from his diary:

"The conference adjourned on Wednesday, and we started for Fort Wayne, Ind., where on the 16th of October the North Indiana Conference sat, Bishop Waugh presiding.

"On Saturday the 19th we left for home. Spent the Sabbath (20th) at Wiltshire and the 27th at Dayton, and reached Cincinnati October 29, 1844. Comfortable, health improved, and blessed of the Lord.

"*Cincinnati, December* 7.—Preached last Sabbath in Ninth-street Church. Have found war and wickedness here. Let me keep my garments clean and live in peace! Trials bear on me. If God be for me, who can be against me? I have been *carried* hitherto; and if I go, I must be carried by the arms of my

Father's love; and if *borne* on none can check me, and I shall not turn aside.

"*Springfield, Ohio, December* 22, 1844.—Preached this morning to a large congregation, and though I had not those fervors which are so agreeable in ministering, I believe the word preached will not return void. Since I left Cincinnati on the 12th inst. I have preached three times in Xenia, where the Church was stirred up, and one entered into the state of perfect love; and five times here, where there is now a great hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

"To Mrs. P.,—Six months ago this morning I was in our chamber at your house crying unto God, even unto the living God, for his presence in the solemn duty which followed at eleven o'clock. I strove then and there to give myself up more entirely to the service of the Church. In looking back to that hour I am constrained to acknowledge, to the glory of God, that I *have been* more entirely Christ's. I have, to be sure, grounds enough for sorrow and lamentation, that I have not in the mean time *done* and *suffered* more for his sake; but I bless him for the grace which has so manifestly helped me in the little I have done and suffered—grace, without which I should have greatly *dis*honored his blessed and holy name.

"I have been now in comparative rest for five weeks, preaching every Sabbath but one, in the city, ordaining some brethren who had been heretofore elected to orders, and, if anything, improving in health, though for a day or two I have been ill with my old complaints. I am for the most part in great peace, and often *filled* with comfort. For two weeks past I have had a 'precious' trial of my faith, not from anything outward or humiliating to the flesh, (though the times are stormy,) but in a peculiar dullness and unfeelingness, which I could not shake off nor acccount for. I have for a day or two experienced some deliverance, which, I trust, if it be *His* time, will be perfected. I am striving to hold fast, and think, by grace, *I shall.* Two weeks at Dr. P.'s would be a precious help, but I must defer it. Were it not to me very probable that some exigency may *compel* us to cross the mountains within seven months, I might think

more of an early and voluntary journey. I look forward to spring with much uncertainty, whether duty will not call us east in May or June.

"I rejoice to learn that you are obliged to issue another edition of the 'Way.' I could not give you much advice, except that if you can prepare a few chapters, or new section, on the 'Growth of the Sanctified," as necessary to *preserve*, to *strengthen* (and brighten the *evidence* of) that state, it might be very useful. Perhaps an addition of your late experience, or some of its interesting passages on these and other points, might be very useful. But I would not add so much as to very materially enhance the price. The book is to have a much wider circulation, as it is gradually finding its way abroad in the West, into remoter places where it will be known, and calls for it, of course, multipled. I do not see that the book can be improved. I may say, as of nearly every book in the world, that now and then an inaccuracy has crept into the text.

"In conclusion, rebuild your ark with prayer, mighty prayer, and you cannot labor in vain. Pray for *us* also, that we may have a good conscience in evil and in good report, and may be ready to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. I am weak and weary, or I would add a good deal more."

CHAPTER X.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: SECOND YEAR.

THE opening of the year 1845 found Mr. H. in Springfield, Ohio, employed in the great work which should engage *primarily* the attentions of every Christian minister. "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Jesus Christ." This is the grand ultimatum of all Christian ministrations; that is, to present every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus, was to him a matter of such exceeding interest, that we find him often preaching several sermons weekly to the various or combined flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer.

As one of the overseers or chief shepherds, he believed it to be a duty of paramount importance to see not only that the doctrines of the Church were maintained in their purity, but, as far as in him lay, by his personal testimony and eminently practical teachings to be minute in his endeavors to present "*every*" man perfect in Christ Jesus. Whether at home or abroad, we see him presenting the distinguishing doctrines of Methodism, not only as one great whole, but, like the holy Fletcher, he talks and writes of his own blessed experiences of the grace, and incites individual ministers, and members of their charges, to experimental realizations of heart holiness. Truly can it be said of him that he preferred Zion above his chief joy. And his every-day life, whether engaged in his official duties, or in his intervals of what he calls "comparative rest," are most significantly expressed in the beautiful words of the poet:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The Church our blessed Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood.

"For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

In his diary of the first day of the year 1845 we find the following impressive record:

"A new year! I dedicate it to thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! May I and mine be wholly thine! Let me have grace to employ *every moment* of life from this hour for thee. If thou pleasest, let this year end my pilgrimage; if otherwise, let its commencement end my unbelief, my coldness in thy service. O that this may be such a year as I have hoped to see on earth, or such as I long to see in heaven! Let what may come, I give myself to thee, soul, body, and spirit, without reserve, to be for ever thine. I seal my vows before heaven and in thy sight, O thou all-glorious God! I am forever thine. Amen and amen! The Lord is at work in Springfield. His ministers are athirst for perfect love. Their families are pursuing it. Several members are exceedingly stirred up, and three or four have already attained this great blessing."

"Springfield, *January* 1, 1845.

"To the Rev. J. Young,—May the God of all peace cheer you continually with his holy and blessed presence. Circumstances will delay my return to the city till about the 16th of January. The Lord is pouring out his spirit in Springfield, where I have spent a week, and have been able to preach six times. This I never expected to do again. The work is principally in the Church, where it is most needed for the present.

"In regard to the Church, I fear matters are not improving; yet I hear little, very little here on the subject. Dr. Bond has revealed himself and his opinions, and seems fully to agree with Brother Elliott. I see no hope of anything better than separation. If that be not the result, I now believe something equally unpleasant and injurious may be. And indeed, much as secession is to be deprecated, worse things might happen to us. If *better*, I think we will all be thankful.

"I have enjoyed here much of the presence of Jesus. My soul exults in the perfect love of God. There is a glorious fullness to me in Christ. I trust the Church will be stirred up on that subject. O for a shaking among the followers of the Lamb!

"I find the brethren with whom I have conversed are generally (indeed every one who has spoken on the subject) of the

opinion that the Western Advocate has leaned too much against the General Conference. Brother Raper says it is thought the paper has not been decided enough in protecting the conference against its assailants. I say this not to find any fault with Brother Elliott, but because he, having avouched his determination to defend the General Conference, and reject assaults on its doings, has no need to fear that he will not be supported in that purpose.

"I wish you to examine, in the Christian Advocate and Journal of December 25, Dr. Bond's editorial reply to Dr. Capers, and notice especially an extract in it from the message of the governor of South Carolina. I ventured to you the opinion last January that within ten years this confederation would be dissolved. You thought not. It seems to me you will now consent that possibly the *prophecy* (forgive the word) will be fulfilled. May be the whole South will not go; but if South Carolina is not out of the Republic in nine years I shall be surprised.

"'The Lord on high is mightier than the voice of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.' This is a cause of holy thankfulness and praise. The Lord bring us to his kingdom. Amen!"

He says, January 9:

"The year has commenced piously with a strong purpose in my soul to serve God faithfully, and suffer for him patiently. Have spent two weeks in Springfield profitably to myself and to my dear wife, to my son Leonidas, now fifteen years of age, and I humbly trust to some of the dear people. Here, in the family of my dear friend, L. Wright, Esq., I have a pleasant resting-place. Yesterday was a good day to my soul, and though I awoke dull, yet after prayer feel much better, and peace dwells within.

"*January* 28.—Much of the time for two weeks past has been a season of feasting to my soul. For three days have had sore conflicts. None but almighty power can deliver and save me; but I trust to come forth as gold tried in the fire. Let his image shine in me and *remain* in me, and it matters not by how

sore trials the refining process goes on. O Lord, appear to me! Let me be thy servant. I spent last Sabbath in Xenia; the preceding at Yellow Springs; the Sabbath preceding that at Dayton, where God is reviving his work."

"CINCINNATI, *February* 17, 1845.

"TO REV. J. B. FINLEY,—Through the channel which notified me of your book, I received notice of your views on topics which are vitally connected with the purity and stability of our beloved Methodism; and this information caused me to 'thank God and take courage.' Truly I was thankful that you still live, and I trust you will live to see this great conflict settled, and to exert your *best* and *decided* influence, as you have from its commencement, in sustaining right, and keeping the Church *precisely* to the old land-marks. You see, my dear brother, how much greater the need is every day that the friends of *old Methodism* be at their post, watchful as the wary sentinel, and coolly determined, as is the skillful commander in the hour of sharpest conflict. The times are full of the promise of revolution, not only in Church but in State; and one is naturally reminded by all the aspects of that Scripture, 'He shall overturn and overturn.' In the midst of all we are assured that the Church shall only be purified by all the fires through which she may pass. I do not believe that Methodism has finished her work, or is about to be laid aside as unfit to work out the good for which she was originally raised up. And in all that is now going on or is *threatened*, I expect to witness the deliverances and defenses of an all-controlling Providence in her behalf.

"My health has not been so good for a week past as when I saw you; but I yet hope to get to your quarterly meeting in Newark. I propose to leave here the last week in March, spending the time previous to that in visiting various places in Indiana. Probably I may reach Columbus the first week in April. I wish you would write to me here, and send me the places and dates of all your quarterly meetings on your next round. I wish to visit my tried and beloved friend, H. S. Fernandes, of Rushville, once more before he takes his place with the redeemed in heaven. Possibly if you have a quarterly

meeting near there it might come in my way to visit him then. I forget, however, whether your district embraces Rushville, but suppose it must, of course."

To his beloved son:

"CINCINNATI, *March* 13, 1845.

"We were very glad to receive yours of last week; and as we are about to leave the city for a few days to go down the river, I write in haste, that you may get a letter before we return.

"We have just escaped a journey to Baltimore, as a letter came from Bishop Waugh last week urging Bishop Morris and myself to come on to the conference there. As Bishop Morris concluded not to go, it was a relief to me, as we could have no meeting of the superintendents if one were absent. But it is possible that other letters will come, rendering it necessary that we should hasten East; and if so, of course we shall not be able to see you. But if not we hope to meet you in Xenia in about three weeks. We will give you notice. Pray much, my son. Don't forget how hard the heart becomes if we give up, or forget, or disrelish our devotions. I trust you fulfill the resolution you formed in regard to reading each night after prayers. Your last letter is silent in regard to your state of mind. This made us feel bad; but we commit you to God with many prayers.

"Your dear mother sends much love."

To his friends in New York, March, 1845:

"With salutations and many fervent thanks for your last and all former letters, I will if strength permits make you the return of a letter, though it shall be far from repaying you for yours. The return of spring brings with it something of the debility and lassitude, or whatever it may be, which I felt last year, and I cannot write but a few moments at a sitting. My system under the effort becomes almost paralyzed. You must excuse therefore the hurry which may mark my effort.

"Much of the time since I wrote last I have been living very near to the fountain, drinking and quenching my thirst. For a week I have been unusually low in my enjoyments, living by a

faith which seems unusually barren, and I have thought weak and diseased; but I am struggling against unbelief, and think Christ will conquer for me, and more than conquer. What a privilege it would be to-night to kneel with Brother and Sister P. in the back parlor, just by a corner of the sofa, 'where prayer is wont to be made,' and by associations, as well as strong crying and tears, get my faith renewed; but in that near neighborhood I doubt not God has witnessed the past week wrestlings of soul for me. And why I should doubt I know not, that the Hearer of prayer has heard and will answer, as though I had been present to listen with my ears, and to feel the power of the living voice in its strong and impressive appeals to infinite pity in my behalf. I am sure, I think I am, that Brother and Sister P. do pray for me, because they must be most deeply convinced that of all their friends I am *among*, nay, I must say *the* most needy. How pressing are my necessities. My body is diseased, my strength is going to decay, my heart is weak, my faith needs extra proppings all the time to save it from yielding, my comforts are sometimes scanty and seem to be drying up, and under so many abstinences of body and of soul, cares which I was scarcely equal to with strength and full and overflowing grace, press on a weakened and disheartened *outward* and inward frame. See, O see, how your unworthy brother needs your prayers!

"I will not yield to these discouragements. I will still follow on to know the Lord and do my Master's work. I do rejoice in a full salvation. I cannot say now if I will see you this year. I must leave that to Providence. May be in May I may come to you by the will of God. Mrs. H. has another daguerreotype I should like you to see. The 'Way of Holiness' is in her hand, not in yours, but with the cover in view and the lettering on the side recognizable to one familiar with the book.

"These are small matters, when we shall have the immortal features of Christ's dear redeemed ones radiant in the *beauty of holiness* before our eyes, with a vision as immortal as the immaculate graces on which we gaze. O think of it! Christ will be reflected in every grace, will shine in every luster out-beaming from those which we shall see and love in all eternity. We,

beloved, are hastening to that world, and shall soon be thus immortal in grace and in vision. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen!"

"XENIA, *April* 4, 1845.

"REV. WILLIAM H. RAPER,—We left Cincinnati on Wednesday morning and reached here yesterday. We expect to leave again on Saturday (to-morrow) and spend the day in Columbus. I regret that we cannot reach Zanesville; but as no coaches left this morning, we cannot proceed without traveling in the night.

"I thought you would be interested in learning that our dear Brother Goode reached Cincinnati Wednesday morning from the Indian Mission Conference, and spent an hour with me before I left home. As some of his communications were strictly confidential, I cannot speak of them even to *you*, from whom I do not feel careful to conceal *any* of my own secrets. But I will say generally that his communications lead me exceedingly to fear that the secession of the South is not only inevitable from the state of feeling there, but that it will involve much more of stubborn hostility to the North and to the Methodist Episcopal Church than I expected. O this acrimony among Christians and Christian ministers, the disciples and apostles of Jesus Christ! I am sick at heart as I consider its prevalence and its effects. I trust our hearts will be kept free. I would choose to love my enemy with his dagger in my heart, and kiss the hand which stabs, rather than possess the feelings of suspicion, jealousy, and uncharitableness, which I fear now occupy some bosoms in the Church of God. Am I in *this* uncharitable? I fear I may be; for while charity is the most desirable of all graces as being the fruit and the fragrance of all, it is at the same time the most difficult of them all to acquire and to retain. How easy is it to offend against charity! A word, a whisper, a motion of the pen, a blush upon the cheek, a tremor of the lip, a glance of the eye. O how deeply can any one of these wound so delicate a grace as charity!

"My dear brother, let us strive against all; and whatever else we are, have charity. Let me *know* little, *do* little, *say*

little, and that to little *purpose* through incapacity; but may I not have *little charity?* This is a good time to cultivate the grace. If others are suspicious of us we will be open-bosomed to them, if we dare come near enough to be anything to them. If they look askance, we will gaze back in a straight line. If they *ac*cuse *us*, we will *ex*cuse *them*. If they look bitter, we will *feel* sweet. If they revile, we will mingle louder blessings with their fainter faultings. We will strive to drown out their disquieting and sickening humors with the soft and wholesome drenchings of unsubdued love.

"I will not prolong my scribbling till I make my letter itself an *un*charity, against which I write so phillipically. I ask your prayers, my dear brother, that these good purposes in regard to charity may all be fulfilled by the grace of God in me. Perhaps I may see you somewhere in May, though I cannot feel assured where, if alive and well, I shall spend that month."

His diary, Hanover, April 18, says:

"I left Cincinnati on the 2d inst., and spent the Sabbath, April 6th, in Columbus, the 13th at Newark, (quarterly meeting,) and am resting here with my friend, Brother Denman, a day or two. Find that Jesus is still with me. I have had some severe trials about the Church. Though my own condition has been what many would call a trying one, I have cared little for myself. My General Conference speech is charged by the South and its friends as being a grievous evil. I cannot see it in this light, and until I can I shall rejoice that it was delivered. If the South secede, they must answer it. The leaders in this business of secession will have heavy accounts to settle with the Great Judge. If not the present, some future generation will have woe enough as the result of this madness. I am not sure that the *agents* will not be the *victims* also.

"As to the Methodist Episcopal Church, she is safe, secession or no secession; as long as she abides by the Bible and Discipline she is safe. Her refuge is the God of Jacob. She will arise and shine—'will become fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'

"My work is approaching. Pittsburgh Conference is in about ten weeks. O my blessed Saviour, help me! Prepare me with wisdom and meekness, and all necessary qualifications for my work. Help, blessed Saviour, for thy precious name's sake, and thine shall be the glory forever. Amen!"

"ZANESVILLE, OHIO, *May* 1, 1845.

"To REV. BISHOP WAUGH,—Learning that the Baltimore Conference has voted in favor of a General Conference next spring, I write to suggest what has probably before this occurred to your own mind; but which, in that case, you will learn by my letter has also employed my thoughts. If there be no separation accomplished by the Louisville Convention, I suppose a General Conference might be desirable. But until quite recently I have supposed that if there should be a separation (as is most probable) no General Conference would be necessary. I now doubt whether, the separation being effected, it will not be of the greatest moment that there be a called General Conference. The reasons are the following: *First.* There is a *strong* probability that the societies in Kentucky and Missouri will be divided, some adhering to the Church and some choosing to separate. As the case now stands it seems to me that a General Conference must determine what shall be done with these *divided* societies. *Second.* There is a strong probability that in Kentucky and Missouri there will be a respectable minority of traveling preachers who will not go with the separatists. Suppose there are twenty or thirty in each conference who adhere to the Church, what shall be done with them? The bishops can employ them in other conferences, but from other conferences they cannot send them into Kentucky and Missouri, as they have no power to take a part of Kentucky into Ohio, or a part of Missouri into Illinois or Iowa. And as the case now stands with the 'report of the committee of nine,' acted on and adopted by the last General Conference, they would probably not feel authorized to form a small minority of the Kentucky and Missouri traveling preachers into annual conferences, and go on with the work there as usual. To save them from this embarrassment, ought there not to be a called General Conference?

"I know not whether the Baltimore Conference elected delegates. It was not necessary for *it* or Philadelphia to do so until next year; but from New York on it will be necessary to attend to this duty. I am now of the opinion that it will be better to prepare the way by the votes of annual conferences for a General Conference next May, and if the superintendents find at last that no such conference is necessary, they can arrest it and save the incidental trouble, expense, and loss of time to the pastorship of the Church. I would be glad, before the session of the Pittsburgh Conference, to learn your views, that if they differ from those herein expressed I may be aware of it as I proceed with my labors. I shall probably have Bishop Morris with me at the Pittsburgh and Erie Conferences. I am improving in health, can preach from four to seven sermons a week without danger, and do so continually, and can say, 'The best of all is, GOD *is with us.*' I am now sitting by the sick (and probably death) bed of H. L. Fernandes, one of our holiest and loveliest ministers, who waits in perfect peace for 'the chariot.' O blessed hope!"

"CINCINNATI, *May* 19, 1845.

"To DR. AND MRS. P.,—Having but a few moments, and too much to say to employ them to use in the haste of expressing crowded thoughts, I will do the best I can. My great desire is to write not to *your* profit, for you do not need my ministrations. But I come with petitions for yours. What I said at New York comes fresh and impressively to my mind this morning. '*You* prayed me into my field of labor, and now you must *pray me through.*' If you ask what need? Special need of prayer, I answer.

"First. Not because *I am backslidden.* Thanks be to God for his preserving grace! Jesus is with me continually, and the light of God's face shines upon me gloriously.

"Second. Not because I fear *for myself.* I mean not because I have *harassing* or *distressing* fears. I believe God will keep me, and enable me to run the race to the end.

"Third. Not because my faith in God—his love and promises—is diminished at all. I feel a strong reliance, and can cast all my care on him who careth for me and for his Church.

"But still I need your prayers especially. The usual modes of procedure are all forsaken and lost sight of in these times of discord and blasphemy. These are eminently '*perilous* times.' Men who are called to occupy any prominent place in the Church must suffer, so far as the worst forms of wicked prejudice and (I regret to say) *malignity* are permitted by Providence to flow out toward them and reach them. With their integrity and reputation the Church is in some degree united. In regard to this fact I need your prayers.

"Returning from a six weeks' tour of severe labor through Central Ohio a few days since, I met, on returning to the city, the notice of Brother L.'s charge, that I was the writer of an *editorial* in Dr. Elliott's paper abusing Bishop Andrew—an article that I had no more to do with than Bishop Andrew himself, being, as appears on subsequent inquiry, one hundred miles off when it was written and published. I send you the 'Advocate' which contradicts the charge. Think of this. The charge originated with *two Methodist preachers* in Cincinnati, as far as can be learned. On the ground of that charge I have been held up in the Louisville Convention to the execration of all listeners each day for three weeks. The publication of the charge is in the Southern Church papers, and will doubtless go through all the press, and *never* will be *contradicted*, except in Northern papers. Now, I say once more, pray for me. This is a trial of no ordinary magnitude.

"I now cease to afflict you with my complaints, and ask you to help me to surrender them up to God. My running pen and blind letters will hardly let you read what I write; but I must hastily close."

"Marietta, *June* 14, 1845.

"To Rev. Bishop Morris,—Yours of the 12th inst. was duly received to-day by Brother Spencer. I expected it would be inconvenient for you to visit New York on so brief a notice. I regret that it so happens. I had concluded to stay here and have an interview with you, and scarcely know now how you will avoid Marietta on your way to Wheeling. But I think my best way will be to spend the Sabbath in Wellsburgh, and come down to Wheeling on Monday morning the 23d. If not

I will, Providence permitting, be at Wheeling over the Sabbath. Wellsburgh was my first field of labor, and I should be pleased to see the people once more.

"Will not Sister Morris do us the favor to visit Wheeling with you, and then accompany us to Beaver and spend the time of conference with Mrs. H.? In that way, though my disappointment at the loss of your company and counsel will not be made up, yet her prayers will help me, and Mrs. H. is calculating on a better acquaintance with her at that time. After conference we will take her to Pittsburgh, where on your return it will be convenient for you to meet her, or she can meet you anywhere on the river as you shall direct. If any change shall be made in the 'plan,' it may be it will allow you to be with me at Erie, for which I should be grateful.

"With you I am disappointed. I am so in regard to editors. They have a stern sense of duty, and are *immovably fixed.* But some of them are my very best personal friends and highly valued—*true* in their *aim*, however mistaken in their means. I am willing to bear the reputation of being their *confidants* in matters which have not my concurrence, but my disapproval, rather than occasion another note of *discord* among brethren. I cannot see what I have done to divide the Church. I made a speech, in which I did not name slavery, abolition, the North, the South, Bishop Andrew, Baltimore, Harding, or anything else, except the powers of General Conference and those of the superintendents, and thought it would be faultless in one respect, namely, it would be modest and no slander. But it has turned out the worst speech of the fifty, and I give up. I have been in Cincinnati about twelve weeks in fourteen months, and have never written a private letter to Cincinnati on Church difficulties, or a line or a word touching them; but they say I have written nearly all the editorials in the Western Christian Advocate, and much of the *correspondence!* Thank God I have had a happy year, and oceans of comfort flow *to* and *over* my soul this day! I am prepared to suffer all that can befall me from the smallest wound to a martyred life, if God give me grace as hitherto, for he has been a 'shield to me, and the lifter up of my head.'" . . .

"MARIETTA, *June* 17, 1845.

"TO REV. BISHOPS HEDDING AND WAUGH,—Your letter was received by due course of mail, and forwarded to Bishop Morris. After having considered the proposition to postpone the Pittsburgh Conference, I came to the conclusion that it could not be done at so late a period without great embarrassment to the preachers, and considerable detriment to the work. Many of the preachers would have met the notice on their way to conference, and probably two weeks of ministerial labor would have been lost thereby. In these circumstances I did not notify a delay of the session. It was a further question whether I should leave to the conference to elect a presiding officer, and in that way get to your meeting. But as it is a border conference, embracing a portion of Virginia, I did not deem *this* proper, and of course must be absent on the 2d from your consultations, which I exceedingly regret, chiefly because I need the light which I might have received at your sittings on the weighty themes upon which you will deliberate. Unless I can receive notice by letter of your decisions previous to the close of the Pittsburgh Conference, I shall be liable to deviate on some points from that line of conduct which you will deem most advisable. In looking forward to changes which I deemed necessary in conference action in the present posture of affairs, I had meditated thus:

"1. The Methodist Episcopal Church now consists of twenty-three annual conferences, besides Liberia.

"2. These conferences should from this time be superintended, or presided over, by the bishops who intend to remain in her communion.

"3. Their plan of visitations should be so shaped as to secure this object.

"4. The 'allowance' and the 'traveling expenses' of the said bishops should be apportioned to and collected of the twenty-three annual conferences aforesaid without regard to the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

"What other questions, or whether these even will employ your meditations, etc., I cannot conjecture. But praying in your behalf all grace and wisdom, and believing that your course

will be thereon directed, I shall not fear to pledge a cheerful acquiescence in all your decisions."

"MARIETTA, OHIO, *June* 17.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—Mrs. Hamline has written in, I trust, a style more discouraging regarding herself than facts will warrant. I believe we are growing 'up into Him in all things.' You know there are seasons of trial, and in the midst of these we are at our 'wits' end.' These storms are succeeded again by pleasant holy calms, and then, when we can take observations and learn the course we have run, we find the heavenly Pilot steered our craft skillfully amid the tempest, and we made headway all the time. I feel just now a very strong faith in God both for myself and Mrs. H. We shall conquer; rather, Christ for us. I often think I feel the answer to my dear brother and sister's prayers. I believe I do.

"We are now on our way to conference. But for the time of the bishops' meeting I should, with the favor of Providence, have seen you a few days. I confess it is a disappointment. Pittsburgh Conference sits on the second of July. It is a border conference, with free and slave territory, the first that has sat since the secession. Delicate questions and interests are before us. I expected Bishop Morris to be with and aid me, but he is called away. Now pray for me day by day while attending this conference. O for wisdom which 'is from above!'

"The work is going on. Ministers are getting roused to the subject of entire sanctification. We have preached in this place four times since Saturday. Twice on 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' and 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness.' I believe our labor is not in vain in the Lord. The preachers were stirred up, and the people are not all dead to the theme. My heart is glad.

"Dearly beloved, pray! pray! May He whose Church needs your labors restore your health. Much love to the family. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

"Mrs. P.'s little book is a treasure. Thank God that he put

it in her heart to write. May she live to write at least two more books if the Lord please!

"*July* 9, 1845.—Closed the Pittsburgh Conference at Beaver; had a blessed season. This is a large and pious body of ministers. They go out in the spirit of their Master."

"WELLSBURGH, VA., *June* 25, 1845.

"TO REV. BISHOPS HEDDING AND WAUGH,—Your letter was duly received and forwarded to Bishop Morris. He will do me the favor to explain the reasons of my absence. I regret that I cannot be with you so as to be aided by your counsels in the duties which lie instantly before me.

"What points you will discuss I can only conjecture. Probably an early question will be, 'Is there a separation?' With hesitation (from the fact that some whose opinions weigh much with me think otherwise) I deem the 'Methodist Episcopal Church, South' as fully organized. It seems to me that its General Conference meets next May not to form an organization, but under an organization already formed, which has provided for holding said conference, has dictated its ratio of representation, has appointed its time of meeting, and, by the adoption of a Discipline, imposed on it its duties, clothed it with its powers, and limited its action in all respects. Furthermore it is evident to me that nine tenths or more of the preachers and the people in the separated conferences approve of, or assent to the organization.

"To view the organization as complete seems to me not only in harmony with facts, but also of safe tendency. The Louisville Convention affirms its entire separation in its resolutions, announces it to the people in its pastoral address, and insists on it in many forms, protesting against all 'entangling alliances' with the Methodist Episcopal Church in tones of deep and solemn earnestness. Shall we be compelled from our views of the immaturity of their action, which they insist is final, still to interfere with them? If so, surely it is a misfortune, a duty which involves a heavy cross; yet if my elder colleagues, better informed than I can be, so decide I cheerfully acquiesce.

"But if you say the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is

organized, you will probably form a new plan of episcopal visitations; and though, as last year, the bishops have all an equal disciplinary right to visit all or any part of the work, (a right of which none can be divested but by the 'committee of nine' or the General Conference,) yet for the promotion of peace I suppose each bishop will go where his visits are likely to be acceptable and produce happy results. If any of us can certainly determine whether we will serve the Methodist Episcopal Church, or the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, would it not be better to regard that fact? If so, adhering as I do to the Methodist Episcopal Church, I so far beg your indulgence as to ask a release from obligations to labor in conferences represented in the Louisville Convention, three of which are embraced in my circuit next year.

"Though I view the separation as now a matter of history, and would incline to a plan of episcopal labors embracing only twenty-three American conferences, yet I deem that the Book Concern forms a tie of incidental but not organic connection between the two Churches. I believe the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has an equitable interest in its capital and claim to its profits. Of course I suppose its dividends should reach them; but here I beg permission to suggest a thought. Should the dividends to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, be made on the usual basis which gave the sixteen conferences $16,000 last year, or on the basis suggested by the 'report of the committee of nine?' I think on the latter basis, because it is equitable, and because it meets the demands of the convention at Louisville, which claims of the Methodist Episcopal Church that the provisions of that report shall be adhered to. To go on the old basis will give them $16,000, when the new one will give them about $12,000, as may be seen by calculation, and as three of their small conferences have scarcely more members than one of our smallest, the new basis is, I should think, the right one. To conclude, if anything is expressed dogmatically in this letter, let me assure you it is not a flow of temper, but a lack of that grace of utterance which I admire in others, but could never well compass myself. I feared you would claim some expression of views, or I should have chosen

silence, and speaking at all, I was forced to speak thus from a belief that any mingling of the work of the two Churches now will prolong war and not restore peace. True policy seems to require that our herdsmen and their flocks turn at present to the right and to the left and feed apart till strifes are forgotten and wounds healed. May Infinite Wisdom guide you for Christ's sake!"

"WELLSBURGH, *June*, 1845.

"MY BELOVED SON,—It seems that the affections, if not the intellect, strengthen with age, and this I have evidence of in the affectionate concern I have for you. The Lord bless you, my son, and keep you from evil! This is an evil world, and its evils are evidently on the increase; but while the wicked do wickedly, I believe the pious are more devoted, and that righteousness as well as iniquity abounds.

"We are now on 'old Ohio Circuit,' in the place where I first traveled.

"Wellsburgh, Va., is a beautiful place on the south bank of the Ohio, a few miles above Wheeling. Here we have received a truly warm greeting, and have been often overwhelmed by the pressure of friends. I would be delighted to have you travel with us through this part of Virginia. Your dear mother left you fourteen years ago in the hands of Mrs. Kent four weeks when you were about eighteen months old, and went around this circuit with me. It is a sad gratification to think of this as we visit along among friends. Let us be sure that we prepare to rejoin our dear friends who now look down and watch us in the kingdom of God."

"BEAVER, *July* 16, 1845.

"TO THE REV. J. YOUNG,—Yours was duly received, and is gratefully acknowledged. Though hurried, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of a brief reply.

"Our conference has passed off delightfully. It was an orderly, devout, and happy season as far as I can learn, and is said to have been the shortest and most harmonious session the conference has had since its formation. About two hundred preachers were stationed. We closed on Wednesday noon. I

have heard not a word about secession, and I think the Virginia work is so manned that all will be quiet among them. Bishop Morris reached here from New York about an hour after the adjournment of conference on Wednesday, and left on Monday. We have had much pleasant conversation together. You will have learned by the New York Advocate something of their decisions at New York. I have to prosecute my tour to Erie, North Ohio, Ohio, and North Indiana. Bishop Morris will attend the Indiana Conference at Madison. I hope to be with him there. There is a decrease of between two and three thousand in the Pittsburgh Conference this year. I have enjoyed the privilege of meeting many of our old friends. I preached at Wellsburgh three times, at Worthington's once, and once at Liberty. I intended to go to Short Creek, but got tired, and feared I was laboring too much. The Virginia friends were most hearty and kind in their welcome, and made me feel that it was good to see them. Our visit was a pious one, and some seemed greatly stirred up by our unworthy efforts. Praise God!

"I am now at Brother Darragh's, a good old Irish brother, who speaks very kindly of Sister Young, having known her in early times. We have a pleasant temporary home. We start to-morrow for Newcastle. I would like it if you could send me a letter there mailed any time before the twenty-third of July. I want to hear what is going on, especially the good.

"I had a conversation with Bishop Morris about your appointment. Pray, my dear brother, that God may direct me in all things, and in this among all the rest. I look forward with trembling to the Ohio Conference.

"Tell Brother Elliott that whether I can agree with him in every minute particular or not, I love him next to my Saviour and my family. He is a friend with whom, as with you, I can trust everything I have in this world. I am sure that if there should be various opinions between us there will be one feeling. He is one man who regards not self more than the Church, but the Church far more than self. O for thousands such in Israel! I would be glad to hear from him.

"If you do not write until after the twenty-third of July, please direct to Marion, Ohio.

"The Lord be with you, my beloved brother! A few more storms and we will be harbored and anchored. This is a good, a holy morning to me. I dwell in Him. O the bliss of a sacred union with Christ!

"'Jesus is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?'

"May we keep the unity of the Spirit, and pray for each other, bearing one another's burdens."

"NEWCASTLE, PENN., *July* 19.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—We have had a good conference. It was soon over, closing on Wednesday noon, the shortest session we have ever had, yet we had time for religious exhortations in the conference room, which seemed to do good. They say it was the shortest and most harmonious session they have ever had. We thank God and take courage.

"We are going to start in a few minutes to a quarterly meeting four miles in the country, and return on Sabbath evening to labor here. This is a town of one thousand souls, and the conference (Erie) commences here on Wednesday next. You will get this in time to plead with God for us. By his grace we mean to dwell on the great theme. Pray for the ministers. My soul prospers, and nothing moves me. I seem to breathe the very odors of the heavenly world.

"'O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God!'"

July 30 he writes: "Closed the Erie Conference at Newcastle; a spiritual season. The Lord is pleased to put his strength in me that I may serve him. My soul often dwells above. My life is hid with Christ. Eternal things come near, and earth is all forgotten. Blessed be God!"

"August 3, Sabbath, spent in Ravenna, and Sabbath, 10th, in Tiffin, Ohio; and on 13th commenced the North Ohio Conference in Marion. About twenty preachers present—

talented, devout men. A good session. Parted with my dear brethren feeling that it was good to be here. The Lord blesses still."

"TIFFIN, OHIO, *August* 10, 1845.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—A day of unusual peace, triumph, glory in Christ, bears my frequent sympathies to your happy home, where Christ my Saviour is honored and adored. I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, as yet I fear never having been able but simply to receive through you from the fountain. But it is 'blessed to receive' as well as to give, and it is blessed to remember with holy and affectionate gratitude those *by* whom, as well as him *from* whom, cometh 'every good and every perfect gift.' I thank and bless you in the name of the Lord!

"Truly do I feel to-day 'the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." What does this imply? Does it not mean that the Providence which led and guarded, which involved and delivered Jacob, is ours as well as his providence? That the strength and grace which were his are ours also? This thought just now is present with me in new force and power, and comes as a fresh, new charm over my rejoicing and exulting spirit. And it is the God of 'hosts' also who is with us. What does that mean? Surely that many, very many, even to filling the mountains or plains around us with armed chariots for our defense and deliverance, accompany Jehovah to serve the purposes of his love toward us. O blessed words when understood and felt—'the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.' Thanks to his name for the blessed record!

"*Wednesday, August* 27.—After so long a time I resume the 'thread' of my letter, which I was compelled to break off in a hurry. I am now waiting to commence the Ohio Conference. I trust this letter will reach you before it closes, that you may receive one more exhortation to pray for its success. Here is the only point where a formidable effort will be made toward distracting the minds and the affections of brethren in connection with our Church difficulties. Here are elements whose

proper and expected working will be every way unprofitable and uncomfortable. A small number, to be sure, will meditate and plot 'mischievous devices,' but they may be opposed in so indiscreet a manner as to affect the interests of the Church unfavorably. The friends of Christ and of holiness may err. Pray much, constantly, that God may rule and overrule, and make his friends and faithful ministers, of whom there are many here, firm and wise. Could we have such a session of the conference in Cincinnati as we had at Beaver and other points, it would be a great blessing to this city, and to our brethren in the ministry. It commences on Wednesday, September 3, and will continue about twelve days.

"We have it in mind to see you in the spring, and be refreshed with your fellowship. I would be pleased to meet you all as a family once more this side heaven; then beyond the vail. Several of my choice friends have died this year in the West. Father Collins, of precious memory, was buried last Sabbath. Seldom has a saint and minister departed who had looked longer and more wistfully for the coming crown. It seems as though, when he entered within the gates, all things must have been a little extra, so long and unweariedly and expectingly had he waited and toiled for the blissful hour. Father Collins is in heaven! I long to see how he looks there, and hear how he talks about things which he was always talking about on earth. The last time I saw him he said: 'I scarce ever take up the Advocate but I read of some pious friend gone to glory. And die when I may, my godly friends are going so fast that I think I shall fall in company with some of them as I mount upward in the chariot.'

"This letter will be handed you probably by our beloved Brother and Sister Strobridge, dear Christian, guileless friends. They long for perfect liberty, and she has often entered the borders of the land Beulah, but was hindered from dwelling there by unbelief. May the Master give our dear sister P. a message for her soul.

"Mrs. H. repeats her oft-repeated love to you all; and the blessing of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be with your spirits. Amen."

It would seem from the tenor of the remarks in the following letter, written by Bishop Hamline to the Rev. Mr. Quigley, that some minister of the North Ohio Conference had indulged in unjust animadversions of a speech made by the bishop, setting forth his views of ministerial fidelity on the theme of holiness. On this subject he was thoroughly Wesleyan in his views, believing, as expressed by the founder of Methodism, that this is "the Methodist testimony, the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust; and where this is enforced by the preachers, as a blessing to be received now, and to be received by faith, there Methodism prospers, and where not thus enforced it does not." At all the conferences where he presided, as a faithful "son in the gospel" of the sainted Wesley, he aimed in his addresses to the ministers to enforce the advice of that apostolic man: "All our preachers should make a point of preaching perfection to believers, *constantly*, strongly, explicitly." And in doing this he generally, by his loving persuasiveness, and the might of an indwelling Trinity, carried the ministers with him in a manner that astonished himself and disarmed opposers. But, as already stated, he sometimes provoked hostility. It would seem from the tone of the subjoined letter that his words had been misconstrued:

"My remarks were:

"'"Preach holiness," says Mr. Wesley, "earnestly, constantly. Preach that it is to be obtained now, and by faith alone." Don't fail to do it, brethren. Some may discourage you. They may say, as has been said, "it is your hobby." I don't like that word "hobby" in such a connection. But if it means a favorite theme, let it be so. In this sense it *should* be our hobby. We were "raised up to spread scriptural holiness." If this is what is meant, the Saviour Jesus Christ made it a hobby; he came to "purify," to "cleanse" the Church. His apostles were sent for the same end. The Gospel has this sole aim. Though I dislike the word, if it mean this, let us be content. For are we not all at work for this very purpose, to spread holiness? Are we not all pledged (by that altar confession on which we were received into the conference and elected to orders) to a belief of the doctrine of entire sanctification? If a traveling minister,

who has given that vow or pledge of faith in the doctrine, should come to deny the truth of it, would it not weaken the confidence of the Church in his integrity, to say nothing of his intelligence. How would such a brother get along in his appropriate work of spreading holiness? Would he be useful? Were it my duty to station him, I should feel like trying to find the place where he will do, not the *most good*, but the *least harm*.'

"I believe the above does not differ I may say 'one whit' from the *significancy* of those words and phases in which I uttered myself at the conference; and I further believe that the words are *almost*, I will not say identically *throughout*, the same. And I don't take back anything. If I could now see your conference together, I should perhaps be forced to repeat them with a more serious emphasis. I have no confidence in a Methodist preacher who 'subscribes the Thirty-nine Articles,' (to speak in figure,) and then goes forth, preaching or talking against the most vital and fundamental portions of his creed. And I shall, if God spares me, do just what I said. If the conference will not arrest them, I will do all I can to hinder the mischief. But you will see this has nothing to do with 'professing the blessing.' I should think a man who can put such words into my mouth might be capable of denying 'perfect love,' after giving the altar pledges of which I speak. Those beloved brethren who are not yet able to receive and profess the blessing, but unyieldingly make it an article of their creed, and are longing for it, and sometimes tremblingly try to preach it, are near to me. I have been where they are. Heaven forbid that I should doubt their sincerity or usefulness. I pray God to bless them!

"Dr. S. showed me an article from Brother Prentiss. I begged him to publish no reply to W. Itself was its own best cure. Besides, God must take care of us or nobody can. In your movements keep looking upward. God is a refuge for us, and a strong tower from the enemy. You may well be grieved, but not for yourself. If the Church and her altars need purifying, (and does she not?) you may have to act, but even then be sure the Captain of the Lord's host goes before you. The Lord will guide."

In the above we see that Bishop H. did not account it a virtue to be silent and undemonstrative when the cardinal doctrine of Methodism was jeopardized. Having been called by the Head of the Church to an oversight of the flock, as one among its chief shepherds, he did not feel at liberty to keep silence in regard to a doctrine so vital to the interests of the Church, or to let it pass unreproved. There are occasions when silence, or in fact non-commitalism, amounts to virtual treachery, and Bishop H. was not the man to be guilty of this. In the statement of his views, as expressed in the preceding letter, there is scarcely as much pointed rebuke as was often administered under similar circumstances by Mr. Wesley, particularly in a letter written to the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, which we will here transcribe:

"London, *November* 26, 1790.

"Dear Adam,—The account you send me of the continuance of the great work of God in Jersey gives me great satisfaction. To retain the grace of God is much more than to gain it; hardly one in three does this. And this should be strongly and explicitly urged on all who have tasted of perfect love. If you can prove that any of our preachers or leaders, either directly or indirectly, speak against it, let him be a preacher or leader no longer. I doubt whether he should continue in the society, because he that could speak thus in our congregations cannot be an honest man.

"I wish Sister Clarke to do what she can, but no more than she can. Betsy Ritchie, Mrs. Johnson, and M. Clarke are women after my own heart. Last week I had an excellent letter from Mrs. Pawson, (a glorious witness of full salvation,) showing how impossible it is to retain pure love without growing therein."—*Works*, vol. vii, p. 206.

To a minister who desired to know his views in regard to the profession of entire sanctification the bishop wrote the accompanying most excellent and pertinent letter:

"Indianapolis, *September* 21, 1845.

"While I greatly rejoice to observe any tokens of interest awakened among the preachers on the subject of entire sanctification, I ought not to conceal my embarrassment that in-

quiries should be directed to me, who am so incompetent in point of theory and experience to teach any but the merest catechumens, nor even them if some other (an 'instructed scribe') were present to perform the office; but as you question me I dare not wholly decline to reply with the best light I have. Alas that I have no more, for I find it possible to have a saving light without that degree or sort of illumination which prepares one to act as counselor or guide.

"Your history is not singular. On every side, go where we please, are ministers who once entered the land 'Beulah' to be drawn from it again by the devices you have mentioned. Some aged, or influential, or popular, or witty, or fashionable minister of Christ warned them not to be talking about perfect love, and they fell, and passed years of grief or carelessness before they recovered the lost treasure. One recently on his death-bed, who never was surpassed in the Ohio Annual Conference for his consistent, uniform piety and usefulness, informed me that he was brought low in the manner, the very manner you relate of yourself, and for years did not rise again to his former state of enjoyment. But not to dwell on this unpleasant theme.

"You ask advice in regard to the prudent method of 'making confession.' It seems to me in the first place prudent to confess at almost all times in the society of Christians whose Church creed or standards assert the doctrine. If they will not use your confessions discreetly, and hear them to the glory of God, and praise his grace in you, it seems to me they are either hypocritical, or ignorant to a degree which involves almost equal blame. And especially ministers, whose assumption of their sacred functions was with those solemn asseverations and pledges, which are found in the fortieth page of our lately revised Discipline, would scarcely deserve to be viewed as men of common honesty, if they would not patiently and joyfully receive the confession of a brother in regard to perfect love. The Methodist minister who would presume anything against such a profession, and question its discreetness or show aversion to the topic, ought to be brought to repentance, or, if he will preach, 'take orders' in some other branch of the Church.

"Surely it cannot be casting pearls before swine to confess in the class-room or love-feast. It cannot, unless the sheep of the fold are swine, and we have hope that it is not so. Thus far it seems to me places and circumstances render confession prudent.

"As to the frequency of confession in these circumstances I should not think restraint necessary. Confess as often as experience teaches you that your spiritual strength and comfort will thereby be promoted. You say confession helps you, comforts you, confirms you. Then I would say keep on confessing. Do not the converted repeat in love-feast after love-feast, in class-meeting after class-meeting, what God has done for their souls, and feel blessed in doing so? Why should not you do the same? If their professing the grace of regeneration or justification brings to their souls a fresh strength and spring, your confessing all the grace bestowed on you will have the same effect.

"As to the terms of this confession I can see no better way than to use the Bible terms. Indeed I can see no equal way. Why avoid the words of Scripture? 'Entire sanctification,' from the phrase, the God of peace 'sanctify you wholly,' and 'perfect love,' which is the 'beloved disciples' language,' I prefer to all other modes or forms of confession. Some say 'you need give it no name,' and perhaps Mr. Wesley once leaned to that indulgence; but this looks a little like not taking up the cross. Why should Christians talk so scripturally about the 'new birth,' and study mincing words when they speak of other graces?

"As to the extent of these confessions I can only say all grace given to us is for use, and the chief use of it must be its manifestation for the glory of God and the good of his people. A holy man used to say that he found he must confess 'to the utmost limits of all that God bestowed on him, or he became impoverished.' I believe the principle. I deem it a law of Christian experience that, to speak with a figure, if our light be put under a bushel it will expire. Entire sanctification is of itself a light. Hide it, and it will soon be extinguished. Thousands can mournfully testify to this truth.

Fletcher was a witness. You are one, and these are two among a great multitude.

"You speak of wit and humor, of jokes and anecdotes among ministers. Alas! I cannot dwell here. If there be not a speedy end to these, the Church is *marred*, if not *undone*. I can only say, Keep away from these joking ministers, or get them converted to God. Swearing and joking are somewhat different, and the former is reputed more profane; but as to religion, after much experience and observation, I have no doubt that they are equally sure to kill religion out of their souls, and make the heart, so far as the Spirit's graces are concerned, a desert waste. A friend suggests a thought, namely, 'When I was young, Methodist ministers were so solemn in all their words and actions that a sinner trembled in their presence. But now the most worldly and wicked can meet some of our preachers and play off their jokes on them, as if sure of being received in the spirit of "Hail fellow, well met!"' Is it not too true? O, my brother, let us *die* rather than contribute one syllable or glance to perpetuate those practices which are breaking Zion with breach upon breach, and threaten her with a fearful overthrow! Let us watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. I am on my way to the North Indiana Conference, and write in haste. Please forward me another letter when convenient, and remember us in prayer. Shall we celebrate the smaller and not the greater works of God? Shall we sing that he brought us out of Egypt, and have no anthem to tell that the horse and his rider are cast into the sea?"

On the same subject he writes:

"To Dr. Elliott,—You rightly say in a recent editorial that the subject of entire sanctification is exciting unusual interest in the Church. There are large regions of country in which the Wesleyan view of this doctrine has of late been presented with marked and happy effects. And as ministers awake to its importance, and begin to speak of it in their pulpits, they are met with congratulations from the more pious of the people, who express joyful surprise at the change which is coming over the Church in regard to this theme. So far as the writer has

observed, the steps by which religious societies are led to cherish a new interest in this subject may be thus described.

"In the first place, the presiding elder of a district, or the traveling preacher on a circuit or station, has his attention turned to it by some means, and after much questioning with himself as to the propriety of such a course, comes to the conclusion, that as the doctrine is taught in the Bible, and is a part of the gospel which he is sent to preach, it is his duty to dwell upon it in his sermons, and urge upon the people their obligations to be holy. He begins to preach it. His efforts are hesitating, and perhaps intermitted. It often happens that under his preaching others are awakened, seek and find the blessing, and begin to stand up as its witnesses; while the minister whose word has been blessed to others mingles with his instructions the humble confession, 'I have not attained.' More and more humbled, he continues to cry unto God; and at last, perhaps under the prayer of some sanctified member to whom his own preaching had been a savor of this full life, he seizes the prize and enters into the glorious liberty. With new zeal and power he now testifies what he feels, and the work goes on with a great increase. From all I have been able to learn, I infer, First. That it is of unspeakable moment to the societies that the preachers, whether they enjoy the blessing or not, should at once commence preaching the doctrine. Second. That when a presiding elder faithfully delivers his own soul in this matter, many of the preachers will follow his example. One presiding elder lately formed the resolution to preach a sermon on the theme at each quarterly meeting, and if I do not forget, six preachers professed the blessing on his first round. Third. Where the doctrine is preached, it promises no practical good unless it is presented in its Wesleyan features, as inculcated in the writings of all our standard authors. Fourth. Where the people have long been familiarized with the theme and fully credit the doctrine, they should be addressed hortatorily; but where they have little of it and are young disciples, they should be carefully instructed. In the first case, preaching it will generally produce an immediate interest, but in the latter it may often be coldly received. Fifth. Like any other theme in the Chris-

tian system, the people should be urged to procure books and read concerning it, as the brief and occasional instructions of the pulpit are insufficient to afford them a just understanding of it. Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, Adam Clarke, Watmough, Treffry, with the biographies of Hester A. Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, Carvosso, and others, are among the best English productions; and Merritt, Peck, 'The Way of Holiness,' and the 'Guide to Holiness,' are the best American aids to seekers of the blessing. To these I would add our hymns under the head of 'Full Redemption,' about eighty pages, which the writer would not exchange for all the sacred psalmody of mere human composition in the world. Both the seekers and the possessors of perfect love should keep some treatise or periodical on the theme constantly with them, and never pass a day without reading on it as time will allow. The Bible should be always consulted in reference to it, and its commands and promises made a *heart-treasure* by all who would be sanctified wholly.

"As the doctrine is preached and the witnesses of the blessing multiply, many cautions will be needed. All that grows up under this cultivation will not be wheat. First. The people should be taught that offenses will come, and should be made ready for them. Some will hypocritically and others ignorantly say they are *sanctified wholly*. Such will bring a reproach upon the cause. Second. When this happens the preacher should be careful not to draw back, and seem ashamed of the doctrine. Let him be forward to bear the reproach, and encourage others to do the same. What would be thought of a minister who should stop preaching regeneration, because some or many who professed to be born again have made shipwreck of faith and become grossly immoral? Third. If the people, some of them, speculate and question in regard to the truth of the doctrine, urge them first to seek, and afterward to speculate. No man ever did or ever will understand it until experience unfolds it. Experience on this theme is as needful to understand it as it is on the mysterious theme of the new birth. O that all the disputers would become humble seekers! Third. When the blessing is attained the possessor of it should be urged *to press on.* How much depends on this none can

express, and none but the experienced can conceive. Standing still will be fatal to any sanctified soul—fatal, I mean, as to his retaining the witness and the comforts of that state.

"I would suggest that we who profess to believe in this doctrine should be most careful of our language in regard to it. Let us never speak of it with lightness. If the doctrine is true, it is most sacredly and solemnly true. Sometimes I have heard it said of an erring or an accused brother, he is one of your sanctified Christians. I care not what offense is charged on that brother; in nine cases out of ten, at a venture, I would rather be guilty of his offense, than to have been the author of such a remark concerning him. For that remark was not so much an insinuation that the brother in question was insincere, as it was a charge by innuendo that all who ever possessed the blessing, as Fisk, Fletcher, and such like, were hypocrites. Nay, it was rather a blow aimed at the doctrine, at the Bible which teaches it, and at the Author of that blessed book."

Diary: "Cincinnati, *September* 14, 1845.—Yesterday closed the Ohio Conference held here. Bishop Soule came, (the Lord be judge between him and me,) and the conference refused to sit under his presidency. I had to interpose with great firmness, or see my beloved Ohio Conference thrown into utter confusion. I believe the Lord helped me and an explosion was avoided. Little did I think such trials awaited me when eighteen months ago I lay sick on the borders of heaven. O Lord, if I have done less or more or otherwise in this trying scene of labor than was right, forgive me for Christ's sake! And forgive him or them who mistakenly or maliciously have troubled our Zion here! I fly to thee for refuge. Amen!"

Rev. Cyrus Brooks, author of the accompanying sketch, was a very reputable member of the Ohio Conference. The scene he describes transpired only the next year after Bishop H.'s election to the superintendency. The time; the place, where he had so long resided; the conference, not only his peers, but his fathers in the ministry, and a class of men of more power, intellectually and morally, could not be found in the Church:

all these considerations weighed heavily on his sensitive, *self*-diffident spirit. And when to *all* was added the presence of Bishop Soule, whom he had been used to love and venerate, in circumstances so peculiar and embarrassing, certainly only divine power could sustain and guide the trembling incumbent through.

It had been rumored the day before that Bishop Soule intended to present himself in the conference at its opening, and Judge M'Lean and Rev. W. H. Raper (one of the older class, and one of the most influential members of the conference, and known also as a personal friend of Bishop Soule) had called on him, and urged that he had better not attend the conference, using every possible dissuasive, but he remained inflexible.

After the scene was over several of the members of the conference hastened to Bishop H.'s lodgings, and with grateful tears rehearsed to his anxious wife the incidents of the morning.

"In the fall of 1845 the Ohio Conference was held in the old Ninth-street Church, Cincinnati, Bishop Hamline presiding. This was the first time he presided in this conference, which was a large and influential body, containing many aged and able men. So far as his ministerial life was concerned he had been reared in this conference, and his modesty had always led him to take a very humble place among his brethren, and now that he was called to go up higher and sit as chief among those brethren, he evidently felt a good deal of embarrassment.

"But this was by no means the most serious cause of embarrassment. Two or three prominent members of the conference were in full sympathy with the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which had just come into being. These men were exceedingly bitter in their feelings, and would hesitate at nothing that promised capital for that pro-slavery organization. They were headed by Bishop Soule, who had acted a conspicuous part in the formation of that Church, and, so far as acts could do it, had fully identified himself with it.

"He had not, however, formally withdrawn from the Methodist Episcopal Church, but still claimed to be a bishop of that Church, in full possession of episcopal functions, and it was

evidently his intention, by the aid of his sympathizers, either to secure a recognition of his claims, or to embarrass as much as possible the proceedings of the conference. He accordingly placed himself in such an attitude as seemed to render it necessary for Bishop Hamline to decide that he was no longer a bishop, and refuse to fraternize with him as such, or else, in the ordinary exercise of episcopal courtesy, invite him to preside in the conference. The case was without precedent. Bishop Hamline had but recently been placed in the episcopal office, while Bishop Soule was venerable in years, and a veteran in the episcopacy.

"We all saw and felt the delicacy of Bishop Hamline's position. The general sentiment, however, seemed to be that it was his duty to protect the conference, so far at least as to give a fair opportunity for the discussion of the subject with an acknowledged bishop in the chair. What were Bishop Hamline's views, or what course he intended to pursue, the conference generally had no means of knowing. Indeed it is not yet known to the writer whether he did or did not agree with the conference in the views afterward expressed. If he did, he evidently thought the responsibility of raising the question of Bishop Soule's status was with the conference rather than himself. If he did not, then he pursued in the beginning the only course he could consistently pursue, and afterward very properly deferred to the judgment of the conference. In either case, though there may be sufficient grounds for a difference of opinion, there certainly can be none for censure.

"Some of the older brethren ascertained that Bishop Soule would be invited to preside in the conference, and determined on the course they would take. The conference assembled next morning, and was opened in the usual form. Bishop Soule was in the chair. Bishop Hamline had placed him there, not as a temporary substitute, but as a colleague — as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and no business could be done without tacitly recognizing him as such; but the conference had no power to remove him. If resolutions should be passed declaring him no longer one of our bishops, and requiring him to vacate the chair,

he would do as he pleased about regarding them. Indeed it was hardly to be expected that he would entertain resolutions looking to his own deposition, and even if he should, they could not be acted upon by the conference without seeming to acknowledge him as its legitimate president during their pendency. If Bishop Hamline's position had been one of great embarrassment before, the position of the conference seemed to be one of hopeless embarrassment now.

"Nevertheless the venerable Jacob Young was promptly on his feet, and offered a paper setting forth the fact of Bishop Soule's virtual withdrawal, and declaring his consequent want of jurisdiction in a conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This paper Bishop Soule refused to entertain, and proceeded to bring before the conference some other business—a communication from the Book Agents at New York perhaps. This communication the conference refused to receive at his hands, or to transact any regular business whatever under his presidency.

"The bishop and the conference were fairly at issue, and neither manifested the least disposition to recede. It was a dead lock. Every one looked anxiously upon his neighbor, and none knew what to do, or what would be the end of these things. Bishop Hamline was censured with great severity, but this did not help matters. The excitement was high, and every moment increasing, and something must be done, and done quickly. Bishop Soule had evidently decided on his course, and the conference must decide upon its course.

"The general impression seemed to be that the only course left us was for the members to retire in a body, and leave the president without a conference; but this measure was revolutionary, and might endanger some of our most vital interests; and besides, as the Discipline says nothing as to the number or proportion of a conference which shall constitute a quorum, it might happen that, instead of dissolving the conference, we should leave Sehon and Latta and Burke and Maley, and perhaps one or two others of like spirit, to constitute the legal Ohio Conference, with Bishop Soule at its head. Some of the more considerate would have hesitated long before taking this step.

"Bishop Soule at length yielded or seemed to yield so far as to relinquish the chair for a time to the Rev. James Quinn; but he was utterly powerless to control the storm, and occupied his seat with evident uneasiness. It was very soon obvious that this expedient would avail nothing. None but one whose episcopal powers were unquestioned could accomplish anything now, nor could the crisis be longer delayed. Christian principle restrained all tendency to violence, yet it cannot be denied that the appearance of the conference was disorderly, almost tumultuous.

"As already stated, the venerable James Quinn was an impotent and uneasy occupant of the presidential chair. Bishop Soule was sitting at his left, and a little in his rear. Bishop Hamline was still further away, and at his right. I happened to be sitting near the president, and almost immediately in front of him, where I could see every movement and catch every word. A large portion of the conference had risen to their feet, and some members I think had left the house. The critical moment had arrived, and it seemed that the next instant must bring hopeless confusion.

"Just at that instant Bishop Hamline stepped upon the platform. I can never forget his appearance. Twenty years have not dimmed the recollection of it in the least. It was full of animation, yet calm, commanding, majestic. No human movement ever so impressed me with the idea of irresistible power. It was power, too, wielded with consummate skill, and for a most beneficent end. I have seen him in some of his happiest moments, in some of the loftiest flights of his sublime eloquence, but I never saw him appear to so good advantage as then. He seemed to me almost more than man.

"As he came forward he said that there were times when it became necessary to waive all considerations of mere courtesy and exercise the authority with which one was intrusted. Such a time had come, and it was clearly his duty now to interpose. As he said this he waved his hand to the temporary chairman at his left, who instantly obeyed the signal and gave place. Bishop Hamline took his seat, order was immediately restored, and business resumed its usual course. A few minutes

afterward a stranger entering the house would not have suspected that anything unusual had occurred in the conference. So sudden and so complete was the restoration of order and confidence, that one could hardly help thinking of the time when the Master said to the tumultuous waves of Gennesaret, 'Peace, be still,' and there was a great calm.

"It was not long until the lofty form of Bishop Soule was seen moving toward the door, with his portfolio under his arm and his hat in his hand. He disappeared, and was seen among us no more."

The following Sabbath at the ordination services Bishop Soule was again present. He knew that Bishop H. could not in any event invite him to assist in the services. The previous scene in the conference had proved that no member there would receive imposition of hands from him; but there he sat like an incubus on the heart of his brother. Bishop H. said with tears, "I could see no motive unless to involve me in blame among the few present who might sympathize with him, and provoke sympathy from others."

From his diary September 24:

"North Indiana Conference sat in Lafayette, Ind. This is one of the most interesting annual conferences I have yet visited. Here I find very holy men. Nearly all our business was done on Saturday noon. Two days and a half would have finished it but for ordinations. Read out the appointments on Monday morning, and rode to Crawfordsville and spent Sabbath, October 5, in Indianapolis, and reached this place to attend the Indiana Conference with Bishop Morris. This is the first annual conference I have been permitted to attend throughout its session with another bishop since my election to office, and from my small experience I expected to find myself in many mistakes. But I am surprised to find how few and unimportant I have committed. I believe it is because God has helped me."

"Lafayette, *Wednesday evening, 5 o'clock.*

"To Mrs. H.,—We have had a good day. Conference has begun in a right spirit. We got well forward in business, and have stationed forty ministers this P. M., only sixty remaining.

I think we shall close on Tuesday morning, and ride to Crawfordsville on Tuesday; spend Wednesday at Greencastle, and reach Indianapolis on Thursday or Friday at furthest. My health is perfect. I trust Providence will preserve you. Were it not for my business, which presses heavily on me, I should greatly wish you here. I think I feel your prayers. Tell the sisters, if they ever wish to do good, to cry unto God for a revival at conference. O may he visit us! I have felt peculiar solemnity in the conference room and stationing room. The Lord appeared, as soon as conference commenced, to my heart in refreshing forms. Thanks to his name! Your letter reached me this morning. Thank you for it. I will write on Friday and Monday if opportunity serves; on Tuesday if we do not start.

"I think there is an improvement in the districts north. Fort Wayne District is said to be rising in piety. I must close, as I am weary. Take care of your health, and may the Lord bless you more and more. I have great peace this evening. O this precious faith, may it grow and grow! The Lord will increase it more and more. I feel strong in God; have been enabled to exhort the brethren with some boldness and comfort several times to-day. Brother Elliott seems to be more and more pious. He prayed with power this morning in conference for mature grace as I never heard him."

"Lafayette, Ind., *September* 28.

"To Mrs. H.,—I have just returned from church. We had a love-feast this morning, where there were more witnesses of perfect love among the ministers than I ever remember to have seen at a conference. Brothers Daniel, Beswick, Marsee and others testified most clearly, and I gave a fuller testimony than ever before; and after an hour called the ministers to the altar, who came in scores and filled it two or three ranks deep. We had three prayers, and there on my knees I exhorted them, amid sighs and groans all around the altar, to consecrate themselves. It was a glorious morning. I tried with a burning heart to preach 'purity of heart,' and applied the subject as never before to ministers. O I am blessed, and I think that a work is going on

here! Though there is a letter in the office to go out to-morrow, I write another, and will add this evening. Keep praying; the Lord will work. This conference is the best, on the whole, I have ever attended. Your prayers in Indianapolis are answered in L.

P. M.—I do not know that the meeting this P. M. was quite equal to what I expected. Brother Wiley, of the Indiana Conference, preached, but did not dwell on, though he mentioned, perfect love. But the Lord is working in the hearts of his ministers, and I believe will work. I am sorry that Dr. Elliott preaches this evening on Romanism, and this may divert some minds; but I trust only for a time. Continue to plead for us.

"My health never was better since the day of my birth than it has been every hour since I left you. I have not been weary but once. 'Labor is rest,' and toil (pain I have not) 'is sweet, if thou, my God, art here!' And he is here. I feel the glowing flame. O may I feel it more and more, and you also! Trust in God—'have faith in God.'

"Brother Dickinson, of Louisville, is here, a charming man! Moved to Indianapolis, to get where he might 'breathe a free atmosphere.'

"I commit you to God and the word of his grace, who is able to build you up and grant you [us] an inheritance among 'all them that are sanctified.'"

"Gallipolis, Ohio, November 16: In consequence of the death of Brother Ferree, presiding elder of this district, I have been in this neighborhood some three weeks attending quarterly meetings, and doing what I could. This is a barren place at present, but when God shall build up Zion he will appear in his glory. Come, Lord Jesus!"

CHAPTER XI.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: THIRD YEAR.

At the commencement of 1846 Bishop Hamline was engaged in a series of revival services in Lawrenceburgh, Indiana. Writing to his friends in New York, he says:

"This is a day of His power here. The Methodist Church has been noted in this place for its wealth, its backslidings, its internal strifes, and other inconsistencies. But, blessed be God! a change has come over them. We came here on New Year's to spend two or three days, and have been with them twenty-two days. More than seventy have joined the Church. But the greatest blessing is, more than a hundred church members have been converted—truly converted; for I believe there was not a sinner in town more removed from justification than many of them were. Your little 'Way of Holiness' is leading some of them into liberty.

"I am much blessed in my own soul. This day I feel that I am near to the Saviour, dwelling in him, laboring in his strength, and glorying in his cross. 'All is well!' Mrs. H. has written all I could say about a journey East. I am His who sent me, and wait his will. If our beloved sister die before we see her, it is so short a journey to glory that I could scarcely feel like saying *farewell*. O how near faith brings eternity! Truly it is the subsistence of things hoped for. Write a line at a time. 'The best of all is, God is with us.' O remember that!"

"Cincinnati, *February* 27, 1846.—I have spent the last three months thus: In Athens with my dear friends, and Brother Jacob Young, one week; four weeks in Lawrenceburgh in a glorious revival, preaching twenty-two sermons with other labor; one week at Aurora, and on Cheviot circuit; some days in Portsmouth, Ohio, and several in this city and vicinity, preaching the word and writing. I have had some blessed

seasons. Glorious revivals are breaking out in almost every part of the Northwest. Eleven hundred accessions to the Church are reported in one week by the Western Christian Advocate. In this city, where 'grievous wolves' have 'entered in, not sparing the flock,' the Lord is doing wonders. Wesley Chapel is all alive under the ministry of Rev. J. M. Trimble, and many are getting the blessing of perfect love. Glory be to God!"

To a minister who had been molested in his work in one of the border conferences, he writes:

"CINCINNATI, *February* 20, 1846.

"From all I can learn, I think it probable that the next General Conference will form an annual conference of Northwestern Virginia. I did not suppose any preachers would be sent from the South into the Ohio Conference after the stations for the year were made out in the Ohio and the bordering conferences. I consider it a violation of the plan if any such are sent into Kanawha District. And if that be the case, I wish all the Ohio preachers to pursue their work, preaching to all who will hear them, and in the spirit of their Master saving all the souls they can.

"There were no border appointments in the Ohio Conference that declined receiving a preacher from their own conference at its last session, and none such applied by a majority vote for preachers from Kentucky or any other conference south. Our preachers were sent there for the year, and we desire them to pursue their work, not disputing with any, but with much prayer and mighty faith doing and suffering, remembering it is enough if the disciple be as his Master.

"You will keep the charge of Guyandotte circuit through the year, as long as people will receive your ministrations, whoever may come from the South with instructions to supersede you. If *all* withdraw from the Methodist Episcopal Church, you may consider yourself released, and return to Ohio. The districts are under our jurisdiction for the year, and we cannot surrender the field in an irregular manner. When the year runs out the question may remain whether the

Plan requires us to yield up the territory which has once acquiescingly adhered to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The resolutions of your quarterly meeting conference seem decided, and will encourage you in your duty. We will not forget to remember you, and plead for God's aid to enable you to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. Live near the throne. Say but little about the difficulty, but talk much of Jesus. Get all the people to pray without ceasing. Speak evil of none on the other side. Like Micah the prophet, plead with God till you can say, 'I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord.' Then you shall go forth like a mighty man. The Lord bless you, my dear brother, and 'teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight,' so that 'a bow of steel shall be broken by your hands.'"

"Cincinnati, *May* 9.—This day closes the forty-ninth year of my life. What a waste of years is behind me. I am an old man, but have done little for my Lord. I often wish to die: holy joys so swell my bosom that I long, as Paul did, to depart and be with Christ. But I chide the longing. In view of my wasted years I should long and struggle to live and labor and suffer for Christ. O for ten or fifteen years, if that might be, of hard labor for God and his well-beloved Son. I have been absent near nine weeks in Xenia, Loudon, Columbus, Reynoldsburgh, Lura, Hebron, Jackson, Rushville, Zanesville, Brownville, New Carlisle, Mt. Vernon, Utica, Newark, Charleston, Sharonville, and Lockland. Preached some thirty-five times in those places. Often filled with holy joy. Glory be to God!

"May 11.—The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is in session at Petersburgh. Bishops Soule and Andrew are their presidents. Each has, in leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church, shot a Parthian arrow; the one complaining of the loose views of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject of episcopal authority; the other characterizing the Northerners as wildly and waywardly fanatic. All these things make not for peace. Denunciation is too common in these days. Things that I knew not are laid to my charge. Unholy accusations from unholy lips (alas! that I must say in some instances *lying*

lips, for that is proven) might vex me were it not that the Lord turns the edge of their sword, and their weapons hurt me not. I desire to 'bless them that curse' me. I do bless them in the name of the Lord.

"Left Cincinnati, May 27, for the Pittsburgh Conference. Visited Mr. D., sick. Took dinner at Dr. C. Elliott's, and stayed at night with Benjamin Stewart, at Madison. The settlement of my business has diverted me, but God will help me to recollection. Preached at night to about one hundred persons, suddenly collected in the small neat Madison Chapel."

"CINCINNATI, *May* 9, 1846.

"TO REV. J. PERKINS,—The purpose I mentioned to write to you has never been forgotten; but the great agitation kept up on Church difficulties has added much to the busy engagements which were inevitably connected with my relation to the Church, and I have deferred my letter till now.

"I trust you are finding great spoil for your soul and for your Saviour in your private devotions and public ministrations. There seems to me nothing more to be desired for us than to get by faith, and communicate by prayer and exhortation, the good things of Christ's kingdom. Paul so hungered after such riches, that he would fain have died to seize them, for he says 'having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' And he was content to bestow no other charity but salvation, quieting himself in his lack of silver and gold by wishing he were accursed (as was Christ) 'for his kinsmen according to the flesh.' What should any minister of Jesus want but to be holy and diffuse holiness. These two will make him like Christ, and anything almost besides will make him *un*like Christ. It is Christ's great office and work, by his death and reign, and by sending with his Father the Holy Spirit to purify to himself a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle. And how wonderful that he should condescend to make poor sinful worms as we are, ourselves first partakers of the great salvation, and then instruments of communicating it to others."

"*Sabbath, May* 31.—At Hillsborough my first visit to stay any. On Tuesday night stayed at Allentown. A dying woman,

just by the tavern, visited; talked and prayed with her. In great distress; sometimes 'out of her mind;' seemed more calm while I talked and prayed. Have some hope that she found Christ. She died in the night.

"*Saturday*, 6.—Reached Brother W.'s quarterly meeting, two miles from Hillsborough. Preached at eleven o'clock.

"WHEELING, *June* 15, 1846.

"To MRS. P.,—Having started on our way to the conferences, I write to solicit your special supplications on my labors this year. You know I have said that you 'prayed me into this work and now must pray me through.' Though I might have chosen graver language, I deem this just. So unexpected an allotment must have come, I deem, by special measures. For two years, I am constrained to acknowledge, God has helped me. If prayer be continued for me, I still have hope. I am now on my way to the Pittsburgh Conference as a visitor, (Bishop Morris presiding,) and on the 9th or 10th of July start for Galena, Ill., a long journey to the Rock River Conference. My conferences are as follows: At Galena, August 12; Iowa Conference, (at Bloomington, Iowa,) September 2; Illinois Conference, at Paris, Ill., Sept. 23; and Indiana Conference, (at Connersville, Ind.,) October 7. At these times plead with God for us.

"Deep impressions were made at the conferences last year on the subject of perfect love. As one minister after another has written to me, and announced 'liberty' from sin, and stated that he left conference resolved never to rest without the blessing. I have sunk in deep humility before God. O may he use us still as his instruments!

"I say *us*, for I deem Mrs. H.'s labors are, if anything, more fully blest than my own. We enjoy the presence and holy smile of the all-seeing God. My soul trembles often under the weight of his love. He draws me by the sweet violence of faith and love after and near him. I feel like giving him glory.

"OHIO RIVER, NEAR GALLIPOLIS, *July* 17, 1846.

"To DR. AND MRS. P.,—May the God of Israel bless you, and restoring and preserving your health (if it be his holy pleasure)

enable you to do more, *much* more than ever for Christ and his cause. Amen!"

"I write on this jarring boat to solicit your special prayers in our behalf. We have just spent three weeks in traveling through the country toward Uniontown, Pa., to attend Bishop Morris's conference. We make all this journey—Providence permitting, in a private carriage, through regions proverbially sickly—over the corduroy bridges of Indiana, and through swales, forests, and prairies of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, for the purpose of visiting the societies and preaching the gospel of the kingdom. Do follow us with your earnest prayers, and especially at the conferences let us not be forgotten.

"The work of holiness is progressing in the West. A large number of the ministers have professed the blessing the last winter. On one circuit alone one hundred members have obtained the blessing. The conferences last year were seasons of refreshing to my own soul, and it seems, by God's grace, to many of the brethren. A leading brother in North Indiana, somewhat skeptical, of great influence, especially in the higher circles, obtained the blessing at New Years, and preached on the subject with great power. Nine of his station obtained the blessing in a few days. He writes that at conference he resolved to rest no more till he had tested the doctrine by a thorough effort to seek the blessing. On our present journey we met with a sister whose husband (a member of the North Indiana Conference) experienced the blessing at conference. Of this we had not before heard. Thanks be to God if our conferences, so often dreaded by the preachers as seasons of backsliding, can be attended by such results!

"Mrs. H. is as well as usual at this season of the year. I have urged her to spend the summer in New York; but she *will* go with me. It will try her strength to the utmost. Yet in truth I need her. I find her conversation with the preachers often does more good than all my exhortations in the conference. A remarkable power also attends her prayers. Under them souls have been directly and powerfully sanctified. Pray earnestly for her also, and that Satan may not hinder us, for there are many adversaries."

In reply to a letter of inquiry from a minister on the witness of holiness, he says:

"CINCINNATI, *October* 23, 1846.

"To REV. S. T. GILLETT,—Since your welcome letter reached me (of the 20th of July) I have been, until now, so constantly under the pressure of conference duties as to forbid all but *business* correspondence. I gladly embrace a short respite from labor to write to yourself and several other friends whose letters have necessarily been unanswered.

"I feel indescribable satisfaction in the state of things which I discover to exist in some parts of our work. In the Ohio Annual Conference there is a marked and gratifying change for the better in regard to experimental and practical godliness. The conference is, I know not but fifty per cent. or more, above what it has been for the last fourteen years in these particulars. In this city there is at Wesley Chapel, Ninth-street, Ebenezer, Morris Chapel, and Fulton a very great and glorious change. All this improvement seems to me connected as a result with preaching 'perfect love.' For six years this theme has been dwelt upon by the members of this conference, and one after another has stepped into the great light and liberty and strength of that state, until, in some districts, probably one third or more of the preachers enjoy the blessing. The state of mind mentioned in your letter, '*doubts*, not as to the *reality*, but as to the *extent* of the work,' does not seem to me discouraging, for one reason, namely, that a work of grace may progress rapidly in our hearts without our knowing the present extent of that work. The Israelites needed not to know how near they were to Canaan, in order to make their marches as regularly and as rapidly as the pillar of cloud and of fire should admonish them. It was necessary, however, that when these guiding signs moved they should always continue moving after them; and that if in any other way (as by a command delivered to Moses or Joshua) God said unto them, 'Go forward,' they should not hesitate to advance, even if Jordan were in the way and the Anakim threatened them. The command is to us, 'believe.' The promise is we 'shall be saved.' The sea or the Jordan may interpose, but let us not hesitate to proceed. 'The

sons of giants' may be waiting to devour us, but let us go forward. Heaven forbid that our doubts and fears should turn us back some years into a wilderness.

"It seems to me your experience of entire purity is *perfectly clear.* I have not known any case that seems more satisfactory. What a treasure of grace is committed to Christ's servant who has been permitted to feel that he was placed in the 'bosom of God!' What a treasure is that *faith* (of 'the operation of God') which carries the soul into such nearness *to* and union *with* the Father and the Son!

"I have thought that we lose much in making mere intellectual efforts to *know* our religious states. The time spent in studying that point seems to me in my own case worse than lost. Indeed, I never attempt it but I get *a fall.* 'The things of God' (in us) knoweth no man, 'but the Spirit of God' (knows them.) If the time spent in *searching* were spent in *prayer* to God to *teach* us what he has wrought in us, would it not be more effectual? This Spirit can by one moment's witnessing do more to teach us our religious state than our own unaided intellectual labors can accomplish in an indefinite period.

"But again; may we not err in *praying* even for this knowledge of our state more than is a just proportion? To *go on* is our great duty. And whether we have now less or more of grace, motion, progress, is our great duty. I suppose that the knowledge of our progress, if it be *rapid*, may encourage us; yet there may be almost equal, if not greater, danger that it will lead us to pride, or to presumption. And maybe we are often uninformed of our state, either because its *lowness* would lead us into despair, or its heights into unsafe elations of feeling or of hope. I believe where the soul maintains the attitude of pressing forward all will be well. God will guide if we will but spread the sail; and pleading and waiting for the breezes of the Spirit, in the mean time yield the world, creatures, self, and all up to his power.

"You say you 'feel very anxious to be clear in the profession of this grace.' Feeling thus, should we not keep to the profession that we may be clear in it? Every failure to confess at

the proper time and place will doubtless darken the mind exceedingly and becloud the evidence."

Extract of letter to Rev. J. Young, October 20:

"We start away in two or three weeks, to be gone for months. When I shall see you I know not. But, as you say, if not before, I trust in heaven. I am striving for that world. Sometimes the wings of my soul are heavy and I fear. But I can go to Jesus. Should I not be thankful for such a privilege? . . . The Lord bless you abundantly and sanctify you to himself, and bring us all to the pure and lasting fellowships above through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"HARRISBURGH, *November* 27, 1846.

"To REV. Z. H. COSTON,—As I could not have the pleasure, in the order of Providence, of seeing you in Pittsburgh but a few minutes, I write a line that I may enjoy partially the satisfaction which your society would have afforded me. I needed your counsel while in the city on two or three points, but could not when I desired get to see you, and so, committing my way unto the Lord, went forward in the best way I could.

"I had brought fresh to my mind the visit you paid to Wellsburgh in 1830, (I think it was,) when you were in health, and had the great comfort of going in and out before God's people. I have often inquired, mentally, how you endure the deprivation to which you must now be subject. I have long believed that to suffer is more trying than to do the will of God. Do you find it so? The 'Master' has, in his inscrutable but unerring wisdom, given you a long trial of the former. And it seems you have but a small hope of being permitted to return to the work which you had learned to love so ardently. So that as you look back on years of past disability, so you are compelled to look forward also to coming years of superannuation. Surely you have found it a trial, my dear brother, and will realize it to be a severe one still. I find it a cross to spend *one* Sabbath without preaching Christ; yet you, who loved the work perhaps more than I was capable of loving it, have by the providence of God been deprived weeks and months (nay, years

in some measure) of so great and blessed a privilege. Yet we do know that our heavenly Father can make his grace *sufficient* for us under all bereavements. With whatever 'thorn in the flesh' he may permit Satan to 'buffet' us, he has always such strengthening cordials for us under the chastisement as shall make that buffeting a most wholesome discipline for our souls in preparing us for our seats and crowns above.

"I have often thought with myself, 'What would I do if in the course of a wise and righteous Providence I were called to cease from my labors and spend a few years in a superannuated state?' And I have pretty much concluded as follows, namely: 1. I would seek some mode of employing myself in Church services of some sort. 2. If I could preach once a Sabbath fifteen minutes I would do it. 3. If I could not preach at all, I would *hear* preaching six, seven, eight, or nine times a week, and attend several classes. 4. It seems to me that some five or six hours a day I would devote to devotional and theological reading and prayer, and study the Bible as diligently as though I had to preach four sermons a week to the same congregation, and strive hard to keep up the spirit of preaching though forbidden its use. 5. I believe if I could possibly live without it, I would allow myself to engage in *no business*, except, if necessary, to make the usual arrangements for living day by day, as marketing, etc., such as belong to every family. If possessed of much property I would not have even the care of it, but employ an agent, and pay him liberally (as I now do) for renting my houses, collecting my rents, and keeping my business affairs all settled up, so that my only office will be examining his accounts and passing receipts. 6. To save all applications to myself, and compel all who have business with me to transact it through my agent. I would not live where my property lies, knowing if I did I must inevitably get entangled with its affairs. 7. If, coming to this superannuated state, my income will not support me in a city, I intend to go to a village; and if it will not keep me in a village, I will go to the country, rent a decent cabin and garden, and live near some little church on $100 per year, talking of Jesus to my wife and neighbors, and reading the Bible, Hymn book, Bramwell, and Fletcher, and Carvosso,

etc., and pleading with God to help me and mine and the Church on toward heaven. But maybe I shall never try it. Indeed, from some disorder prevailing in my chest, I am apt to think I shall die suddenly, without much interval between the pulpit and the grave. The will of the Lord be done!

"We were indebted to our excellent Sister Coston for an evening of Christian society and night's rest at your home, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the comfort but your own cheerful and cheering presence. The Lord be pleased to give us eternal communion with the saints in heaven! Mrs. H. and myself left on Monday, reached here on Wednesday at nine o'clock A. M., and finding signs of a revival here, and a meeting in progress, and Brother Castle almost worn out and sick, I stay until next week, Mrs. H. having gone on to New York to see my son."

CHAPTER XII.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: FOURTH YEAR.

Bishop Hamline observes in regard to his election to the episcopacy that "a translation in the chariot of Elijah could not have overtaken him more unexpectedly;" and adds, "until called by my brethren (and, as I am firmly persuaded, by God's providence and Spirit) to the solemn duties of the superintendency, I did not deem my daily experience could be of sufficient moment as to render it important to record it; but it may be useful or gratifying to some that it should be known how the Lord has led me in the secret journeyings of my soul along the trying yet blessed paths of my pilgrimage."

This year we are furnished with a more minute diary of his rapid journeyings and short respites from labor. He enters upon the year engaged in labors on Staten Island. January 1, 1847, we find the following entry:

"Spent this day on Staten Island and in returning to New York. Last evening preached at Woodrow Church, previous evening in the center of the island, and on Tuesday evening at New Richmond.

"On my way across the island visited 'Father Boehm,' many years the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury. He is now above seventy years of age, and is a patriarch in Israel. I hear that Bartine and one or two others in New Jersey Conference are his seniors. The Lord blesses him, leaning on his staff.

"*Sunday*, 3.—Preached in the morning at Forsyth-street, for Brother Stratton, on 'Ephraim joined to idols!' Lord save! Preached at three P. M. for Brother White at Eighteenth-street. A good time: 'Children of God by faith.' Night at Willett-street. Mercies of God attend me. Some trials, many blessings.

"New York, *January* 5.—At Dr. P.'s. I enjoy precious privileges in the society of this holy family. Intimate acquaintance changes approval into admiration of God's grace in them. I know two persons at least who live up to their profession. Jesus can make his disciples wonderfully like himself. In these I find a proof. Grace has been here with her plummet and line. The stones are all shaped and polished ready for the temple. They will be used by the great Builder as his wisdom pleases. The polisher knows where. My soul is helped.

"'And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet.'

"*Thursday*, 7.—I have met at Dr. P.'s and conversed with two brethren whom I greatly desired to see, President Mahan and Professor Upham. They seem to me to be exceedingly devoted Christians. I deem them both sanctified men, and pioneers in spreading holiness in the Congregational Church.

"*Saturday*, 9.—Spent this week in New York. Sat for a portrait at the solicitation of Dr. P. If we get to heaven it seems a waste to be pictured on earth. Shall we not live forever? How will such a sinner as I have been look, washed and glorified in heaven!

"*Sunday*, 10.—Spent this day in Elizabethtown. Visited Brothers Rogers and Fauks. Had a comfortable season with the people. A new neat chapel is finished, but heavily in debt.

"*Monday*, 11.—Spent this day and three following days in Newark with Dr. D. P. Kidder. An amiable family. Not well. This is a beautiful place.

"*Wednesday*, 13.—Spent the time within. Wrote all day.

"In family prayer I wish to leave my dictionary, whether English, Greek, or Hebrew, out of sight, and also my geography, natural history, metaphysics, and all else but God. Just then I would be as Moses was in the cleft of the rock, able to think of nothing but the overwhelming presence and glory of God.

"RAHWAY, *Sunday*, 17.—Preached in the morning, but sick this evening. Methodism trembles in this region. Subject of perfect love is strange to the ears of many. Spiritual death prevails of course. Methodist preachers shall answer for it at the bar of God. He who stands up at the altar and repeats the usual answers to the solemn questions in the conference examination, and then makes light of the doctrine of perfect love, is fit for almost anything but the pulpit. According to Mr. Wesley he is either a dishonest man, or he has lost his memory.

"NEW YORK, *Thursday*, 21.—This day assisted in dedicating the new church at Tompkins Square. The Lord gave me a good season; was present in his word, and his love burned in my soul. Blessed be his name for ever and ever. Amen!

"*Saturday*, 23.—Went to New Brunswick. Put up with Brother B., a good man, and an extensive shipper. He loves religion, and few men, they say, of his means and business, live so much like a Christian. C., of Michigan Conference, the pastor. Preached twice. A great dearth prevails here. Preacher is smooth, polished. He needs perfect love. The people need it. They are as near death as they well can be, yet live. In the language of the word, 'are ready to die.'"

"NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., *January* 23, 1847.

"TO REV. EDWARD D. ROE,—For several weeks I have been thinking of the circumstances of my acquaintance with you, its commencement, progress, and—close? The strong hope of meeting you and living with you forever in company with a great number of redeemed souls whom I knew on earth, and an innumerable company whom I knew not, often fills me with unspeakable comfort. The thought of it in connection with individual Christian acquaintances is exceedingly pleasant. I have thought of it frequently of late in connection with Brother Roe.

"The last time I spoke with you, unless I forget, was on the sidewalk in Cincinnati in October 1845. You were then in a superannuated relation, and somewhat dejected as I supposed, and on parting with you it seemed to me probable enough

that our next meeting would be in heaven. My own health was peculiarly affected, and yours was evidently feeble. You are now, by the providence of God, restored to the delightful labors of the ministry, and I am in no worse health, perhaps somewhat better. God's ways are not as our thoughts, thanks to his name!

"I saw you seventeen years ago, a merchant. How rapidly time has run! It seems scarcely so long since, in company with my now sainted wife, I rode from Washington, six miles, and you with us, on the 'little bay;' but it is seventeen years last or will be next September. What a large breach in one's life is seventeen years! Well, my dear brother, we do not regret it, only that we have not been more diligent and lived nearer to Jesus.

'But he forgives our follies past.'

"I have been able to preach from three to five times a week this winter. My labors have been in New York and New Jersey, where I now am, and tending toward Pennsylvania, and so on toward the Baltimore Conference, which sits in four or five weeks. I have two petitions to present: 1. That you will give me your prayers, especially in regard to my labors this spring, that God will conduct me safely through embarrassing scenes in connection with our border difficulties; and, 2. That, if it be not a disagreeable task, you will favor me with a few lines, friendly and affectionate, for Christ's sake, and let me hear a word about the grace of God toward you and in you, in your return to the pleasant work of preaching Christ and him crucified.

"I am happy to say that Christ is precious to me, and that, through much tribulation, I hope to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"I pray God to bless you abundantly in all things, to preserve and increase your strength, and to bring us to his kingdom above, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"TRENTON, *Wednesday*, 27.—Reached here at twelve o'clock. Preached at night in a lovely chapel to a good congregation. A cold time. Went around the cross. This always chills the

people. Put up here with Brother Whitaker. An excellent man and family. Preached at night in the new erected chapel, a young society of sixty or seventy. Brother Ayres is stationed here, and a young Brother Purley in the new charge.

"PHILADELPHIA, *Friday*, 29.—Reached the city at two o'clock, and put up with J. J. Boswell, Esq., a wealthy and worthy family, members of Union charge. This is indeed a beautiful city. A man for the world might desire it. I am for Christ.

"*Saturday*, 30.—Spent the day pleasantly. Saw several preachers. Talented and pious brethren. O may the great Head of the Church bless them! Have had a comfortable day.

"*Sunday*, *January* 31.—Preached in the morning at Union; had comfort and some freedom. At night tried in 'old St. George's.' A great crowd. I find if any 'running after' comes upon me I am discouraged, so also if there is a great falling off. Agur's prayer about riches seems to meet my views in regard to a congregation: 'give me neither a crowd nor empty seats;' but I should always leave this to God. I have comfort to-day, and feel that I am on my journey home. 'Home!' precious word!

"*Wednesday*, *February* 3.—Preached this evening at Union. A great storm, but good congregation for the evening. Tried to preach to Christians. Cold, cold, yet some warm praying hearts. O the Church! Jesus, thou hast purchased; save it.

"*Thursday*, 4.—Had at Brother H.'s a pious evening. Mrs. Cookman there. What a monument of God's sanctifying grace! She said, 'I should have died of grief before now, but for that perfect love which enabled me, and does enable me now, to say, "Thy will be done."'

"*Friday*, 5.—Preached this evening in Wharton-street Church. A good congregation. By mistake walked about three miles before preaching. Expounded, and rather a dull time. Lord, give me far holier and mightier labors in thy blessed cause!

"*Saturday*, 6.—I pant for God this day. Many precious friends call to see us. God is merciful to this family, (Mr. Boswell's.) His wife is panting after God, the living God. May she be filled with righteousness!

"*Sunday*, 7.—Preached at Trinity Church in the morning, and in Eighth-street Church at night. One of my happiest days. O how full has my unworthy soul been of God, the living God! It is near unto heaven to spend such a morning in this way in God's house. O may there be fruit of my labor!

"CAMDEN, N. J., *Monday*, 8.—Have started on a three weeks' tour. Lord go with me. Preached this evening to a crowded house. Tried to be faithful. Reproved cold and wandering professors. May the word take effect. Lord, save!

"*Tuesday*, 9.—Great mercies to-day. In private and in communing with saints Christ was in me the hope of glory. Truly could I say, 'The best of all is God is with us.' Not able to attend meeting at night, but filled unutterably full of glory and of God. Death looks sweet. I long to depart and be with Christ.

"BURLINGTON, *Wednesday*, 10.—Preached to-night in pain and under physical weakness. A large auditory. Small fruit. They are about to pull down a church here and build a new one. I think it might be better to let the old one stand, and build a new one in the south-east part of the town. The old house will hold nearly as many as the new one planned, and is a strong, solid chapel. It is not elegant, but Methodism can dispense with that.

"MOUNT HOLLY, *Thursday*, 12.—Preached last night and to-night in this place. Weak breast; rather cold. Some comfort. Many precious people here. Excellent society. Put up with the presiding elder, Brother Porter, a good man and faithful minister. Methodism has about as fair a representation here as anywhere in these regions. A large, good church, and a pious membership, and several local preachers, who are useful. I have had comfort here, but not an overflow.

"*Sunday*, 14.—Preached twice. Used my strength freely. Baptists have a meeting and converts and baptisms—nine last Sabbath and twelve to-day. They have held their meetings three weeks, and we have given them the ground. Surely they will not complain if we begin now.

"PEMBERTON, *Monday*, 15.—A good day to my poor soul; deep, precious peace. Prayer-meeting in the basement at six A. M. Sisters' prayer-meeting at two P. M. Mrs. H. attends, and speaking meeting at night, and all the church at the altar. Glory be to God for his goodness!

"*Tuesday*, 16.—Not so joyful a day as yesterday. Prayer-meeting at six A. M. Many out. Preaching at night; large auditory; very serious. Our Baptist brethren push the battle. Lord bless them abundantly, and bless thy needy Methodist children also.

"*Wednesday*, 17.—A precious prayer-meeting at six A. M., preaching at ten A. M., and a better season I have scarcely had or seen in my life. O glorious baptism of the Spirit! Thou waterest thy heritage, O Lord! This morning our bow abode in strength, for God himself was with us truly.

"*Thursday*, 18.—Prayer-meeting at six o'clock A. M., preaching at nine. Much worn down. 'The flesh is weak.' Have had a good season, however. The Lord has verily been present with me here. O what seasons of refreshing! Never shall I forget them. My chamber at Brother A.'s has been a bethel indeed.

"May the Lord in mercy bless and save this people. Here are more aged Christians than I remember to have seen in one small town. Father Van Ness, an acquaintance of J. Wesley's, within two months of Wesley's age when he died. He loves the name and memory of that wonderful man. Bodine, fifty years a Methodist, and Mrs. Budd, seventy years a member—a grandmother in Israel. The inscription on their beautiful chapel is, 'Erected A. D. 1775, and rebuilt 1835. Lord bless this people, and may the glory never depart! Amen!

"NEWTOWN, PA., *Sunday*, 21.—Came on Thursday from Pemberton to Mount Holly and put up with Brother James, whose godly wife so resembles her sanctifying Lord that it brings to mind the saying, 'For he who sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one.' Friday came through Burlington and Trenton to this place to dedicate the new church, 36 by 50. Dreadful weather to-day. Prayer-meeting in the morning, (best dedication,) preaching and prayer-meeting

P. M. at old house, dedication sermon at night in the new house. A good congregation for such a fearful storm. It was a blessed day for my soul until night, when I was worn out; spirits flagged, poor preaching, and felt ashamed to render to Christ so poor, *poor* a service. Fear I did not get the right subject. I rejoice I have 'an Advocate with the Father.' Jesus, forgive and save!

"*Wednesday*, 24.—Preached twice to-day with great comfort. God was in the midst of us. Young Brother Cookman preached at night. Small congregations. As the weather prevented collections for the church on Sabbath they were received to-day, and amounted to $275, leaving the new church about $150 in debt. This is a good day.

"*Thursday*, 25.—A pleasant day. Brother Hand preached at night. Theme, 'Christ and his government.' My soul rejoiced. A solemn season. The Lord is near this people. Weather has been rather unfavorable most of the time.

"DOYLESTOWN, PA., *Friday*, 26.—Rode fourteen miles to this place this P. M. Preached this night to about one hundred souls. Methodism low as to numbers, but a good chapel and an attentive congregation. Put up with Judge Smith; not a member, but an afflicted, and, I judge, a serious family. Not a lively season in public.

"NEWTOWN, PA., *Saturday*, 27.—Rode from Doylestown this morning in a dreadful storm. One of my worst journeys on a small scale. We were in a one-horse sleigh, snow half gone, rain and wind in our faces. I worked hard to hold an umbrella braced against the storm, and we reached fourteen miles in three hours.

"*Sunday*, 28.—Preached twice; not warm in my affections. Not one of my best Sabbaths. Let me bless God for the past, and trust him for the future.

"PHILADELPHIA, *March* 1.—Came to the city and put up with my dear friends, the Boswells. A pleasant home. The Lord bless us here for Christ's sake. Absent three weeks; preached seventeen times.

"*Tuesday*, 2.—Bishops Waugh, Morris, and Janes in town for the bishops' meeting, but Bishop Hedding not here. Spent

much of the day with them. Not prayer enough. Seven o'clock. Bishop Hedding has arrived; very feeble.

"*Wednesday*, 3.—Bishops' meeting in progress. Offered a resolution which will serve to make the line of separation a fixed, not a movable line, as our Southern brethren intend, and it was unanimously agreed to. It was agreed also that circuits have no privilege of voting.

"*Friday*, 5.—Bishops closed their meeting. I offered two resolutions asserting that Kanawha District, Ohio Conference, and King George, Westmoreland, Lancaster, and Warrenton Circuits, Baltimore Conference, still belong to our work, and are to be supplied by us. Carried unanimously. It was also agreed, *nem. con.*, that the plan of separation had been violated in Cincinnati, (Soule Chapel,) and on the Peninsula, (Philadelphia Conference,) as well as in Kanawha and the above circuits. The subject of visiting Liberia to ordain missionaries was up. All against going. Got a resolution passed not to object. Lord, shall I go? Teach me.

"Baltimore, *Sunday* 7.—Preached in the morning at Light-street; a good time. P. M. went three quarters of a mile on foot to a German love-feast. Weary and sick. Preached at night at Charles-street. Splendid church; not much like the manger or the cross.

"*Monday*, 8.—Dined at Colonel Berry's. Short visit. Supped at F. Israel's, a rare family; harmless and heaven-bound. O that all of us Methodists could be like them or like Christ! Missionary anniversary at night in Light-street.

"Washington City, D. C., *Tuesday*, 9.—One fourth of a century since I was here. Baltimore Conference commences to-morrow. Lord, help me, and help thy ministers!"

"Washington City, *March* 10, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—Opened the conference myself. Bishop Morris present. Read the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, and sung a hymn. Prayer by Bishop Morris, Brother Gere, and Brother Guest. A good time. Addressed them five minutes on the importance of order, diligence, and devotion, the last above all. It was a pleasant session.

"We open at nine A. M., and adjourn at one P. M. Presiding elders meet at three P. M. Brethren are generally very kind. I feel thankful, and promise my heavenly Father more gratitude and fidelity. My best love to those you are with. Lord, bless!"

"*March* 11.—Conference progressed rapidly. Last year it sat seventeen or eighteen days, this year I hope it may adjourn in nine days. If the Lord will aid (and his servants seeking he will aid) we may close on Friday the 19th.

"*Saturday*, 13.—Nearly half the business of conference is finished unless some unforeseen difficulties arise. Lord, help! I feel firmly resolved to urge holiness of heart on Christ's members. I will die rather than give it up. God help me to be faithful!

"*Sunday*, 14.—Preached this morning to an overflowing congregation from 'pure in heart.' Ordained twenty traveling and six local brethren as deacons. Not a very good season in some respects. Too crowded and close; but thank God it was no worse. Many preachers were present, and I tried to discharge my duty by urging on all the doctrine of entire sanctification, and exhorting them to seek it. O that I had more of it in my own heart! Yet the Lord has done great things for me indeed. Since March, 1842, I have enjoyed new states of grace, which I was till then a stranger to. It is on this ground alone that I am able to say, 'Cast down, but not destroyed.' I should have been destroyed root and branch but for the strength which God has given me. I have often, under the provocations connected with the disunion of the Church, found that nothing could support me but grace, abundant grace. Men have in this matter laid to my charge things which I knew not, and these have been published in religious journals without the least shadow of authority, and when proven false have not been retracted, but were permitted to go to the world as solemn and well attested truth. I can by grace forgive and forget. And I pray God to save the agents of so unwarrantable a mischief. Two of these agents have, I doubt not, been actuated by a spirit of deep,

diabolical malice; but so much the more do I pray, 'Lord, forgive them!'

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *Saturday*, 20.—Closed the Baltimore Conference. It is said to have been the shortest, most harmonious and devout session they have had for many years. I anticipated great difficulty. The Lord has opened our way. It has fatigued me beyond measure; but thanks be to God!

"*Sunday*, 21.—Preached this morning with much effort (being exhausted) in M'Kendree Chapel. President Polk and family, and Secretary Buchanan, and other officers of the government present. Tried to deal faithfully with all; but O for power in preaching! I mourn."

Of this conference a correspondent of the "Baltimore Clipper" says: "Bishop Hamline remarked that on his pillow last night he thought long of an unfortunate 'brother.' He would not mention his name, but leave it with the secretary at the table, where the members of the conference could learn it. He felt satisfied that if they could render pecuniary assistance it would cause the poor brother's heart to swell with gratitude. (The bishop was understood to refer to a preacher who, by sickness, or other cause, involved himself in debt, which it was feared would injure his efficiency in his ministerial labor.) Two collectors were appointed, who reported $115 45 as the result of their labor. Sixty-five dollars in addition were subsequently subscribed. A more gratifying exhibition of brotherly charity was perhaps never before witnessed. . . .

"Bishop Hamline arose and delivered an eloquent, earnest, and affectionate address. He enforced the necessity of class-meetings as peculiarly belonging to the economy of the Methodist Church; without them it would droop and die. Other denominations might get along without them, but the Methodists could not. Persons who neglected them or would not attend to them had no right to remain in the Church. The minister should insist on an enforcement of the Discipline in this particular, and all others. Better lop off the useless branches than suffer them to embarrass the tree and impede its growth. Many parents have relaxed moral discipline, permitting Sabbath-school instruction to do what they neglect;

therefore that cause should be near and dear to every minister. The missionary enterprise was another important institution of the Church, and was worthy of the most strenuous Christian efforts.

"The bishop read several extracts from the writings of Mr. Wesley, urging on one of his preachers the necessity of Christian perfection, entire holiness of heart, to be received by simple faith. He also referred to the London Conference held forty years ago, which insisted that no one should hold an office in the Church unless he believed in total depravity, the atonement of Christ and his divinity, justification by faith, entire holiness, as understood by the Methodists. These were the cardinal doctrines of the Church; without them there would be nothing on which to stand. How important was it that the ministers of God should preach them! He knew of a minister who joined the Methodists from another denomination because of the doctrine of sanctification as held by the Methodists. 'We have all the odium of being Methodists,' said the wife, 'and we must be determined to get the good.' This minister before the expiration of two thirds of the year added three hundred persons to the Church! and not five of them backslid. A large number of the congregation experienced the blessing of holiness. The young converts were placed in the classes with them, and seeing their happiness and good example, were induced to reach forward to the mark of the prize of their high calling. With this view there is not time to fall back in sin.

"In a few minutes, the bishop said, the appointments were to be read, and those assembled would separate, some never to meet again; but he trusted that in heaven they would form an unbroken circle around the throne of God. They should bear the privations incident to the itinerancy, esteeming it a privilege, a glory, to be instruments of God for the conversion of souls. A few days or years and all their tribulations will be over, and when summoned to the judgment bar they could bring with them precious gems to be planted in the Redeemer's crown. Some may have more unattractive fields of labor than others, but they should remember that the Son of man had not

where to lay his head. The minister should not be like the hired nurse who feeds the child, but like the mother who nourishes the infant from the overflowing of her own bosom. Feeding the flock with the sweet 'bread of life.'

"The auditors drank in every word, and the hearty 'amens' of the preachers afforded an evidence of the delightfulness of the feast thus dispensed to them."

"*Monday*, 22.—Reached Baltimore at eight o'clock A.M., and took lodgings with my worthy but unconverted friend, A. C. How nearly this gentleman and his excellent lady come to be religious, yet stay away from Christ. 'One thing thou lackest,' and that one is *all*, for time and eternity!

"Baltimore, 23.—Dined at Mr. Brundage's. Bishops Morris and Waugh, and others, present. A pious, pleasant visit. The Lord blessed me with a deep sense of his love. O religion, thou treasure! Help me, Lord, to live it, and die in its strength.

"*Wednesday*, 24.—My dear Mrs. H. left me this morning for Tarrytown, N. Y., to see Leonidas, who is sick. I too am sick. Lord, go with her and stay with me, and bless the sick. How perfectly has the conference worn me out.

"*Thursday*, 25.—Dined this day at Bishop Waugh's. Bishop Morris and Sister M. in company. A select company. A young man [Shaw] came in to take his leave for Chicago. He goes with the intention of joining the Rock River Conference. May God go with him; twelve hundred miles on horseback. We had two prayers, and committed him to Providence.

"Baltimore, 27.—No letter to-night from Mrs. H., who was to have written how my sick son is. Shall I send to the office to-morrow? If *everybody* knew how my son is, it might—no, it would not do. I am an uncompromising advocate of the Sabbath. I will *not* send."

"*March* 27, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—I hesitated to write to-day, but as sickness is on hand I think it will be right to forward a letter, and relieve your anxiety on my account. I am much better, and have agreed to preach at High-street to-morrow morning; to Mr. Cole's ragged Sunday-school (as he calls it) at three o'clock;

and to our Sharp-street colored friends (four thousand members) on Monday night.

"I am now nearly as well as ever; not quite so strong. I dined at Dr. Noyes's to-day. Had an invitation to dine at Toy's with Bishop Morris and other company, but declined. I find I must give up these dinner parties. I lost much on Thursday. I think it is well that I stayed here. I trust it is not all in vain. I love to talk to Mr. C., and he loves to hear."

"*Sunday*, 28.—O happy day! Preached in the morning at High-street. A heavenly season. How sweet it is to preach in the strength of the Holy Ghost! Lord, thou wast with the people. P. M. at Washington Temperance Sabbath-school. It is a high day to my soul. Glory!"

"Baltimore, *March* 28, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—I went through the services of the day with much effort, as far as strength is concerned, but with more spiritual comfort than I have experienced for a long time. Bishop Waugh called for me at half past ten o'clock, and Mr. C. walked with me in his company to High-street. It is a neat, rather new church, and a most lovely congregation. I preached on 'The mercies of God.' My voice was weak, but my heart was strong. I noticed Brother Rogers and Brother Chapel in the congregation, with several others of different churches. It was a very feeling time among the people, and I doubt not that many of them, as Bishop Waugh mentioned in his prayer, are truly hungering and thirsting after holiness. I dined at Brother Lipscomb's, the preacher, and then went to Brother Rogers's and rested a while in his chamber; he then went with me to the 'Washington Temperance Hall,' where a large congregation of people were assembled. I preached forty minutes on the 'best robe' with unusual liberty. I have now just supped, having lain down two hours before tea. Now set down to record the goodness of God. He has helped me to-day. 'O happy day!'

"I have felt a strong spirit of prayer for you and L. to-day; and especially about half past two P. M., I felt a great struggle in your behalf and his. For some time in Brother Rogers's chamber my exercises were rather remarkable, leading me

almost to think that something special was happening at Tarrytown. May the Lord order all things in mercy—in great mercy.

"*Monday morning, nine o'clock.*—I rested well. This morning I feel considerable inconvenience from cold. It affects my breathing, and renders it difficult to converse. Preaching determined it a little toward a cough, such as I have had almost every spring. My appointment to-night may do more still to bring on a cough; but I shall be very short, and it is Christ's work, so that I am fully satisfied. I shall spend much of the day in prayer. Feel well, except my cold, and much better in mind. I have been much afflicted at times since you left me, that I am so unmindful of God's goodness, and especially one act of his goodness, namely, in bestowing upon me yourself as a help to escape from sin and ruin, and in a wonderful manner reach heaven. . . . If others have angels for 'ministering spirits,' so have I, with one addition, that God was pleased to give me also one to minister to me visibly and personally; and when we reach the place of purity and repose, I expect to make the full acknowledgement of it before God and his holy angels. What a history will it unfold!"

"*March* 29.—Preached at half past seven P. M. to the most crowded congregation I have ever had of colored people in Sharp-street. Had a very precious season, and ordained one colored brother as deacon. These people hear with all their hearts. Many of them, I doubt not, are on their way to heaven. What wars have they passed through to reach Christ. Wicked as their oppressors were, and without excuse, Providence is justified in their history."

"WILMINGTON, DEL., *March* 30, 1847.

"To MRS. H.,—Bishop and Sister Morris came on with me, and we all put up together at Brother Prettyman's institute. It is a comfortable place, and if you were here it would be very much so; but in little more than a week I hope to see you and L. I am now quite well, my cold being almost gone. You need feel no concern. Only pray for me in regard to the conference; everything else, as to myself, seems trifling. I got a

letter here from Sister Palmer (very affectionate) and another from Bishop Janes, who will not be at this conference. Bishop Waugh will be on to-morrow in his place. I believe, if any labors of mine have been useful this year, they were on Sabbath. A large number of Ohioans were at meeting in the morning. At night (Monday) the large colored church was crammed full, and probably a dozen of our city preachers were out. O for help here! I dread this conference more than I did Baltimore. I learn that the difficulties in this conference, in Accomac and Northampton, are growing worse and worse. The Methodists are determined to stay in the Philadelphia Conference, and the mobites [citizens] are determined they shall not. The former say they want preachers this year that 'are not afraid to die.' This looks like the 'perilous times,' and surely 'a man's foes are those of his own household.' The time is at hand and hasteth greatly.

"I desire to be prepared, and have my family (and the Church) prepared, for all these things. I think God, who has so wonderfully wrought hitherto, will help us. There are fearful sights and great signs. I will join you, my beloved wife, in humble endeavors that we may be found worthy to stand before the Son of man. As conference begins in the morning, you must expect for a few days only a short line, but I will try to send one daily. The conference will close in little more than a week. Then, God willing, we will meet. Much love and a father's blessing to L. I trust he will do all he can to lighten your care and fatigue. I will add a note to-morrow before this goes. Good night! The Lord and Saviour give you both quiet, peace, rest.

"*Wednesday morning.*—I feel strong in the Lord this morning. I have partly engaged Bishop Morris to preach on entire sanctification here. Had a pleasant conversation last evening about his experience."

"*Wednesday*, 31.—Conference opened by Bishop Morris, and having got the committees appointed, at half past ten o'clock suspended business to hear a sermon from Rev. Brother Dailey, an aged and excellent member of conference. Text: 'We

preach Christ crucified.' One among the best sermons I have heard, overwhelming in its clear and forcible exhibitions of truth. How strange the taste of the people! Here is a man of whom I never heard until I reached this place, and little known beyond his own conference; yet there are men whose fame as orators is on both shores of the Atlantic, and after whom there is a rush of 'crazy crowds,' who probably have not in all the sermons they ever preached delivered so much real oratory as this humble man gave us in one sermon. The conference understand it, call for his sermon to be published, and it would do them honor if it could travel and be read in two hemispheres. It is worthy to be placed beside Wesley's.

"*Sunday, April* 4.—Preached at half past ten o'clock, and ordained fifteen elders. Lord, I will record thy goodness. Thou hast helped me in deed and in truth. Thou gavest me to speak thy word. I feel thy love still all flaming within me. I yield my body unto God a living sacrifice forever! Amen."

"Wilmington, Del., *April* 4, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—I will record the goodness of God to-day, and inscribe the record to you, my beloved wife. It is now one o'clock P. M. It is half an hour since I came from the sanctuary; but, blessed be God forever! I have been permitted, helped, rather enabled by mercy, to bring a sanctuary with me to my lodgings! Christ is truly within me to-day. One of the sweetest seasons my Lord and Saviour has ever given me is to-day. And the fire which has burned gently in the morning, and waxed brighter and stronger till the close of the ordination, is a heat of joy and strength unspeakable now. Well may you, my beloved helper in the way, exhort me with the encouraging words of your precious letters, which come as messages from heaven, with a power of refreshing and strengthening unspeakable to my poor soul. Doubtless, while I was trying to preach, 'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God,' etc., your heart, if not your lips, was pleading for me and for the cause in earnest struggles. The Lord did not, I am sure, turn away his ear or his heart from your faith and desire. Thank him, when you read this, at least as earnestly as you prayed.

Thank him with praises, even with the 'high praises of God.' Let us *now*—for I am sure God is on the giving hand—press nearer to our blessed, bleeding Lord. I will strive to do it, *hope* to do it. Indeed, I think I may say, *I do it.*

"Have just returned from dinner. Had two prayers, and a pleasant season. Now they are singing. Have not had much time for extra prayer, and the family having seventy pupils, nearly all boarders, are much engaged, of course. I think them a very pious family, and some twenty-five or thirty of the pupils have experienced religion this winter. Bishop Morris preached on *entire consecration.* He had about fifteen hundred hearers, and ordained the deacons. They, of course, heard the sermon. I have not heard from his effort. He *preached* on it, because he had promised to do so.

"I preached in the pewed house, (a beautiful chapel, but small congregation,) which was filled without crowding. It was a remarkably pleasant time, and deep feeling, if I mistake not, pervaded the assembly. A much better spirit prevails in the conference than I expected. Many, very many, are hungering after righteousness. It is one of the best conferences as to order. I have not had occasion to say a word on the subject for four days. This shows that there is a spirit of devotion abroad. How often we are disappointed!

"I hope you are well to-day in soul and comfortable in health. Could I hear from you and L. now it would be pleasant. But I commit you to God and the word of his grace. May he convert and save my son, and sanctify the family. A circumstance occurred on Friday which I deem worth noticing. News came to the conference room that Sister E., the young wife of one of our young preachers, and only child of Brother S., one of the old preachers of the Philadelphia Conference, a rich man, and the David Young of the conference, had suddenly and unpectedly died. The effect was great on him and on many in the conference. Bishop Waugh has gone to-day to preach at the funeral in Philadelphia. Brother S. greatly needed some *strong* admonition, and it has come—is strong indeed. Pray that God will bless it to him and the conference. Maybe it will help to start him forward as a veteran in the cause of holiness. His

only child, and leaves useless riches on his hands. Thus God takes away. His children die. O that ours may be ready to live or die! O that we may all be ready for every dispensation!

"*Monday morning, seven o'clock.*—We had an excellent sermon last evening from Brother Lane. I had some wakefulness in the night and a wonderful nearness to Christ. I had indeed upon my pillow more than ever before.

> 'The solemn awe which dares not move,
> And all the silent heaven of love.'

I did not know but the 'heavenly atmosphere' would stop my breathing, and that in it my soul would float away to the bosom of my God. But no, I am here; yet how sweet the morning! Its heavenly perfumes are all around me; the air is loaded with odors unearthly. Penitence, faith, glowing love, O how sweet! But I must drop the theme from my sheet, not from my heart, and, with a word of other matters, close. We shall probably get through here on Thursday or Friday. Continue to pray.

"My dear Son,—May the God of your fathers bless you! Seek the Lord and you shall live. Were you and mother here, both of you in the same spirit, how much it would add to my joy! Read the Bible, talk of Jesus, pray, and never rest without religion. Death and judgment are always near."

"Wilmington, *April* 5.—Conference was harmonious to-day. Business progressed rapidly. I had strength and comfort. A long communication has come from the citizens of Accomac County, Va. They would warn us from sending preachers to that region. But we must send them. The Methodists want them, and we are not at liberty to deny our people pastors. This interference of the citizens with the Church affairs of their pious neighbors is extraordinary. I have known nothing like it in America. Where is our boasted liberty of conscience? That question, in connection with the times, awakes my fears. '*O tempora!*'

"Philadelphia, *April* 8.—Conference closed at nine o'clock last evening. A short address. Solemn close. The Lord has been gracious to me. I am much fatigued, but hope to escape sickness.

"TARRYTOWN, *April* 9.—Preached here at eleven o'clock, having left Philadelphia yesterday afternoon, and reached New York at ten o'clock. Find Mrs. H. improved in health. L. very feeble, but getting better. Thanks be to God for all his mercies! Praise his holy name!

"*April* 10.—Made up the Minutes for the Book Room. Had a laborious day; little time for meditation. In the evening Mr. Lyon returned with our excellent friend Mrs. Palmer. The Lord gives us great privileges. How wonderful his gifts and blessings!

"*Sunday*, 11.—Heard Mr. C. in the morning; felt well, but faint in body. Did not think I *could* preach in the afternoon; but at three o'clock *tried*, more because I *desired* to preach than from any special sense of duty. It was a comfortable exercise, in which I took pleasure, and if any change an increase of strength. I am thinking a little of Africa. It seems to me if I die soon it would be agreeable for me to try African soil, and offer some little sacrifice to Christ before I go to meet him face to face. How little I have done and suffered for my Saviour! May I find guidance from his hand, and wisdom in regard to this visit to Liberia! I feel somehow drawn that way."

"TARRYTOWN, *April* 14, 1847.

"To REV. JACOB YOUNG,—Worn down as I am by the labors of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences, I take up my pen to extricate myself from embarrassments relative to our long-continued, confiding, and, to me, most pleasant and profitable correspondence.

"We closed the Baltimore Conference the Saturday week after it commenced, having enjoyed great harmony in conference, and gotten through much earlier and with less difficulty than usual. Border difficulties may be anticipated in Warrington, King George, Westmoreland, and Lancaster Cicuits, Va.; but these we must leave to the control of Providence, commending the four preachers sent to them to the prayers of the Church and the protection of Almighty God. In the Philadelphia Conference the preachers sent to Accomac and Northampton will have to meet most formidable difficulties; and

in the former, the 'citizen mind,' as Dr. Capers calls it, arrayed against the 'Methodist mind,' may kindle flames which nothing but the blood of several victims can quench. The violence of the excitement in Accomac exceeds all I have known in connection with our border difficulties. I dread the results.

"I wish to consult you, *confidentially*, on a matter of some importance to me, and possibly to the Church. While the bishops were holding their meeting in Philadelphia a paper reached us from Brother Pitman, Secretary, etc., inclosing a letter from Brother Benham, superintendent of the Liberia Missions, urging a visit from one of the bishops to Africa to attend their next conference in January, to ordain the eight men elected to orders there, expressing great surprise that in seven years no bishop has visited their conference, and hinting that the Wesleyans at Sierra Leone, and the Protestant Episcopalians south of them, are urging our colored preachers to join them and receive ordination at their hands. The paper was read, and the Secretary asked our counsel what should be done. The bishops passed a resolution that we did not see it to be our duty to visit Liberia, and recommended that the eight elected men be brought over two by two, ordained and sent back to Africa. Not perfectly assured that this was right, I proposed a resolution, 'That though we could not recommend any one of our number to visit Liberia, yet if either felt it his duty to go, we would not disapprove of it.' This is the most favorable resolution they were willing to pass. Now for the facts:

"1. If the eight men come over, two by two, for ordination, it will cost from $1,200 to $1,600; our journey there about $250 to $300.

"2. If one does not go, I fear brethren will find fault with us, and say we were afraid, and missionary funds are lavished on our fears.

"3. The climate is proving more and more fatal to whites. One of our late missionaries (Hoyt) has returned, and the talk is of surrendering up the field wholly to the blacks.

"4. If any one goes, I must, as evidently none else feels it to be his duty. All decline promptly, and discourage me.

"5. If I go, I can only attend conference and come directly back, (having ordained the missionaries,) and perhaps my brethren would think worse of my going than of my staying here, unless I delay there long enough to visit the several stations and explore the country. Now I want your advice. Dr. Bond and others say I shall die if I go to be there but a week. Now, if ready, it is a pleasant thing to die; but if I throw away my life I shall not be ready to die. I cannot tell whether it would be suicide or not. Write as soon as you can. Ask God for wisdom, and counsel me this once."

"New York, *April* 14.—At Dr. P.'s. Yesterday brought Leonidas here. A pleasant, profitable place to sojourn. Here, Lord, meet us with abundant blessings! Shower grace upon us! In the pure, Christian fellowship of this household let us be richly, richly blest! I am *now* blest!

"*April* 15.—Spent the day in reading. Had some trials. Why not? Lord, make me *meek*. Thou hast done great things for me. Eternity will reveal them. Saved of the Lord, O how saved! I will lift up my head and rejoice, for I am saved of the Lord!

"*April* 16.—A fast unto the Lord. A precious season: felt drawn toward him. A fresh application of the blood of atonement. Had Africa in view to-day. Suspect I have not a warrant to go there. Had my colleagues encouraged me, or had I anything that looked like a call to go, how freely would I start! The Missionary Board, I understand, have invited two of the missionaries over to be ordained. If so, my way is scarcely open to go. Maybe the next General Conference will direct some one of us to go. If so, well.

"*Sunday*, 18.—Preached in the morning at Old John-street (original hive) to a good congregation at half past ten, and at Allen-street at three o'clock. Good, precious seasons. O how sweet thy service, blessed Jesus! I adore thee!

"Philadelphia, *April* 19.—Left New York at nine A. M., reached here at two P. M. We now fly, not travel. Manayunk has rejected its preacher. The minister asked for the appointment. I gave it to him. Will it cure him?"

"PHILADELPHIA, *April* 19, 1847.

"To MRS. H.,—Dr. Durbin has been in, and he, with others, regrets your not being here. Sister Boswell was going on to spend the week with you in Salem. But at present who needs our prayers and tears and affectionate counsel more than our dear L.? I feel continually as if I were preparing an answer for the judgment, as to how I have warned and counseled him. The Lord help me to be more faithful to him! I will try to remember him much and often and fervently in prayer.

"I had a pleasant journey to-day. Saw no preachers that I knew. Brother Jacob Young sends me a *long*, good letter. Says I must *not go* to Liberia."

"SALEM, N. J., *April* 20.—Reached here after a pleasant sail of five hours in the steamer Pioneer from Philadelphia. Three preachers along. Read in the 'Witness of the Spirit.' Have some faith and prayer for the conference. Lord, help!

21.—Conference opened with a short prayer-meeting. Session passed through pleasantly. About one hundred and fifty preachers here. Salem is a pleasant place for its session. Have a retired place to lodge. All right."

"SALEM, *April* 21, 1847.

"MY DEAR SON,—Though pressed with business at conference time, I desire greatly to write you a line this morning before I go to the church. It is so critical a time with you now, that I can neither suppress nor conceal my great anxiety on your account. I have been thinking what a happy life mine would be, above what it now is, if at your age I had been acquainted with the Methodists, and from seventeen years old had lived a Christian. It seems to me, were the city of New York mine in fee simple, I would give it all away in one moment for the privilege of knowing and remembering that my whole life from seventeen to thirty years old had been given to Christ. I was at seventeen under deep religious impressions, but my Calvinistic parents could not tell me how to be saved. I became stupid, and then they thought me converted; and for three or four years I thought so too, and studied Greek and Latin, expecting to be a minister in the Congregational Church, and

prayed and talked in meetings; and some were convicted and converted under my little talks. But I gradually became convinced that I was not converted, and finally gave it all up, and went to studying law, and took license as a lawyer in 1827 at Lancaster, Ohio.

"But soon after, in 1828, your little sister, Eliza Jane Price, two and a half years old, our little idol, was taken sick and died, and with her your dear mother and I buried all our earthly hopes and projects. We were then spending the summer near Buffalo, N. Y., and in a Methodist family and neighborhood; and among them, while under this bereavement, your parents were converted to God, truly and gloriously. Then I knew that my former state was not religion.

"I began to talk to the people, and they got convicted and converted, and in a year I was licensed to preach without asking for license, and since 1829 have been trying to labor a little in the Lord's vineyard. I was above thirty years old, if I remember, when licensed. Now if I had been among the Methodists, as you are, at seventeen, I presume I should have commenced preaching at twenty-one or earlier, and here would have been ten years saved; and in them, by God's blessing, thousands of souls might have been saved by my feeble instrumentality. These ten years haunt me often, not to wound my conscience with guilt, but to wound my love and affections with great grief, that I should have used my Saviour so cruelly. O, I would give a world if I had it that I could blot them out! And then these years were wasted, and in them my intellect was injured, and many of my friends lost confidence in me, and my Christian character has not that staidness, and I have not that power to do good that I *should* have had if I had been a Christian from the age of seventeen. I am not half as well qualified for usefulness now on account of my ten years lost.

"My beloved son, will you not let your father's errors warn you? I expect in all eternity to be grieved (or something as near it as heaven will permit) at those ten years lost. Sometimes I feel almost afraid to go to heaven and see my Saviour on account of them, and the poor, unfaithful service I have rendered since, on account of habits of mind then formed.

"Now, my beloved son, when I think of your losing ten years to come, (and under Methodist training too,) it fills me with distress; and I fear, in addition to that, you will lose your soul. I had not your privileges. I heard nothing of Methodism. When at thirty years old I got to know what it was, it wrought on me. When you get to be thirty Methodism will not be to you as it was to me, a startling discovery, suddenly rousing you, and newly opening to you hopes and ways and prospects that you never before understood. What was by God's grace salvation to me, will have been already tried in vain on you. That which was a new medium to my soul will be an old one to you, tried thirty years in vain. O, my son, now let the remedy be effectual! Come into the Church with the simple resolve, as Adams said, 'sink or swim, stand or fall, live or die, I go for seeing God!' I write in great anxiety, and must now break off and commit you to God's gracious love and care."

"*Thursday*, 22.—Business goes on rapidly in conference; slow in stationing room. Some aged men in the New Jersey Conference: Vannest, one day older than Mr. Wesley at his death; Bartine and Walker, very old and venerable men, and Brother Boehm. Their presence adds much interest to the appearance of the conference. Father Walker is waiting every moment for Christ to come 'either for death or judgment.' Amen!

"*Saturday*, 24.—A week of toil, but health and comfort. Bishop Janes has helped me, but leaves this evening. Conference business forward, but in stationing backward. Feel Christ's presence, but O for more!

"*Sunday*, 25.—A good day. Tried to be faithful. Lord, forgive my failures; but thanks to thy name for comforts large and plentiful. Ordained eight as elders. Brother Lane preached at evening. A precious season. Thanks!

"*Monday*, 26.—Hard work to-day. Fear I have exhorted the conference too little. In the midst of hard labor I forget. O blessed Jesus, fill me with the Holy Ghost! Amen."

"Salem, N. J., *April* 26, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—We had a remarkably pleasant Sabbath. I tried to preach in the morning on 'purity of heart,' and Brother

Lane in the P. M. on the 'throne of grace.' The close of the P. M. services was followed by a voluntary general class. One old preacher (Father Neill, whom you saw at Burlington) commenced it by springing up and telling his experience with shouts; then Father Vannest followed; then Father Boehm, of Staten Island; and then an old local elder by the name of Jaquett. It was a glorious time. The whole house was on fire; and if the New Jersey preachers don't believe in perfect love, they believe in shouting. I think there is a good and rising spirit in conference. But, alas! many of our preachers get *happy* rather than *holy*, and think more about it. I am well. Bishop Janes is gone. I hope to close conference on Tuesday night. I think to be in New York on Thursday. May the great Shepherd keep you, and gather L. into the fold!"

"SALEM, *Tuesday*, 27.—At ten o'clock P. M. closed conference. Much worn down, but well and comfortable. O Lord, help me to be more faithful! Go with thy servants. Comfort them. Some of these preachers have hard work. They will not be crucified. O may the God of the harvest go with them!

"NEW YORK, *Friday*, 30.—At Dr. P.'s. Reached here from Philadelphia at three o'clock. Found my son very sick. Expected to meet him nearly well, as letters to Salem had so announced. Disappointment. It is our lot, but good for us. 'If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons.'

"*May* 1.—Son no better; very ill. I give him, blessed Jesus, to thee. Save his soul. Had a long interview with P. P. Sandford, presiding elder of New York District. I perceive there will be work enough on hand here. Lord, help thy servant, for Christ's sake.

"*Sunday*, 2.—Preached at half past ten o'clock A. M. in Vestry-street, and at three P. M. in Second-street Church. Rain, and small congregations. Enjoyed the morning; P. M. less. Very weary. Spent the evening at home. L. very sick; suffering much.

"*Monday*, 3.—General Missionary Committee at nine A. M. Called out at twelve o'clock to see my son, who was seized with convulsions. Spent the afternoon in the sick chamber. At two

o'clock he had another dreadful convulsion — thought him dying. This evening little hope. Lord, help! Nature groans in me.

"*Tuesday*, 4.—Able to go to missionary rooms this morning and afternoon. L. better. Hope for his recovery. Sick to-day. Head much distressed. Nervous system disordered. Lord, I give all to thee—all! Committee finished its business.

"*Wednesday*, 5.—Spent the day in much relaxation, which I exceedingly needed. Have had toils and watchings. Feel low in spiritual things. L. still better, and a good prospect. I have never asked his recovery, but on condition that it is God's will, and he sees that my son will glorify him.

"*Thursday*, 6.—Walked some about the city. Some relieved of my hard labor. Mind and body may spring up again in liveliness. Refreshing sleep does much for me. My habits are almost too regular in regard to sleep, as they cannot be violated.

"*Sunday*, 9.—This is my last day of fifty years. A half century gone. It sickens me to look back, but it comforts me to gaze at the cross. Sin and salvation, guilt and grace! What couplings; yet they go together! I have enough of each for both penitence and praise. Blessed God! thou knowest that this weeping, rejoicing heart feels both. Glory be to God!"

CHAPTER XIII.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: FOURTH YEAR, CONTINUED.

LIFE is made up of periods; and how solemn and eventful is the point of time when one is constrained to feel that the meridian of life is fully reached, and the future must be traversed on the shady side of life's declining hill. Bishop Hamline had now arrived at this point in his eventful career. Monday, May 10, he writes:

"This day I am fifty years old. One half century have I lived in this world. As to any good my life has done, how vain it all looks. I cannot review the past in connection with myself, but I am pained at my very heart. I must fly from all to Christ. Lord, help me to fly! I desire to yield a different service to my Redeemer for any time to come which he permits me to stay below.

"If I may stay and labor ten or five years, and in these could be 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,' and exactly faithful to the solemn trust committed to me, maybe I should redeem time, of which there is great need.

"Fifty years—one half century! O how these years are fled! Lord, pardon afresh all their transgressions. Sprinkle me to-day with atoning blood. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me! Help me for the honor of thy name. 'Teach my hands to war and my fingers to fight' in thy good cause. Hold thou me up, O Lord, that by thy strength I may toil, and by thy wisdom may do good to souls, and be the means of rendering praise to thy holy name in Zion! What little time remains to me on earth may I spend to thine honor and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!

"*Monday*, 17.—New York Conference has been in progress since last Wednesday. Nearly three hundred preachers in connection with it. Business has so far gone on rapidly, but many

difficulties threaten us ahead. This body is too large. If a constitutional restriction had limited our number to one hundred it would have been better for the Church. These large conferences embarrass the business in the conference, and the stationing is at a disadvantage of from ten to twenty per cent.

"*Thursday*, 27.—Conference closed this day at half past nine o'clock A. M. Have never seen as much business transacted in one annual conference. Nearly equal to six whole days were spent in church trials. Two cases occupied three days. The conference sat fourteen days, and most of the time had three sessions per day. Two ministers were suspended, one for a year, and the other indefinitely. With all these embarrassments there is not much humiliation in the conference. This is discouraging indeed.

"There may sometimes be a precious harvest from very bitter seeds. When repentance and deep humiliation follow upon the calamities of the Church, Satan is often disappointed of his aim. The elements or preparations for a glorious revival follow such occasions of deep self-abasement. But I mourn to find that here a spirit of unbecoming levity has entered into the transaction of business, which should have grieved every heart, and have made every member of the conference a mourner.

"Mrs. H. was taken sick during the conference, and continues quite ill. Between public duties and private griefs I have been unusually burdened; but the Lord has fulfilled his word, 'as thy day, so shall thy strength be.' I have endured beyond all my hopes. The end is not yet. I expect to hear of great dissatisfactions from some of the preachers, and from more of the people. I will wait with patience, bear with meekness, and strive to act with discretion, if thou, O Lord, without whom I can do nothing, in mercy will help me!

"*Monday*, 31.—Preached yesterday A. M. at Forsyth-street. No choir, no trustees, but we had a large congregation, and Christ was with us. It was a good season. The trustees were so offended at my returning Brother Stratton that they would not hear the bishop. Lord bless them all for Christ's sake!

"*Sunday*, *June* 6.—Preached to-day at Seventh-street and Forty-first-street. In the morning rather dull, in the P. M. a

very pleasant time. Stayed with my sick wife in the evening. Had very severe trials. Felt that I was weak, and that I needed the special aid and pity of my great Keeper. How can I go forward in my work! I seem hedged up. My strength is gone. How wonderful that the holy One should look on such a worm, except to crush it forever!

"Lord, I cry unto thee. A tempest comes over me. Surely Satan desires to have me that he may sift me as wheat. Lord, lift up thine arm and save me, and thine shall be the glory!

"*Sunday*, 13.—Preached to-day in the morning at Jane-street and P. M. in Sullivan-street. A good time in the morning. Much better pleased with the Jane-street charge than I expected to be. It is a very beautiful church, and a good parsonage. Sullivan-street is not so pleasant a church, but a good congregation, and, I am told, an excellent society in the main.

"*Wednesday*, 16.—Attended the Missionary Board. Two missionaries are asked for China. Where shall they be found? I trust the way will providentially open before me. May Infinite Wisdom direct!

"*Friday*, 18.—This was a day of fasting and prayer for the New York Annual Conference. It was observed in the city. Most of the churches had preaching at half past ten A. M. and prayer-meeting at night. I tried to preach to the Allen-street congregation. I trust the occasion may have been profitable to a few. 'Christian decision' was the theme. How much we need it in the Church at this time! How much the preacher needs it! Lord help!

"*Sunday*, 20.—Preached at half past ten A. M. at Mulberry-street. A rainy morning, tolerable congregation, and a moderate time. P. M. rested, as I was unwell and weary. At night walked to Twenty-seventh-street and preached.

"*Wednesday*, 23.—Left New York for Hillsdale. Dr. P. accompanied us to the boat with his pious wife, where we had a Christian farewell. Such friends I have not found; such a family for Christian order and steady, consistent piety I have never before seen. Whatever may be demurred to the doctrine of Christian perfection, here is an example of it. I have been in this family within one year more than to have stayed in it

three full months. I have never yet heard an unadvised, uncharitable, undevout word, or witnessed an improper act. What Wesley says of Fletcher can be safely said of them. Truly they are Christ's, and have 'put on the Lord Jesus.' What Sister P. is in her writings she is in her heart and life.

"*Sunday*, 27.—Spent this day in Hillsdale. Found some comfort in laboring with Brother S. Preached in the morning four miles out at a school-house, and in the afternoon to the Methodist congregation in the Presbyterian church.

"Boston, Mass., *Monday*, 28.—Reached here in the cars at six o'clock very weary. Put up at Franklin (temperance) House near the old 'Faneuil.' Too weary to look up friends. Rather a poor day.

"Saco, Me., *Tuesday*, 29.—Reached here at twelve M., and put up at the preacher's. Bishop Hedding not arrived when I came. Expected this evening. The railroad to this place is very fine. Came the upper route, by Andover.

"*Wednesday*, 30.—Maine Conference opened at nine o'clock by Bishop Hedding. He is in good health, his mind vigorous as in his prime, and probably he was never more useful to the Church than just at this time. The members of conference seem as his children, and he is truly a patriarch in the midst of them. How venerable his position and his character! May the Lord continue him in the midst of us for many years to come!

"*July* 2.—Conference progresses rapidly and pleasantly. The business is carried straight forward. No man on the floor makes a speech on any occasion. Perfect order reigns without any effort by the president."

"Saco, *July* 5, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—The Sabbath passed off pleasantly and profitably. I was appointed to preach in the morning, and Dr. Olin in the P. M. He had not preached since last August, almost a year, and was likely to decline; but I changed with him, and he preached a wonderful sermon, probing to the quick, in the morning, and Bishop Hedding ordained the deacons. I tried to preach on 'purity of heart' at two o'clock, and ordained the elders. I think some good was done. This

is a very pleasant conference. Not an unkind word, glance of the eye, or token of unkindness have I seen in or out of conference.

"The love-feast yesterday morning was one of the best I ever attended, and probably more than half that spoke professed perfect love. A great interest prevails. I have been received as a friend, brother, and minister. We have had several brethren here from abroad, and Brothers Pitman and Levings came in to-day."

"*Tuesday*, 6.—Eight delegates were chosen to-day in one balloting; a rare occurrence. The Erie resolutions were unanimously rejected. Conference asks a division.

"Boston, Mass., *Wednesday*, 7.—Conference adjourned at twelve o'clock, and I took the cars at three for this city. Put up again at the 'Franklin.' Weary; not so much religion as I need. Lord, revive me!

"Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., *Thursday*, 8.—Reached here at five P. M., and put up at a temperance house. Have rode one hundred and eighty miles in eight hours. A mixed, large company. Hoped to have reached Hillsdale to-night. God has protected my journeyings. I ought to praise him.

"Chatham, N. Y., *Sunday*, 11.—Preached in the morning at Spencer; P. M., here. Rather a dull day. I fear I have less spiritual life than usual. Think I am not well.

"Barrington, Mass., *Monday*, 12.—Reached here to-day. Found Mr. Humphreys in distress at the death of my worthy sister Sophronia, his wife. She died last August, aged fifty-five. She was pious. She suffered much in sickness. I believe she is in heaven. The last time I was here (1844) she was devout, and parted with me saying, 'Brother, if we meet no more in this world, I expect to meet you in heaven.' Lord, grant me grace to meet her there!"

"Hillsdale, N. Y., *July* 14, 1847.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and abound toward you and yours, through Jesus Christ our Lord. We can truly adopt that language, 'I thank my

God upon every remembrance of you.' Religious remembrances should fill us with gratitude and provoke thanks. Is this what the psalmist means when he says, 'Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan?' Memory is nearly half the soul. How many hours are spent in exercising it! It was the only form mentioned by Abraham to the rich man: 'Son, remember!' It contributes a chief part of the song of the Redeemed: 'Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood!'

"There are some things in our history so grateful to memory and so chastening to the affections that we do well not to forget them: as our conviction, our conversion, special baptism of the Spirit, and recoveries and interpositions by grace and by Providence. And to these I may add those seasons of communion with the saints which have specially and permanently benefited us, giving joy, and adding no sorrow therewith, purifying the heart and strengthening in us all the gracious purposes of our souls to live for God alone. Such things should not be forgotten.

"I returned from the Maine Conference last Thursday and found Mrs. H. improved.

"Last Sabbath I went sixteen miles north, and spent the Sabbath in labors there, returning by Barrington, and preaching there on Monday evening, and arriving here yesterday, (Tuesday.) Preached last evening to old Mr. Foster and his wife, (now unable to get to church,) and administered the sacrament to them and a few of their neighbors and their large circle of connections. I preached on Luke ii, 25–31. It was a pleasant season, and I trust not unprofitable to my parlor congregation. Old Mr. Foster (the father of him who called on you) is now eighty-eight, and his wife not much less, both waiting, full of hope, for their Lord."

"Binghamton, N. Y. *July*, 22.—Left Ithaca at six A. M., and reached here at seven P. M. Weary. Learn that conference has gone on pleasantly and rapidly. Bishop Morris and wife well. Am quartered near the Methodist church in a comfortable way.

"*Friday*, 23.—Oneida Conference has about one hundred and sixty members. Much talent. Several visitors here—Dr. Olin, Dr. Peck, and Dr. Dempster. The latter urges the theological school on the attention and patronage of the conference. Is defeated."

"Binghamton, *July* 23, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—I feel greatly refreshed to-day; visited from on high more than usual. I was enabled to speak a few words at close of conference. Met a great many brethren who seemed full of comfort, and my own heart had a holy day in communion with them and with my Saviour. I am glad that I am here.

"I have the elders to ordain, and shall of course, I suppose, be engaged in the P. M. of Sabbath.

"I received the enclosed letter from Sister Barry, and send it to you, thinking you may desire to answer it. I can write another time. Her vision or fancy of the seal, hand, and arm is strengthening, and helps me. I am now taking hold of that strong arm. O may I grasp it firmly and forever!

"I hope for much profitable entertainment, meditation, and profit here. Let us pray much. Give my best love to Dr. Stevens and his good lady, and I pray that you all three may climb the ladder and be dwelling on high, and have for a place of defense the 'munition of rocks' before I return.

"Be watchful of your health, but be 'careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God!'"

"We have our home in heaven."

"*Sunday*, 25.—Bishop Morris preached at eight A. M. and ordained the deacons. I attempted it at ten, and ordained the elders, (10.) Dr. Olin preached at two P. M. stirringly. What a man! His eloquence is all out of the ordinary course, yet he has no eccentricity, only greatness. Could I preach as he does I would almost desire never to stop. He will leave no proper memorial of his greatness. He can write, but then his thoughts lie on the paper like the cinders around the volcano, affording no conception of the scenes of the eruption. He is a

holy man. For the second time he informed me that he enjoyed the perfect love of God. This was a good day to my soul.

"*Wednesday*, 28.—Conference asks a division into Oneida and Wyoming Conferences. It has elected eight delegates who will go for nullifying all the last General Conference action on the subject of separation. The elements are gathering.

"*Thursday*, 29.—Conference adjourned at five P. M. Preachers generally satisfied with appointments. The close of an annual conference is sublimely affecting. O thou God of Israel, go with thy servants, and give them victory!

"ITHACA, N. Y., *July* 30.—Reached here at seven o'clock. Found Mrs. H. improved. Goodness and mercy have followed us. Took lodgings with Brother King, who kindly came over with his pious lady to invite us to their pleasant home.

"*Saturday*, 31.—Had the company of Dr. Bowen and lady, and of Dr. Stevens and lady, at tea. A pleasant circle. Prayer and religious discourse consumed the evening. Another week! Eternity is at hand!

"*Sunday*, *August* 1.—Preached in the morning at the Methodist church. P. M. heard Mr. Henry of the Reformed Dutch Church, who preached for the Methodists, that I might preach for him in the evening, which I did. Not enough of the Holy Ghost in my preaching to-day.

"*Monday*, 2.—Spent the P. M. at Brother Bowen's. Judge Dana, ex-member of Congress, present. Talked about discipline. Quite too much laxity in these regions.

"CANDOR, N. Y., *Thursday*, 5.—This place is ten miles from Owego. Reached here at eleven o'clock A. M. and preached to a full house in the evening. Was brought here by the kindness of Dr. Miles and Brother More of Ithaca, where I have left my wife sick, she having been taken ill last night, so that I was compelled to leave her behind. I put up here with Father Judd, a superannuated preacher of the Oneida Conference, a venerable man, who has labored between thirty and forty years in the vineyard. He has a comfortable house, a small farm, and pious wife and children, all members of the Church."

"To Mrs. H.,—We reached here about half an hour since, after a pleasant ride. I have authorized an appointment at Jacksonville, eight miles from Ithaca, on Tuesday next, Trumansburgh, four miles further, on Thursday night, and at Harrington on Sabbath, 15. If you are sick you can stay at Ithaca; if well, they will be little rides of pleasure. The Lord bless thee and bear us nearer and nearer to himself, for Christ's sake. Love to friends."

"To Mrs. H.,—Your sweet letter helped me. I have had better times here than ever before. God has wonderfully blessed me. Go on. I pray much for you, and feel that God hears me. Brother Clark preached an excellent sermon, and we raised a collection for him of twenty dollars. I shall probably be home on Wednesday next. God bless thee, beloved, and sanctify us wholly, soul, body, and spirit. I will talk to you when I see you about God's wonders to my soul. My temptations seem to vanish like vapor before the sun. O! Christ is precious. Almost all the time my peace is like a river. Farewell, with ever-during love in Christ."

"Owego, *August* 7, 1847.

"To Mrs. H.,—I write this morning just before leaving for Brother Agard's. I got your second letter two minutes ago, and bless and praise God. I felt in family prayer an unusual confidence in committing you to God, and having sent for your letter before breakfast, and finding the post-office not open, my waiting was calculated to try my patience and my faith. I now write, and leave the letter with Brother Ransom, who will try to get it conveyed by a passenger to Dr. Stevens, that you may get it before the Sabbath. We owe more than ten thousand talents, and have nothing to pay; but to the humble, forgiveness is so grateful! Where we really and truly forgive, do we not marvelously pity, and, if it be suitable, even love? When God forgives us, he makes a change in us which renders it fitting for him to love us. How then must he love us! This thought, a fresh one, makes my heart gush out in streams of holy gratitude. But there is this to be added: we are for-

given in Christ and through his death, and it seems to me God's thoughts and feelings in regard to Christ and his death run over on to us and embrace us as part and parcel of the wonder. 'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.' Christ and his redeemed became one to the Father's affections. Glory to God!

"Pray for me. As to doing good, it is like an ant cradling wheat; but Christ is mine, is ours. The Lord restore and bless and keep thee!"

"OWEGO, N. Y., *Sunday*, 8.—Preached twice in the large Methodist church here. Not a very satisfactory day's labor. Quite ill this evening; faint and feeble. My work is well nigh done.

"ITHACA, *Monday*, 9.—Had a sick night at Owego. Found very kind friends who watched me and assisted me, or it might have been my last night on earth. By the mercy of God was able to ride to this place to-day, and found my dear wife some better.

"*Tuesday*, 10.—Preached this night at Jacksonville. Dr. Miles and Brother Heath rode out with me and returned. A good congregation, and serious; but great stupidity prevails in all this region. 'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion.'

"TRUMANSBURGH, *Wednesday*, 11.—This is a fine village of six or eight hundred souls. Dr. Jerome kindly came after us and conveyed us to his house.

"*Thursday*, 12.—Preached this evening to a full house, of all mixtures, on 'perfect love.' Good attention, but no signs of feeling. The people of these parts think, but if they feel, they do it inwardly, 'and as it were in secret.' It is a time of declension, however.

"OVID, N. Y., *Saturday*, 14.—We came (brought on by Brother Ellsmore, a worthy local deacon) by Farmersville and Lodi to Ovid, twenty-six miles from Ithaca. It was, except heat, a most delightful ride. This is, in summer, a fairy land. Put up with Rev. Brother Davis.

"*Sunday*, 15.—Preached twice. Much attention, little feeling. I fear the fruit will be little. I understand from Brother Davis

that a fearful declension prevails, that vice is increasing, and is alarming. We have not reached the millennium yet. A dark night is to precede that glorious day. The prophets do not lie, and we shall yet have interpreted to us, 'I saw three unclean spirits like frogs.' Rev. xvi, 13. Lord, help thy people to watch! I feel the need of refreshings in my own soul."

"OVID, N. Y., *August* 16, 1847.

"TO REV. JACOB YOUNG,—It seems a long time since I heard from you. . . . My health has been better, but I am not sound.

"I have this year attended my own conferences, namely, the Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Jersey, and New York, and have also visited the Maine Conference with Bishop Hedding, and the Oneida Conference with Bishop Morris. I am now on my way to the Genesee Conference with Bishop Morris. From thence I propose to go with him to Michigan, and then to Ohio. I shall have been absent almost a year, and shall have stayed at home only four weeks in eighteen months, having been laboring in the pulpit and at conferences steadily without any rest all that time except four weeks. After I get around to Ohio I propose to spend some weeks in the winter, in reading, praying, and writing, and hope the brethren will not think me indolent if I do so.

"I shall be at Geneva, N. Y., until the first of September, and expect to spend a few days at Buffalo, say till the seventh of September. Can you not write to us there? We greatly desire to hear from you. Much employed. I must close, in the hope and belief that we and our dear families will soon meet in heaven."

"LODI, N. Y., *August* 17.—Preached this night in the 'Dutch Church' to a large and serious congregation of Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed, and Methodists. Had a very comfortable afternoon and evening. Lodged with a very lovely Christian family, Kelley, a young and heavenly-minded convert, a year old. Felt it pleasant to be with them. Had an interview with Rev. M. Liddle, Dutch 'domine.' A sincere man. He was educated in Scotland; studied with Dr. Chalmers. He gave me

information about the Free Church of Scotland, which changed my views of that community in some degree.

"*Thursday*, 19.—Preached to-night at Townsendville, five miles from Lodi. Put up with Brother Miller. A fine family. He is a sanctified man. A poor time in preaching.

"PENN YAN, N. Y., *August* 20.—Came over the lake from Lodi. Rev. William Goodwin and Sister Tuell met us at the landing with an easy carriage, and we had a pleasant ride of seven miles to this place, which lies by a crooked lake. The town contains about three thousand inhabitants, and four or five good churches. We put up at Brother Tuell's, and are kindly cared for.

"*Sunday*, 22.—Preached twice, spoke twenty minutes in a love-feast, and consecrated the elements for the Eucharist. Not a day of rich consolations. Lord, revive me!

"GENEVA, N. Y., *August* 23.—Three years ago I was here also, in poor health. God has preserved me. I hope for a baptism while here. I need it greatly. Come, Saviour, to my poor heart! I take lodgings with my dear Brother F. G. Hibbard, one of the choice ones of the earth. May it be a profitable season to us.

"*Wednesday*, 25.—Genesee Conference opened at nine A. M., and all the session taken up in miscellaneous business. I feel revived these two days past. Thanks be to God!

"*Thursday*, 26.—I am much revived. I have tried confession and am blessed. I feel Christ unusually near me. I am blessed! O, I am blessed!

"*Friday*, 27.—Conference proceeded rapidly to-day. About one hundred and thirty elders were examined at one sitting, and of only two hours. Great harmony prevails, and so far the session is pleasant. 'The best of all is, God is with us.'

"*Saturday*, 28.—Conference agreed on division, if General Conference please. That is right. Brother E. Bowen, of Oneida Conference, preached on 'Be ye perfect' a most excellent sermon. Many rejoiced. Blessed be God!

"*Sunday*, 29.—Preached this day at three o'clock. Trust some good may have been done. Bishop Morris preached at ten A. M. a delightful sermon. Deacons were ordained by me

at the close of sermon, and elders by Bishop Morris at three P. M. Our love-feast in the morning was one of the very best. The Lord has been merciful to us to-day. I trust his ministers are rising in zeal and purity. O may the baptism come speedily! Lord, revive us, shine upon us, and we will praise thee.

"*Tuesday*, 31.—Conference progresses rapidly. The spirit is good, delightful; no harsh words or looks of displeasure. Several preachers here are very devout. The missionary anniversary last evening was remarkably interesting. Henry Hickok was informed after the services commenced that he was appointed to China, and being introduced as the appointee, made a short, excellent address; and after remarks by Dr. Levings more than three hundred dollars were contributed. Robert S. Maclay is also appointed for China."

"GENEVA, N. Y, *August* 31, 1847.

"TO REV. HENRY HICKOK,—You were informed last evening, in our interview in the chapel, of your appointment to the China Mission. But it is proper that the information should be confirmed by letter, which will be to others also a notification of the fact. Your appointment takes effect from this date; and you will please consider yourself now released from any of those obligations to home service which would in the least degree interfere with your preparation for your new and distant field of labor.

"I understand by a letter from the chairman of the Committee on China Missions, Rev. D. P. Kidder, that it is desirable to get the missionaries to sail in October. I would direct you to him for information, and shall notify him to-day of your appointment.

"As you will be the senior minister of the mission, I deem it proper to say, that you will be charged at present with the superintendency of it, and will consider yourself as sustaining that relation, at least until the way shall be opened, if it please Providence, to appoint one of greater age to that station. I write to your colleague, and you can, if you please, open a correspondence with him. His address is, Rev. R. S. Maclay, Gettysburgh, Adams Co., Pa.

"And now, my dear brother, go in the strength of the Lord God, and penetrate the darkness of that empire of heathenism. Go, and with the thunders of the Divine Word shake the idol temples, and with the fires of the Holy Spirit consume their altars from off the earth. Israel's God shall go with thee and with thine. He shall give thee a rod to carry in thine hand, mightier than Aaron's. And plagues, more potent than fell upon Egypt, shall follow thy footsteps as thou goest out against the enemies of thy crucified Lord; and potent too, not to destroy, but to save. Live by the cross, and by the cross expire. If you do this, life and death shall be equally welcome. Should you live and labor long, may the chariots of God surrounding you be your defense, and above all, may the everlasting arms be beneath you. If called to martyrdom, may the grace of God be in thee to sweeten its cup, and make its cruel tortures as a bed of roses. He shall be with you who said, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'"

"BUFFALO, *September* 6, 1847.

"TO REV. HENRY HICKOK,—As you request, I will mention in few words some of your leading duties as superintendent of the China Mission, so long as it will be necessary for you to sustain that responsible relation:

"*First.* Your office will require that you take charge of all the missionaries, and direct them *when*, *where*, and *how* to labor, assigning them their stations, changing them, separating and reuniting them when you deem the work demands it, calling them together for counsel, etc., and marking out the forms of agency (whether by the press or otherwise) which seem most likely to win the perishing to the cross of Jesus Christ.

"*Second.* You should keep an exact account of all drafts, payments, credits, and property of every sort coming into your hands for the benefit of the mission and the missionaries, as also of the disbursements of the same, whether to the missionaries or other persons, always taking receipts, as vouchers when you settle with the board. Great care and promptness in this department may be considered indispensable to your own comfort and the prosperity of the mission.

"*Third.* You will often find it necessary to act as the agent of the board in making purchases for the mission of goods, provisions, etc., and may possibly be called (should your superintendency continue long) to negotiate with the government officers of the empire for franchises of some sort, such as will directly or indirectly contribute to the safety and comfort of the missionaries, or the promotion, in some way, of the blessed cause.

"*Fourth.* You will probably have occasion to act in some way as the instructor or guide of the 'Missionary Committee and Board,' (or whatever agency the General Conference may create to estimate the salaries of missionaries,) in fixing the allowance for the several missionaries, and the appropriations for the whole mission, so that a discreet economy may be exercised, and none of God's treasure be squandered; yet so also that the missionaries be comfortable, and not hindered or embarrassed in their work. To this part of your duty I would advise you to have an eye in keeping your accounts, and in reckoning your own domestic and personal expenses.

"*Fifth.* From the nature and necessity of the case, the judicial authority of the presiding elder [see Discipline, p. 67] must inhere in you, or the time might come when an unworthy man should escape the responsibility which in some cases ought to be immediately visited upon him by suspension. If, therefore, any member of the mission is charged with moral offense, (which may God in his mercy forbid,) you will be bound to call him to an account before a clerical committee, not to expel him, which you have no power to do, but to suspend him if necessary, and forward the recorded proofs of his delinquency (as full as may be) to his conference in the United States.

"*Sixth.* The oversight of the spiritual state of the mission, embracing every possible effort to maintain the high enjoyment of religion in your own hearts and families, and to secure the power of the Holy Spirit as our fathers and as the apostles enjoyed it, will be one of your most solemn duties—may I not say the most solemn of all. For considering what you are—God's servants and Christ's ministers to millions of pagans—were not hunger and thirst and persecution and martyrdom to

be preferred a thousand times to such a loss of spiritual savor and strength as will lead to ensuing defeat and reproach, and blot out the hope of the Church so far as her work in China is concerned. Much and regular and earnest prayer, and a living just under the sanctifying, the all-cleansing blood of the cross; this, and this only, will answer your turn as missionaries to that empire of sin and death."

"*Thursday*, 2.—Conference closed at half past ten A. M. A short session for Genesee. It asks a division by the Genesee River. This is well. The body is too large to do business comfortably.

"*Friday*, 3.—Reached Buffalo at nine P. M., and was conveyed by Brother Sully to his house in the north part of the city. Am weary and make haste to rest. It has been a busy day.

"*Sunday*, 5.—Preached at half past ten A. M. to a small congregation in Niagara-street, and again at three P. M. at Swan-street. It has been a rainy but comfortable day. Some, not large, comfort.

"*Monday*, 6.—To-day have visited Niagara Falls for the first time. It is a wonder indeed, but as such made no impression on me. I did not wonder at it. I anticipated a perfect shock; but many a cascade twenty feet high has impressed me more than this. I tried every way to be affected with a sense of the sublime. Went down the immense flight of steps and up again, that I might be fully aware of the great depth of the water-fall. Crossed over to the Table Rock, viewed it from many positions below and above, but all in vain. I did not succeed in gaining any impression of the sublime or magnificent; yet I am not a stoic, but generally have as quick a sensibility of what is grand or beautiful as any person I have known. The mountain scenery on Lake Champlain and the Hudson, and even the prairies of Wisconsin, nearly intoxicated me in 1844 and 1846. The fact is, my wonder had died away years ago in regard to the Falls. From description they had been familiar to me forty years; and when I saw them it was as though I had lived on the banks of the cataract all that time. This is my explanation."

"BUFFALO, *September* 6, 1847.

"MISS PHEBE AND MASTER WALTER PALMER,—My dear little Friends,—On returning from Niagara Falls this evening a large and beautiful letter was put into our hands, full of the most delightful news. And the great cataract was forgotten as we read it, and we felt that one such letter was worth more than to see a thousand Niagaras, if each one were ten times greater than this. It told us about good meetings and hearts made new, and dying sinners coming to Christ, and humble Christians made holy and becoming strong to serve God. Then, to crown all, we found that our dear little friends, Phebe and Walter, were looking and longing after Christ, and seeking new hearts. We had before thought of writing to you, but could not well get time; but on reading pa and ma's letter with all this good news, I said to Mrs. H. I must sit down now and write. But as my letter must be very short, I will just say these new hearts which you talk about are better than all the gold in the world; better than a house full of diamonds. Now you know you could not get all this gold, or so many diamonds, if you would ask, and travel, and dig, and try a thousand years. But the better than gold or diamonds—a new heart—you may both get by just asking. For Jesus says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' Only you must go on asking till the blessing comes, which you may be sure it will, and that very soon. When you have prayed for a new heart, you must be careful and not 'upset' your prayers by getting a little angry at pa, ma, Sarah, or 'Uncle Miley;' or by getting a little proud or vexed in some way. Suppose you should jump up from prayer and turn and scold, or cry ill-naturedly, do you think the scolding would not kill the prayer, so that it would bring you no blessing? Surely it would.

"When you ask God for a new heart, you must ask him to give it to you for Christ's sake, or because Christ died for you. Your dear parents will tell you more about this. I do hope, my dear children, that you will so keep praying, day and night, that God, 'for Christ's sake,' will soon make your hearts all new. He will do it, for he says in the Bible, (and the Bible, you know, is every word true,) 'A new heart will I give you.'

There it is in so many words, and God says it, and had it written down that we may tell him over what he says, and plead with him to do as he has said.

"A few days ago I appointed two good and godly men to go to China as missionaries. One is Mr. Hickok, who lives out this way, is twenty-eight years old, with a pious wife who is willing to bid all her relations adieu forever, and go to try to save the heathen. The other is Mr. Maclay, preaching near Carlisle, Pa. He has no wife, but goes alone. They both wish to go, and live and labor and die in China. You may see them in New York, for they will be there by and by to sail for China. If they are faithful, they will wear bright crowns in heaven. I should love to be a missionary above all things; but I am getting too old and clumsy. You are too young, but there is this difference: you will get older, while I can never get any younger; so I must give it up. But, indeed, I would love to be a poor, faithful missionary.

"I must now finish. Mrs. H. and I are both tired; but we are not 'miserable,' as some say. We have both had a happy day. We had a pious visit at the Falls. Bishop and Mrs. Morris, and Mr. Thomas, a mighty good, holy man, were our companions. It was a very pious excursion. Pa will tell you what 'excursion' means. We got so happy when we reached here, that we prayed and praised all together with our 'new hearts,' (for old hearts get new and keep new if we have religion.) O may Jesus make yours new!"

"DETROIT, *Saturday*, 11.—Reached here at sunrise, having been thirty-six hours on the lake from Buffalo. We had a fine run on the 'Cleveland,' American side, having lost the 'London' on the Canada side by her delay. We had a good sail.

"*Sunday*, 12.—Preached at half past ten A. M. in Second Church, and at eight P. M. in First Church. We had a good love-feast in the morning, my soul being blessed. Many gave witness to perfect love. This is a good Sabbath. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

"*Monday*, 13.—Looked about Detroit. Find it teeming with Germans. Three mammoth Roman Churches, one about 80 by

180 feet. Two Methodist Episcopal Churches about 42 by 65. Preached this evening to thirty Germans.

"*Tuesday*, 14. Left my wife at Judge Wilkins's, a devoted Christian jurist, and reached Ypsilanti at twelve o'clock. Four hours on the railroad thirty miles. Put up with Dr. Town, in company with Bishop Morris."

"SATURDAY, *September* 18, 1847.

"To MRS. H.,—I have been up two hours nearly, (now seven A. M.,) and have had more prayer than usual. I feel comfortable.

"I have had pleasant communion with Bishop Morris and the brethren. The town is much crowded, will be more to-day. I hope for a good Sabbath to-morrow. Feel determined to *try* to do my duty. Find a few men read sermons here. Brother W. of Buffalo, I think, read one last night, (or night before,) and it was a Maffit affair, except taste and elocution, having angels with their 'sunny pinions,' and 'rosy clouds,' and many such like matters all through it. O for men filled with the Holy Ghost to *preach* Christ crucified!

"Be faithful, my dear M., in the family. I *may* come on Tuesday, so as to reach Xenia on Saturday next."

"YPSILANTI, MICH., *September* 15.—Michigan Conference commenced its session to-day. About seventy members present, a goodly company. Conference opened with prayer by several brethren. Some fervor in devotion.

"*Thursday*, 16.—Conference progresses slowly. No especial tokens of devotional habits. I fear we are not, as ministers, devoted as we should be.

"*Friday*, 17.—I put up with Dr. T., a pleasant New York family. I have Bishop Morris for a companion. Dr. Pittman and his wife have arrived.

"*Saturday*, 18.—Conference has got along better for a day or two. This is a Northern people. Their house is large, and they sit to pray, and turn round and gaze at the choir like an exhibition in singing. '*O tempora!*'"

"YPSILANTI, *September* 19, 1847.

"To MRS. H.,—This has been one of the best, *the* best conference Sabbath I have witnessed this year. The Lord met us

in love-feast. Bishop Morris preached on 'Sanctify you wholly,' (Thess.,) and it was a time of power. At two o'clock I tried to preach thirty-five minutes on Rom. xii, 1, and we wound up 'in a storm.' Ordained the elders and administered the Lord's Supper to all the preachers, and the whole occupied but two hours from the time we left the house till we returned.

"To me it has been a precious day. I feel the fire burn unusually in my heart. It is said this conference is in a better state than three years ago, and I suspect it is true. I have agreed to speak in the missionary meeting to-morrow night. I often send you notice of my expected labors that you may be able to pray for me at the time. Now, my dear M., let us struggle near to Christ. On the word 'acceptable' to-day I felt much, more than usual. 'More acceptable' for our very vileness; more precious to God's affections when we penitently return, from the very fact that we had been 'prodigal' exiles and (dead) are alive again. Lord, help us to realize it with adoring gratitude, trust, and faithfulness!

"My best love to Brother and Sister Wilkins. O what a bright pathway is before them! They have something to sacrifice for Christ. How glad should they be, and how quick to sacrifice it! The fidelity of either may depend much upon the other. (After tea.) Poor, sad Dr. T. (my host) is scolding about the shouting. He wont say Bishop Hamline intended to make them shout, but he thinks 'Tippett' did, and is indignant. He says they have not so much of the 'animal' up this way. Bishop Morris hits him on one side, and Pitman gives it to him without mercy. I think we shall get a shout under Pitman's sermon to-night, and may it come in *thunder!*

"*Monday Morning, seven o'clock.*—Had a good night's rest; feel well this morning in body and soul. I have wanted much to sing your doxology, but fear to disturb Bishop Morris, who is sleeping. O that the Lord would come to our hearts to-day in glorious power!"

"Detroit, *September* 22.—Conference was tedious to-day in some trials and appeals. I left at two o'clock. Waited at the Depot till half past three P. M., and reached here at half past

six P. M. Preached in the Second Church in the evening. Much fatigued.

"*Thursday*, 23.—Bishop Morris arrived this evening. We conclude to return to Cincinnati by canal. Had a pleasant day. Not much of Christ. O for more of the presence of my adorable Redeemer!

"*Friday*, 24.—Canal-boat, near Toledo. Sailed over a rough lake last night to Toledo, a rough place. Started in Canal Packet at seven o'clock. Where shall we spend the Sabbath? A question now of some interest. May Providence guide us!

"DEFIANCE, *September* 25.—Landed here at eleven P. M., and put up for the Sabbath, Bishop Morris at a private house, and I and my family at the tavern. Not very comfortable quarters.

"*Sunday*, 26.—Bishop Morris preached at half past ten. I tried at three P. M. He had a good time.

"*Monday*, 27.—Canal-boat. We started again at eleven o'clock, and were not so crowded; but we secured good berths at the junction where several passengers left. We should be thankful. Lord, enable us!

"*Tuesday*, 28.—We reached Piqua about twelve to-day, and saw some friends. It is a very pleasant place. Passed Troy about four o'clock. We have made a bad exchange of boats. A vile, card-playing, blasphemous company are along.

"CINCINNATI, *September* 29.—Reached Brother N. W. Thomas's in peace. Thanks be to God! I have now been absent from Cincinnati since the 16th day of November, 1846, more than ten months. This is itinerating largely. I have enjoyed and suffered, have labored and been perplexed. What is before? May I accomplish as a hireling my day, and be received to rest everlasting!

"*Friday*, *October* 1.—Rest from toil. Home. I need rest. During my absence I have presided in the most difficult conferences. Stationed a large number of preachers, ordained many deacons and elders, sat up at night, felt great perplexities, and preached a great number of sermons. I need rest.

"CINCINNATI, 2.—The city is apportioned to two districts, East and West Cincinnati. There are ten English and three German preachers in the city, besides three presiding elders.

Religion is low, very low, in most of the Churches. We need the Spirit poured out from on high.

"*Sunday*, 3.—Preached in the evening at Christie Chapel. A beautiful church. It reminds us of a good, holy, gifted man. May the mantle of Christ fall on those who minister in this sanctuary!

"*Monday*, 4.—Very busy to-day in little arrangements for winter and its toils. I cannot afford to rest long. Why should I? My Master calls me to many labors. I must be up and doing. The day of labor will pass away.

"*Tuesday*, 5.—Busy, busy. Much news from the seat of war. One or two thousand Americans killed and wounded! What scenes the battle-field must present! But a nation is drunken with the triumphs of our arms.

"*Wednesday*, 6.—I think much of going to Africa. Cannot give it up. I have written letters which will probably decide me. They say I will die. That I shall, whether I go or stay, at no distant day. Africa needs a visit from one of the Methodist bishops.

"WILMINGTON, IND., *Friday* 8.—Reached here this evening on a lumber-wagon from the river, riding on the reach and a board, and holding my trunk. Found my friends well.

"*Saturday*, 9. This is a beautiful hill. Seldom have I seen a more pleasant place for a comfortable residence than here. The county-seat was here. It is the more pleasant for its removal.

"AURORA, IND., *Sunday* 10.—Preached and held class in Wilmington at eleven A. M., and preached here in the evening. A good day for these cold times. The class-meeting at Wilmington exhausted me, there being some seventy present. But I asked help of the class-leaders and obtained it. It seems as though there were a little movement on the minds of the people here and at Wilmington. There is need enough!

"CINCINNATI, *Tuesday*, 12.—Reached here at eleven o'clock last night, and found my dear family and Brother Thomas' family well. This little trip was on the whole pleasant and profitable. O Lord, refresh my soul still more!

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, *Wednesday*, 13.—Reached here at ten P. M. weary and sick. Thankful to have reached at all. The journey

from Cincinnati here requires five hours in the cars and six in the stage. The last were painful, being crowded.

"*October* 14.—Expected to be in Zanesville to-night, but was too unwell to proceed. Had to lie over one day. Spent it at Mr. M.'s tavern, very still, and resting much in bed. I long to be Christ-like in all circumstances.

"ZANESVILLE, *October* 15.—Reached Mr. Lippitt's at five o'clock. Brothers Dustin, Warnock, and Moorhead called during the evening, and also Brother Brush. May the Lord bless this place! Here, just by, my dead lie buried!

"ZANESVILLE, *October* 16.—Was taken unexpectedly ill in the night with fearful distress (like dying) and faintness indescribable. Sent to town for medicine, and received all the attentions the family could bestow.

"*Monday*, *October* 18.—A little relieved. What confusion of thought sickness makes! I scarcely think at all, or rather I have 'broken fragments of scattered thought.' I desire to be ready to die *before* death comes.

"*Saturday*, 23.—Have been sick through the week. Have walked out two or three times into the grove, but was the worse for it. Have thought I might die here and go into the tomb close by. Had several visits from dear Christian friends and enjoyed them. But 'none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.'

"*Sunday*, *October* 24.—This is the second Sabbath I miss labor. It is of the Lord. I can do but little, and other men are here who can labor, I sincerely believe, to better profit than I can. If I go out again, Lord go with me!

"*Monday*, *October* 25.—Have been able to walk out to-day, and the tokens are of convalescence. By a careful diet, and watchful guarding against cold and damp, hope to improve. God is good, healing our diseases.

"*Sunday*, *October* 31.—Preached this morning in Putnam at quarterly meeting. Had not been in the church for fourteen years. A good and attentive congregation. Not so much plain Methodism as twenty years ago. Is the fine gold changed? O Lord, thou knowest!

"XENIA, *Saturday*, *November* 6.—Reached here at six A. M., after riding all night and from twelve o'clock yesterday (noon.)

Stood it quite as well as I could have hoped. Spent a pleasant day in rest.

"*Sunday, November* 7.—Preached at eleven A. M. and seven P. M. A tolerable season. Trust some one may get good. Lord, arm thy word with power! Let the Spirit descend and water the seed! Sanctify the people through thy truth; thy word is truth!

"*Monday, November* 8.—Spent the morning at Mr. Wright's, and in the evening came over to Brother Kerr's to spend the night and take the cars in the morning for Cincinnati. Went with Brother H. to general class. A very rainy evening; few out, and a dull time. Brother H. is awake, and enjoys perfect love. He will do good.

"CINCINNATI, *November* 9.—Reached Brother Thomas's at eleven A. M., having left Xenia at six o'clock. Found all well here. Saw several friends through the day. Churches here in a promising state. All at work. Rev. J. Dillon has a revival in Maley Chapel charge.

"WILMINGTON, IND., *November* 11.—Reached here this evening at five o'clock to spend a few days. We hope for rest. I need retirement; an opportunity to read, pray, write, meditate, get nearer to Christ. Lord, help me for Christ's sake! Amen."

"CINCINNATI, *November* 12, 1847.

"TO REV. F. G. HIBBARD,—Having spent some time in hastily arranging affairs which, by neglect for months of absence, needed attention, I embrace the first reasonable opportunity to write to you. I trust the grace of God abounds *in* you, (as we know it does toward you and us all,) even until now, and that the holy comforts of our blessed religion sweeten life as it passes. As all the *law* is fulfilled in love, (to God and man,) so it is undoubtedly true all *joy* is fulfilled in *it* also. What a heaven is found in charity! When it is said 'the greatest of these is charity,' it means not only as to utility, but as to peace or inward satisfaction, creating a heaven inwardly, and then diffusing a heaven (as far as mortals may) outwardly. For love does not profit abroad more than it jubilates at home, as the fire when kindled spreads from its center, the center of love being

where Christ by his Spirit touches and inflames the heart. Let us, my dear brother, experiment daily on this love. It is the best way to a sound theology and an infallible logic, to be deeply versed in the love of God and man. Let us run great lengths in *it*, and we shall find ourselves acquiring a real *clairvoyance* wherewith to look on God's word and providence, and gentle, unambitious study will come in easily and steadily to help us on. Our appetite for truth will be healthful, and study will be a heavenly meditation, and science will be sanitary, not hurtful to the soul.

"This, I doubt not, you have proved, and daily experience, above my own partial and unskillful efforts. For though I seem to exhort, I include myself, feeling that few need just uses and profits of exhortation as much as I do. I am often like the domestic bird attempting to fly, having to struggle hard to gain a little way. O that, like the eagle, I might "*mount* upward!" Sometimes God in mercy does bear me in a most comforting flight for some days, and indeed my pen should scarcely dwell on my own broken efforts to mention them at all, but rather on God's gracious aids and enablings which he in mercy ministers. Let us give glory to Him hour by hour. That we are all sin and shame and weakness, unable for any freedom, or honor, or soarings above the pit of our own fallen nature, are all a constant implication and concession, so we may drop it all and turn to praise God our Saviour.

"I feel some of the power of faith, hope, and charity; not, however, in their plenitude, as I desire and expect to feel them. I wait for all 'the mind that was in Christ.' I am looking to 'put on Christ' more fully than I have yet experienced. I am looking for more ministerial power, so as to preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. I greatly long for an extended and expanded experience of the Christian life, or of the life of Christ in my soul. 'I want a sun, a sea of love.' Lift me up by your prayers now and then. The very God of peace sanctify us wholly, and preserve 'blameless.' O the blessedness of being made and preserved 'blameless!' And yet it is averred apostolically, 'Faithful is He that calleth you,' who also 'will do it.'

"I have yet to speak of the atonement, doctrinally, exegetically, and philosophically. When you start it I will see if I can say anything thus; but I must advertise you that I have been trying to be a very poor philosopher, a fool in metaphysics, and was always so without trying, so you will not expect much. The Lord be pleased to make your labors both light and pleasant, ministering strength and wisdom as you need."

"*Sunday*, 14.—Preached in Wilmington at eleven A. M. to the congregation, and at three to the children. Led the class; had comfort. This would be a pleasant hill of Zion if all the people were taught of the Lord. Sin mars all. Lord, revive thy work!

"*Monday*, 15.—Spent this day in writing. Have my mind on Africa. Read some in Cox's Remains. He died like a hero. Nearly alone, in barbarous Africa, in a room where the rains made it look as though 'tubs of water had been poured on the floor,' in unutterable triumph, he breathed out his soul to God. Where are the thousands to 'fall,' like him, before Africa be given up! Lord, supply them by thy Spirit!

"*Wednesday*, 17.—I am in trouble to find so many men willing to go to China, and so few to Africa. Ought not some of them to look after their motives? A Chinese mission is more genteel, and has in it more of literary honor.

"*Thursday*, 18.—Attended church this evening and heard a young brother preach, who seems to have much zeal, and a heart to do good. May the Lord bless these preachers and people, and pour salvation upon them!

"*Friday*, 19.—Some light and comfort, some conflicts and afflictions, to-day. My Jesus in mercy stooped down to me, and greatly revived me. Read some in 'Edwards on Revivals.' His wife's experience (I presume it is) is entire sanctification.

"*Saturday*, 20.—Another week gone. May the approaching one be full of life, joy, and divine services! Help me to purpose, Lord, to vow and to perform.

> "I would be thine, thou knowest I would,
> And have thee all my own."

"AURORA, *Sunday*, 21.—Preached in the morning at Wilmington, and this evening here. Had a comfortable season through the day. I think a protracted meeting here would be likely to be attended with a glorious revival. People talk about religion in the streets.

"*Tuesday*, 23.—Went up yesterday morning to Wilmington and came down with Mrs. Hamline in the P. M. Thought to go up the river this evening, but concluded to defer it and take a journey to Madison.

"*Wednesday*, 24.—Fell to-day on the barber's steps, and supposed, at first, that the injury was by striking on the small of my back; but my elbow struck heavily on the steps, and I found, in the afternoon, that my shoulder was injured. Delayed my journey.

"*Thursday*, 25.—Left Aurora at three o'clock for Madison on the steamer Belle Madison. My shoulder is very much sprained, but what a mercy that no vital injury was inflicted. 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

"MADISON, IND., *Friday*, 26.—Reached here in the night and landed and breakfasted with my dear Brother W. C. Smith, pastor of the Wesley charge; then took lodgings at Brother Basnett's, an old soldier of the cross, a lovely Methodist Christian family. Preached at night. Praise God!

"*Saturday*, 27.—Rev. A. Wiley preached at half past ten A. M. and at night. Good seasons. The Lord was present to bless. I felt great comfort in my soul. The Lord is in this place, but there are many adversaries. The Saviour's foes are often in his own household.

"*Sunday*, 28.—Preached in the morning at Wesley Chapel, and at night in Third-street. Comfort while pleading with Christ. Endeavored to preach Christ to-day. Resolve to do so the little time I have to stay. Lord, give me patience, faith, love, and ministerial power.

"*Monday*, 29.—Preached at three P. M. to the children from 'the best robe.' Three hundred and fifty present, and good attention. At night, love-feast. A pleasant season to my soul, but none joined, and no great works wrought. Exhorted them, at the close, to keep the Discipline and attend class.

"*Tuesday*, 30.—Preached this evening in the German Methodist Episcopal Church. House full. Germans very attentive, but fear could not understand. Many Americans present. Took tea at Brother Richey's, and had several prayers. This praying in company does not come so easy and natural as it did three years ago. I fear I am not so fully bent on suffering shame for Christ's sake as I have been. Lord, increase my faith greatly for Christ's sake!

"MOUNT AUBURN, CINCINNATI, *December* 2.—Reached here last evening, having left Madison on Wednesday evening. That precious man, Brother C. W. Basnett, came up with us. He is an Israelite indeed, and a lovely family and a lovely home for us. May our gracious God bless them!

"*Sunday*, 5.—Preached this morning in Wesley Chapel, and had great and unexpected peace, joy, and help. Souls seemed precious. I had not preached in this chapel for a year. A year ago to-day was in Allen-street, New York.

"*Monday*, 6.—Think much about Africa. Am waiting for news from the Liberian packet. Now think, if it sails by the first of January, I shall go, especially if Brother Benham, the superintendent, returns in her. May the infinitely wise God direct me!

"*Tuesday*, 7.—Have stayed five days at M. Brooks's on Mount Auburn. Have found some aid and comfort. Spent to-day in town, and preached and administered the Lord's supper at Gassoway's (Barber) to a dozen persons, old Mrs. G., with a cancer, partaking. Lord, bless the effort!"

"CINCINNATI, *December* 9, 1847.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—We greet you in the name of the Lord. May his richest blessings be upon you continually, and upon your whole household, through Jesus Christ.

"We received the letter which stirred up our hearts toward the friends in Philadelphia, and made us wish to be more abundant in gratitude and prayers on their account. May the sanctified among them be always steadfast, unmovable, and abounding in the work of the Lord, not ignorant of Satan's devices, but steadfastly resisting.

"Mrs. H. and myself are but in very moderate health, she being much afflicted with colds and rheumatic affections, yet laboring and traveling nearly all the time, and by no means abating one whit of her zeal in the glorious cause. For myself, I feel He puts strength in me, and helps me by his great power. Last Sabbath was a precious day indeed. 'I then rode on the sky.' In preaching at our great Wesley Chapel, the largest we have in America, and a place where I generally dread to preach, because it does not suit my feeble voice, I felt that the Holy Spirit 'gave me utterance,' and immediate fruit was gathered.

"A few glorious revivals are breaking out around us. One, under the labors of Brother Sears, is attended with uncommon tokens of God's power to save. Nothing in this region has equaled it for some time. We have a strong hope that God is about to appear in his glory and build up Zion. The congregations are getting larger and more solemn, and it seems as though there was 'a sound in the tops of the mulberry-trees.' O how glorious it will be to see sinners flocking to Christ and saints cleansed and filled with the Spirit! The Lord in mercy hasten it!

"Sarah, then, is 'joined to the Lord.' How did your hearts contain the gratitude and joy? It would be most interesting to see her in the 'new robe,' and hear the 'new song' which is put into her mouth. May Israel's God guard and cherish the young branch and make it fruitful!"

"*Friday*, 10.—This has been a good day. My heart waxes warm. Called on Sister Strobridge, whose pious husband went to rest two years ago last month. She is a good woman. This evening has been pleasant. Spent it in social conversation and prayer. God was present. Under my dear wife's prayer, felt that God came down in power. O that I had her power with God, and could prevail as I feel she does! Lord, I thank thee for this gift!

"MONTGOMERY, *Sunday*, 12. — Came here yesterday, the high floods preventing my visiting Newtown. Preached at eleven A. M. Two deacons (Myers and Stewart) were or-

dained. Heard an excellent sermon last evening from Brother H., and another to-night by Brother Ellsworth. Some discord among the brethren has prevented good from being done here. We must have peace or the Spirit is grieved. May he bless this people with a glorious revival!

CINCINNATI, *Tuesday*, 14.—Returned last evening and found all well. The home of my friend Brother Brooks is a house of prayer. May the few days I now spend bring glory to God by the work of his grace here! Amen!

" *Wednesday*, 15.—A great flood and snow storm. The river overflows nearly one third of the city, and public buildings are devoted to those who are driven from their homes. The Lord is at work.

"*Thursday*, 16.—Waters still rising and snow falling. Great distress all along the river. The Lord is carrying on his work here. Brother B. is groaning for redemption from sin. Lord, appear for him! The work is thine. A good day for my poor soul!

" *Saturday*, 18.—This has been a good day. Christ was with me. My heart burned all the day long with gratitude and love. I have occasion to praise, and especially should I be thankful for a heart to praise, for that too is God's own gift. May I improve it aright.

" *Sunday*, 19. — Preached this morning in Ninth-street. Rather a cold time of it. The people seemed cold. I desire, however, to record God's goodness in permitting me to preach at all. I tried to declare the truth and think of nothing but to trust all to God.

" *Monday*, 20.—This has been a glorious day. Christ was with me all the day long. Why yesterday was so barren I know not. Had grace for comfort abounded yesterday as to-day, it seems to me, I could have preached 'Thy will be done.'

"*Wednesday*, 22.—Give up going to Africa. So I am persuaded it is the will of God. The packet cannot sail by January 1, and I dare not start later than that. I had begun to get my heart set on going, but now I expect never to see Africa. This evening, in conversation and prayer

with the family and my dear wife, I had some new views of faith, and urging them helped me, if not others. One thing suggested was, that our thoughts and words must flow in the channel of faith, or we resist the Spirit who would work by faith. We must not think or say, 'I dare not,' but 'Lord, I believe.'

"*Friday*, 24.—Left Brother Brooks's to-day. God has blessed us and the family, thanks to his holy and blessed name. The Lord he is God. I have felt his presence here in a very unusual manner, and bless him for his goodness to me and mine.

"SALEM, *Saturday*, 25.—Came out to-day with Brother Sears to spend a few days with the people at Salem. Preached at eleven o'clock to a small congregation. A very pleasant hour. Brother Calhoun labored at night.

"*Sunday*, 26.—Preached at eleven. A moderate congregation. Brother Sears at night. We want power. There is great backsliding among us. We want faith, zeal, spiritual life-crucifixion to the world. We want discipline.

"*Monday*, 27.—This morning preached and administered baptism and the Lord's supper. Very small congregation, but a comfortable time. Christ was precious. This evening Brother Sears preached an excellent sermon to a few, and meeting closed. Better success than Jesus often had.

"CINCINNATI, *Tuesday*, 28. — Came from Salem early, and reached Cincinnati at ten A. M. Thanks be to God! My faith is strong, comparatively. At Brother Simpson's. This is a family of prayer. The children learn to sing hymns (not songs) with the piano.

"*Wednesday*, 29.—Visited Brother Brooks to-day with my dear wife. Found Mrs. Sears quite ill. Prayed with her. She is a child of God, and much devoted, but a trembling soul. She may be about to die; if so, she will leave few sincerer Christians behind her.

"*Thursday*, 30.—Left Cincinnati at one o'clock for Madison, and thence to Lexington, in Scott county, to dedicate a church. Have kept my state-room and read and prayed, and am kept in peace through Jesus Christ.

"LEXINGTON, IND., *Friday*, 31.—Came to-day from Madison much jolted and weary, with aching bones, but faith in Christ. Put up with Judge White. Did not go to meeting to-night. Felt too wayworn to venture out. The year closes. Adieu! How many will not see the close of another. Perhaps myself among them.

"Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day.

"May I go on understanding and remembering, 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: FIFTH YEAR.

"LEXINGTON, *January* 1, 1848.—The new year has come. Here I am with a new history commencing. I cannot but strongly hope it will be the best year of my life. I cry unto thee, my God, and implore great grace for its duties and conflicts. I feel that I have more faith—that faith which is 'of the operation of God,' and stands in the power of God—than ever I had before. I think, unless my heart deceives me, that God has wrought a strong faith in me within three weeks. And as it seems to me that he is the 'author' of it, he will also be the supporter and the finisher of it. Looking back on the past year, what cause have I for humiliation, for penitence, for mourning. But the 'bridegroom' comes to my soul. I rejoice!

"The last three weeks before Thursday, December 24, were spent at the house of M. Brooks, Esq. It was a rest season, as I supposed, preparatory to visiting Liberia, as I had determined to take the voyage if the packet sailed by January 1, as she was advertised.

"Here we had daily family prayer-meetings. Mr. Brooks was stirred up, chiefly by the instrumentality of Mrs. H., (whose faith often rebukes my unbelief,) to seek more of God. On the evening of Wednesday, December 23, in a conversation with the family, and more especially with Brother Brooks, I was led for his sake to speak of faith, a theme most frequently and earnestly dwelt upon among us.

"I did not feel prepared to *teach* the way of faith, yet was bound to speak as well as I could. I urged faith on my friend, and among other things said, (what then first occurred to myself:) 'Do you not think, Brother B., that we should as an intellectual effort place our minds in a position to favor the work of the Spirit in producing faith in us? We all agree that

faith is the gift of God. But, though his Spirit works faith in the believer, may we not grieve or resist the Spirit on one hand, and on the other hand invite and encourage him, in his efforts to produce faith? Suppose, for instance, while the effort of the Spirit is to work or operate faith, I say, "I wish to believe, but cannot;" "I dare not believe;" "I have no faith;" "It is impossible for me to believe;" and so on. Do I not directly resist the motions of the Spirit by counter-motions of my own mind? Surely the movements of the Spirit are in one direction, that is, toward faith; while the motion of my mind is in an opposite direction, that is, against faith. The Spirit would move me to a state in which I shall say, "I will believe;" "I do believe;" "I dare believe;" while I allow my mind to carry me to the point, "I do not believe;" "I cannot;" "I dare not believe." Will not this grieve the Spirit?

"'Ought we not to encourage and work with the Spirit by saying, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief?" Is not this effort of ours to move in our thoughts in the very direction which the Spirit takes, fulfilling the apostolic direction, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," knowing "that it is God that worketh in us?"'

"While speaking on this wise to my brother, uttering thoughts that were new to myself, I felt the subject of faith, and the way to it, open to my mind with unusual beauty, and a gentle peace of sweet and healing trust in Christ sprung up in my soul. It seemed rather to increase, yet slowly and almost imperceptibly, through the remainder of the evening. I began immediately to do what I had endeavored to point out so important a reason for doing, and it seemed to me, though I had done it a thousand times, that to say any more, 'I cannot believe,' 'I dare not believe,' would be one of the most profane and aggravated offenses I could commit against God. Such an offense, that if I would treat the word of any, the most untrusty mortal on earth, as such language treats the word of God, he would challenge me, or would fall upon me in violence of his rage to be revenged. On the other hand it seemed to me that to determine to believe and say, 'I *will*, I *do* believe,' conferred the greatest honor on God and his word that any poor creature

like man can confer (if any) on his Maker and Redeemer. For several days, and up to this date, January 1, 1848, I have been kept in a very unusual manner, much of the time dwelling on faith in my thoughts, and having presented to me arguments in favor of faith which never seemed of such effectual force as they now do. I have not had a state of continual rapture, but I have enjoyed, if I mistake not, continual peace, and a sense of the value and virtue of faith which I never enjoyed before."

"LEXINGTON, IND., *January* 1, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—This is the first time I have dated a letter within the new year. And now my heart glows with gratitude to God my Maker and Saviour, and to the instruments of Providence and grace in my behalf; and as to these instruments, most of all toward you, my own beloved wife. I am this morning filled with rapturous surprise to see how the Lord has dealt with me and with us. It is now 1848. O to look back to 1836, when the Lord first gave you to me to help me to draw near to Christ, and to review, step by step, the way in which he has brought me, the deliverances wrought, in every one of which he has made you the means and his co-worker! It overwhelms me with grateful surprise. May I never forget!

"I hope to spend this year as I never have spent one. I am about to offer and record my vows. I want them sealed on earth, and sealed in heaven. I wish to vow to be His who hath called me, and then wish severally to vow that His strength shall make and keep me His. How important is this last! How easily overlooked or forgotten! How vain are all covenants that do not embrace it! How rich in fruits and joys such humble, sweet dependence on the God of everlasting strength and love! Lord, I am thus thine this morning and forever; thine in thine own grace and might, by which, and in which, I yield myself thine forever.

"There is a charm to my hopes in 1848. I trust it will be notable as to my own experience. I feel as though I were starting anew to run the race set before me. It seems to me I am anointed for the race, and have revealed in new lights the inviting goal. I think how short the race is, and that this year

may close its struggles. If not, it may see me new-winged for it, so that I shall 'rejoice as a strong man' to run this race. I feel content to run on; content to finish, and take from bleeding love the crown which none but a hand pierced and wounded with the love and pity, it bears me would or could ever place on my unworthy brow. O to think of this! A crown of love, not of thorns, on such a sinner's brow! Let my thoughts and emotions hang on that wonder, and expatiate on it forever. How can it be believed! yet it is fully and forever believed. The greater the wonder the more closely does faith embrace it, and the more sweetly does the heart feast upon it. Such a crown, on such a brow, by such a hand, with such deep, gory wounds inflicted by the very wretch thus crowned, and thus taken into the fellowship and love of that wounded, bleeding One!

"'Herein is love!' 'O the depths of the riches!' Shall we dare to doubt? Shall we question the love which has gone such lengths for us? That were a double cruelty; that were killing Christ over again; that were to slay the murdered. O, blessed God, save us from this crowning act of sanguinary sin, to doubt the love which bleeds for us, the promise made with dying lips, the covenant sealed with death pangs! We doubt thee not, blessed Jesus! Thou art all mine. I am all thine. Thou art mine and I am thine for ever and ever. Amen!

"I did not think to run on in these growing and inexpressible beatitudes, for I know not what else to call them. But the theme swells like growing waters in my soul. No wonder, for 'O Lord, I will praise thee,' because, though thou wast angry with me, yet thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me. No wonder; for his name of whom I write shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. No wonder; for I write of him who 'sprinkles clean water upon us,' and we are 'clean.' No wonder that what throws heaven into ecstacy, and moves the palms, and swells the anthems of its 'great multitudes, which no man can number,' should move poor worms on earth, who are permitted, as we are, to look into the verge of the overpowering radiance. No wonder that a sight of Jesus should set our hearts and pens on fire, since it provokes songs

in glory which sound away on earth like the 'sound of many waters.' No wonder that a faith which embraces and makes 'substance' all the hopes of enjoying a part in this concert of a holy, sanctified universe, should fill us with joy, even till the soul exclaims, 'I am sick;' I am faint with the pure, eternal, overflowing delights which press on all my inward being and bear me on to God.

"But I return. It is the new year. I wish you, love, 'a happy year;' happy above all the power of time or of the world to grant; above all that creatures can furnish or conceive. Happy in the love of Christ and the hope of heaven. Pray much, believe constantly, and be sanctified wholly through Jesus Christ."

"LEXINGTON, IND., *January* 1, 1848.—Reached here last night with Brother Morgan, sheriff of county, who brought me through mud eighteen miles from Madison. Put up with J. V. White, judge of county court, and a good man I believe. Preached this morning at eleven o'clock.

"*Sabbath*, 2.—Had a good, I might say glorious, day. Preached the dedicatory sermon at eleven A. M. Bad as the going was, a respectable congregation, a good church, about forty by fifty, and between five and six hundred dollars subscribed. Ordained two deacons. A good sermon at evening by Rev. G. Ames. Several mourners. The Lord is here. My faith is strong.

"*Tuesday*, 4.—Yesterday was not so good a day. Brethren called, and I had not enough retirement. Preached in weakness last evening. To-day my soul mounts. My heart is near to bursting this morning. The fire burns! burns!! What flames of love! How can I contain it? Blessed Jesus, thou knowest how I love thee, how I trust in thee! Much as thou givest me of thyself, I want still more of thee. Still

> 'I thirst for a life-giving God,
> A God that on Calvary died!'

Hope whispers, 'I shall have enough of thee, blessed Lord, by and by, for the 'mansions' are being prepared. Let me honor thee here, and then go home. Amen!

"*At night.*—I have had great peace up to this hour. This morning, long before breakfast, I had delightful communion with God, and the word was very sweet to my taste. My 'peace' is 'like a river.' My faith never seemed so strong. I am going to school to Christ, and he is teaching me much about faith which I never before learned. Never did the words 'Lord, I *will* believe' exert such an influence on me as now. Jesus, blessed Lord, let me not forget to ascribe this to thee, to thy teaching, and to the power of the Holy Ghost, who enables me to *be* taught. Should I forget my dependence, I expect to lose (at least for a season) all my power, and be left dark and barren.

"MADISON, *January* 8.—Reached Brother Smith's in company with one state senator, (an infidel,) one Methodist, and one Presbyterian. Rough journey. Attended class-meeting and met eight or ten sisters. One professed perfect love. Had a delightful season.

"CINCINNATI, *January* 9.—Reached Brother Brooks's at eight o'clock A. M. Have had a pleasant journey. Have enjoyed much of God's presence. God has been with me.

'His presence makes my paradise,
And where he is, is heaven.'

"*Monday*, 10.—Yesterday preached in Morris Chapel. God was with me. Christ gave me precious consolations while addressing the dear people. Preached on purity of heart. A glorious theme! I have some hope that the Church was benefited. Some precious souls, in whom the salt has not lost its savor, were surely blessed. What a field is Morris Chapel to those who should feel inclined to build up a Church in holiness! I know none like it except Christie Chapel, which is nearly of the same spirit, and has about the same number of sanctified souls. Thanks be to God for the comforts of such a Sabbath as yesterday was. Amen!

"*Tuesday*, 11.—Yesterday and to-day some dullness. Faith tried. Its trial is said to be 'precious.' May it be so to me. I doubt not it will be if I permit God to carry out his gracious purposes toward me. O my gracious Redeemer, forbid that I hinder thee!

"*Thursday*, 20.—Christ Jesus suddenly came to his temple and filled me with faith, love, and joy. Preached to-night at Wesley Chapel. Had a glorious time, and some twenty mourners were at the altar. Several were converted. God is at work truly.

"*Saturday*, 22.—Came yesterday to Xenia. Quite unwell by the way, but had rest last night and feel better to-day. The Lord has shown me favor. May I use thy grace, O God, as thou givest and wilt give! Teach me neither to trust in self, nor to distrust thee. Thou hast promised and will perform. I am thine. In myself nought but sin, shame, misery, and death. But I have all in thee.

'More than all in thee I find.'

Prepare me to do and to suffer for thee, and may I glorify thee in this frail body and immortal spirit this day.

"South Charleston, Ohio, *January* 23.—Preached the dedication sermon at eleven A. M. Tried to preach Christ crucified. Blessed be God! he was not far from me. Felt an even placid joy, and was held up by the gentle hand of Christ. Here, where twenty years ago life civilized began to be, is a beautiful church edifice, forty-four by sixty-two, of brick, with spacious basement, lecture-room and class-rooms, and some seven hundred were crowded into it to-day. It will seat comfortably more than four hundred. O now may the showers of grace fall upon the people! Lord, revive thy work! Sanctify thy disciples, and may sinners be converted unto thee. As for me I shall behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.

"*Tuesday*, 25.—O thou blessed Saviour! with what ardors does my soul pursue thee, with what joy embrace thee? Whom have I in heaven but thee? Thou art my great High Priest, and art touched with a feeling of my infirmities. Glorious truth! How has it this day taken hold of the very foundations of my being, to read it in thy holy word. Well does my soul prove this day 'that the word of God is quick and powerful, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit.' In reading the first four chapters of the Hebrews, familiar as they

were to me, worlds of light seemed to open to my understanding, and scarcely could my being endure the power which visited me, while reading those wonderful revelations of God's mercy. 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men.' Amen and amen!"

"XENIA, *January* 26, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—Grace, mercy, and peace are with us, and gospel benedictions rest upon us both. God has provided for us. You can meditate, write, pray, commune with God's dear people, and have the Word, Spirit, and sanctuary, without leaving the dwelling. Thanks be to his holy name?

"A revival has commenced in Charleston. One was converted every evening during my stay, after the dedication. One on Sabbath, one on Monday, and one on Tuesday eve. I labored too hard. Preaching, exhorting, and talking to the Church and mourners, and came down to-day in a buggy, refreshed by the ride, but worse for wear. I am in perfect health except exhaustion. You need have no concern, for if I am unwell I am on the railroad, and you can soon reach me. I am not sorry you did not come, and think you ought often to let me take my little journeys alone, when Providence opens the way by giving you a home so comfortable and so profitable to the soul. You are feeble, and should not forget it.

"I have enjoyed much, very much of the presence of Christ. Peace, peace! Since yesterday morning I have been rather too much fatigued to feel a lively joy, but can trust, and do trust. I hear that fifty mourners are at the altar in Brother Inskip's charge, Dayton, and a work is breaking out in Lebanon; a revival in Bellbrook, a wonderful time in Springfield."

"XENIA, *Thursday*, 27.—Left South Charleston yesterday morning in an open buggy, and came comfortably (a little rain) to Xenia. Put up with Brother Nisbet. A good work has commenced in South Charleston, and my heart rejoices in it. Here the revival is glorious. Was not able to go out last night, but this morning attended prayer-meeting. I have great peace, peace which passeth all understanding. My heart is kept; yet I 'lack wisdom'—wisdom, I mean, to discern what a state of

grace mine is; what to say to others, and how to run swiftly and make a rapid growth in the knowledge and love of God. But 'the Lord hath done great things for us.' I am his who bought me with a price."

"To Mrs. H.,—I tried to preach last night to a large congregation, but being pretty well worn out it was rather hard work; yet the people were attentive, and some twenty-five were at the altar; among them a young son of Brother C., eighteen years old. I left, after two or three prayers, and came over to Mr. Wright's, where I rested well, and, but for now and then a little shade of loneliness, should feel very comfortable. I have thoughts of spending a day or two here on my return from the Springs, and then going over to Bellbrook, nine miles, and preaching some night, (they have a revival there and a great waking up on the subject of perfect love,) and returning to Cincinnati the latter part of the week. They will take me over in a carriage, if I consent to go. Perhaps if I could go there and prolong my labors to some two weeks, it would then be reasonable for me to stay and rest the remainder of the month. It will of course be a trial for me to stay, but I am here in the midst of revivals and should do all I can. The preachers are all worn out and need help. I can preach once for Brother Kerr on Tuesday night, for Brother Routledge at Bellbrook on Thursday night, and then come home.

"Patience, my dear M. I do not know which of us most laments separation. I certainly, if the benefits of being together admeasure our regrets. But I dare not hurry home to cure this evil while the cross is before me with its agonizing victims. I suppose few husbands and wives live together with whom prayer and religion are more habitual day by day, and this makes separation the more to be dreaded, yet better prepares us for it. My peace has been almost uninterrupted since I left you. Last night, though I could not preach much, I was exceedingly blessed in conversing with mourners at the altar. I had such a view of the truth that Christ died for sinners, died for me, and for the mourners, as I cannot express. It seemed almost to dissolve my being. I have given up my dedication

sermons. At Charleston I preached the 'nature of angels,' and at the Springs am intending to use 'By the mercies of God.' Pray for me, that God's word may have free course and be glorified.

"I am concerned for our beloved Angeline. May God raise her up to work for him. I should feel it a loss to *us* were she to be taken away. A friend tried is precious. Maybe God will hear prayer for her. Tell Angeline to trust with a faith as strong as the promise, and tell her to pray for us. May the God of Abraham be her and our God! I commit you to his gracious care and love.

"'Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears *our* sighs and counts our tears;
God shall lift up *our* head.'"

"*January* 27, 1847.

"My dear Son,—Your father implores the blessing of God upon you, the Holy Spirit to draw you to the blessed Redeemer. It is a fearful thing to be on a stormy ocean, without a pilot, compass, or anchor, amid breakers on a leeshore, shrouded in darkness, and reckless of all the terror of the scene; but I will trust in God that my beloved son will, in the midst of all, invoke the God of his Fathers, and have Christ with him in the midst of the tempest. Your grandparents, four of them, have left behind them a bright track to glory. Your dear mother, full of triumphs, with her dying hand resting on your infant head, has gone to heaven, and dwells with the pure and the blessed. Your surviving family are striving for the goodly land, and striving also to take you with them. This is all we can do. We feel that we shall soon be there. We would be glad to leave our only child, if he survives us, following on. The Lord bless and save him!"

"Beloved Son,—Yours has just arrived, announcing such news as we have been longing to hear, but dared not hope for. I break the seal to add this line. You may be sure, my beloved son, that we shall pray for God's preserving grace to enrich, comfort, and keep you. One thing let me entreat of you. In-

stantly give up forever all irreligious companions. In this lies your danger. O if you will, in the language of Solomon, 'forsake the foolish' you will 'live.' Again, watch your temper and check the first risings of it. Keep to your closet and sanctuary. You know, my dear L., we shall be pleased to hear from you. Cleave to the Saviour. 'Be thou faithful until death,' for religion will make you holy, sober, careful, charitable, and all good things. Your mother joins me in love and in prayers for your salvation, temporally and eternally."

"YELLOW SPRINGS, *January* 30.—Jesus visited me with his Spirit this morning in a very unusual and unexpected manner. I seemed less devout than usual for a day or two, and had less reason than usual (I thought) for a good and profitable Sabbath. But O the riches of his grace and mercy toward us! I rose early, and as soon as I kneeled before him floods of salvation came pouring into my heart. I scarcely ever felt the blood applied in so glorious and efficacious a manner. I did not cry, 'It is enough!' nor say, 'Stay thy hand!' I felt more like crying out, 'One drop more, and let the vessel break, and let my ransomed soul ascend

'To behold my Love and my Lord!'

But I kept silence, or sobbed amid abundance of tears and joys. Joyful penitence was a prominent feature of this visit of my Lord. Glory be to God for ever and ever!"

"YELLOW SPRINGS, *January* 30, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—I came up yesterday with Brother Elliott. Heard from you at class on Wednesday. If I am not at home on Monday, please take the cars Tuesday morning and meet me at Lebanon Road, where I will be waiting for you and go with you to Lebanon, where there is a revival commencing. Brother Brodie (who has joined) sent me word to come and many others; and as we shall want to visit the Grove, this will be a good opportunity. I feel blessed, blessed, blessed! God is pouring out his Spirit wonderfully. It is easy preaching. My health is good; some weary.

"If I thought you well enough to come up, I would not hesitate to stay. Yet I may be there before this letter. If so, I shall leave on Thursday and spend a week more abroad, and then rest three weeks. I pray God to bless you and all the family! My love to each one. Tell Brother Sears I would be glad to be with him, but the preachers seem all worn out here, and need help much."

"CINCINNATI, *February* 1.—Returned yesterday to spend two or three days and then start again. Found the work still going on in this [Mr. Brooks's] family. My joy has not been so great for twenty-four hours, 'but I will trust and not be afraid.'

LEBANON, *Wednesday*, 2.—Came yesterday unexpectedly, and preached here this evening. Signs of a revival. A good evening.

"CENTERVILLE, OHIO, *Sunday*, 6.—On Thursday rode twenty miles from Lebanon to Bellbrook, and preached in the evening to a large assembly. On Friday rode back to Lebanon and preached in the evening. Went to the church with a full heart, and thought to preach with great power. Was disappointed. I find that I do not always preach best for the people when I feel best. Scarcely ever did. I go into the pulpit with more feeling, and preach with less power. Saturday I rode to this place and put up with Brother Campbell, one mile south of town. Was feeble and did not go out till this morning at love-feast, which was a dull time to me. I gave no testimony. Was much tried. Felt as though I could not preach. I remembered how I felt and poorly preached on Friday evening. Now, I thought, maybe God will enable me to preach, poorly as my heart seems prepared for it. But said I to myself, What shall I preach? Surely not on perfect love, as you now feel! Yes, my heart replied; take that very theme, for the people here are groaning for the blessing, as their talk in love-feast testifies. On determining to do so a little light sprung up. Yet I went into the pulpit under heavy trials, took perfect love for my theme, the clouds vanished, and seldom have I enjoyed a better season in the pulpit. The lesson taught me is, 'Never trust to frames, but preach, depending on God for the increase.'"

"LEBANON, *February* 5, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—Believing from the state of the weather that you will not come up to-day, I write a line that you may learn on Monday how I am. Last night I had an overwhelming visit from God—from the *Comforter*. Never did I feel more of the dissolving power of grace. I was able to plead with God for poor dying sinners. Thanks to his holy and blessed Name!"

"OLIVE BRANCH, *Sunday*, 13.—Came here yesterday in the omnibus and put up with Brother Robinson. Preached this morning to a large congregation. To-night Brother Sears has preached to a houseful, and the power of God was among the people. Three or four converted. There is the promise of a glorious revival.

"Tuesday morning, preached, and soon start for home. Several have joined. I have tried to make peace here, but have failed.

"CINCINNATI, *Thursday*, 17.—Preached last evening at Asbury. A good congregation. Fifteen mourners at the altar. Had great and peculiar trials to-day. Solemn reflections about the heinousness of sin. From yesterday morning have seen sin, my own, in a wonderful light. But for a most determined faith in Christ, which brought great peace, what would have become of me!

"*Monday*, 21.—Yesterday morning labored at 'Bethel.' A precious season. At night ordained W. W. M'Dermot at 'Morris,' and rode home. I have had the rest of faith for four days in a remarkable degree. Never did I see more clearly that Christ must be my all of help and hope and joy.

"*Thursday*, 24.—Rose at five o'clock, and have spent half an hour on my knees. Have peace. Am trying to prepare a sermon for publication, and find it not easy to turn from travel and miscellaneous duties to the pen. Mr. Wesley's great strength (given him of God) is not seen by those who read his works, but lose sight of his circumstances. Amazing man! traveling and often preaching three times a day, lodging in all manner of ways, and mixing with old, young, and children in a very unretired manner, yet writing works that will render him immortal! God gave him to the Church and taught him to fight.

"*Sunday*, 27.—Preached and administered sacrament this morning at Race-street German Methodist Church. A full house; two hundred communicants, and much feeling among the members.

"*Sunday*, *March* 5.—Preached in the morning at Ninth-street on Prayer. Had a precious season. The last week was full of peace. To-day I have fed on green pastures.

"*Wednesday*, 8.—Am nearly through with my sermon on Rom. x, 10, written for Brother Miller's book, 'Experience of German Preachers.' I pray God's blessing on my feeble efforts. I write with great labor and difficulty, on account of a tendency to paralysis. Have been, by turns, three weeks writing this short sermon. Have had other writing to do. Have joined Bishop Morris in recommending a General Conference fast if the other bishops agree.

"*Sunday*, 12.—Preached to-day at Christie Chapel. A large congregation and a pleasant season. Trust the Lord was with me. Administered sacrament in the morning at Salem Chapel.

"Cincinnati, *March* 13, 1848.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—The news received in telegraphic hints before, came confirmed to us this morning by your letters of the twenty-eighth ultimo and the second instant. As the telegraphic notice was dated at Baltimore, we were left under the impression that L. was on his way westward, and therefore did not write, as we expected him daily. The Lord has interposed in a wonderful manner, which so transcends all the gratitude we can either feel or express, that we are almost ashamed to mention gratitude. It is very desirable, sometimes, to have ardors and powers of expression which do not belong to poor mortals.

"That God should have brought our dear son to you, who were the means, one year ago, of snatching him from the tomb, and make you and that dear Brother G. the instruments of the rescue of his soul, is well calculated to stir up all the gratitude of our hearts toward the Author and the instruments. We must strive to give to both the One and the other a due share of grateful regard; but we shall only strive, so far especially as

God may claim at our hands. We feel much solicitude lest L. may give you undue anxiety. We think it most probable he may have received letters which induced him to start for the West, but if not, we think he had better start for Wheeling on the receipt of this. If the weather were more comfortable, and the mountain passage less difficult at this season of the year, I would come on with Mrs. H., pay you a few days' visit, and spend the time until the General Conference in Western New York; but the way over the mountains at this time is difficult and Mrs. H. is unusually feeble, quite too much so for such a journey.

"We wish much that Sister Palmer could visit the West. If she should be able, nothing could gratify us more. If, however, she is doubtful about her ability or health, or if it is inconvenient, we do not wish her to come on L.'s account. He is old enough to travel alone, and we will trust him to God.

"If Brother Gorham is with you, give my best love and thanks to him."

"Lebanon, Ohio, *Wednesday*, 15.—Spent two days at Brother Brodie's. Here the Church is rent. God will heal it.

"Xenia, *Friday*, 17.—Reached Mr. Wright's, having preached in Lebanon last evening with comfort. Am hurried along, and writing every moment when I stop.

"Columbus, *Sunday*, 19.—Spent Sabbath here and preached yesterday. Quarterly meeting. Was quite unwell, and could not preach in the evening. Love-feast to-night. So weary and exhausted by writing that I could not much enjoy it, yet was comforted. I have a pleasant visit with Brother C. Brooks, and hope to see him very faithful in confessing and inculcating perfect love. He enjoys and lives it, I believe. Thanks be to God! I hunger and thirst after more of Christ. Lord, give me thyself. Help me to be all life and power, all love and praise, all diligence and patience. Enemies! What could I do without them?

"Zanesville, *Wednesday*, 22.—This day six years Mrs. H. started from Cincinnati to Hillsdale. Then I struggled after God. It was to me a year of years. O thou, my blessed Jesus,

keep me every moment, and draw me nearer and still nearer to thee! I tried to preach this evening in the Seventh-street Church to a good and an attentive congregation. Have finished my sermon on confessing and believing. It is now hard work to write. My pectoral difficulty, whatever it is, is wonderfully aggravated by it.

"*Saturday*, 25.—Preached at two P. M. in Third-street Church, it being quarterly meeting. A good season. Small congregation.

"*Sunday*, 26.—Preached this morning in Third-street Church. Feeble health. O, my blessed Saviour, how can a worm speak without thee! How chilly, like the waters of death, when God is not with me, to stand up as a minister of Jesus. My disease, whether of the heart, or what, is serious, and this morning disarmed me of all power. I feel almost unable to kneel in closet prayer, from suffocation; but I will 'cleave' and trust, drag myself when I cannot fly after Christ. Mine is an unworthy ministry; but I am called to preach God's word, and may he pity and aid me. Lord, I am confounded before thee, but still will trust. Amen.

"Rushville, Ohio, *Thursday*, 30.—Spent the last twenty-four hours with the pious family of that departed saint, Henry S. Fernandis. I was his colleague in 1832–3 on Greenville circuit. He taught and helped me. What a man! Christian! minister! He loved God with all his heart. Three years ago I met with him here on his deathbed. What a dying saint he was! How full, how holy were his triumphs! O 'may my last end be like his!' His family walk in his footsteps. They will honor the memory of the sainted husband and father, and the Church and the God whom he served."

"Lancaster, Ohio, *April* 1, 1848.

"To Rev. William Reddy,—I was glad to hear from you, and learn that the Lord is reviving his work in your part of the country. The work of holiness is spreading in the West, and there have been some notable cases of God's ministers receiving it, who had been, until recently, opposed to the doctrine, and 'mad' at its advocates. A great revival is spreading

through the West in connection with the faithful preaching of this doctrine. The Church is rising, and where everything was gloomy and unpromising, there is now the freshness of opening spring. One presiding elder writes me, that more than two thousand backsliders have been reclaimed on his district the last winter. He thinks backsliding had become universal, and went around the district preaching about little else. A wonderful waking up succeeded, and the revival following exceeds almost all I have heard of since that of Pentecost.

"I rejoice in your personal and family blessings. It is important, indeed, that the presiding elder and his family be 'examples to the flock,' to the preachers and to the people. A remarkable feature of the revivals here is the number of conversions among the 'new recruits.' You are aware, I suppose, that the West and South have always practiced as the Wesleyans in Europe and Canada do—receiving members who manifest, as the rules require, a 'desire to flee from the wrath to come.' More than half our members have been thus received without conversion, professed 'seekers' of religion, and were converted in the Church. This has worked well, and I doubt not thousands on thousands have gone to glory, who never would have been saved but for this provision; but after the revivals of 1840, '41, '42, and '43, class-meetings were neglected, and political agitations were kept up, and sad results followed. Besides, holiness was not insisted on, and the old members sunk down into worldliness. This winter conversions have been very powerful, and more have been regenerated than have joined the Church; a rare occurrence here. We of course expect more permanent fruits from this than from the former revival.

"Mrs. H. and myself have had a pleasant winter in a very delightful family when in the city, where prayer and praise were our daily employ. My connection with foreign missions kept me more at home than I anticipated, as it was necessary for me to be where I might get letters seasonably, yet three-fourths of my time has been spent in excursions in the vicinity of the city, and now and then one hundred and one hundred and fifty miles out. I am now moving toward Cincinnati on

such an excursion, expecting to reach the city in two weeks. I then propose to prepare for General Conference.

"Go on, my dear brother, 'strong in the strength that God supplies;' and while you labor, keep your eye on the crown. We have a pleasant prospect before us. Let us not shrink from the cross; let us confess as well as preach; let us be witnesses as well as advocates; let us tell the people what religion has done for us. The witness is sworn to tell the 'whole' truth. The good Wesleyan class-leader said he had to confess to the 'utmost of what Christ had done for him.' We shall, if Providence favor, soon meet."

"LANCASTER, OHIO, *Sunday*, 2.—Preached in the morning with great difficulty, but some comfort. In the evening assisted to administer the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants. Feel very unwell of cold and some symptoms of erysipelas.

"CIRCLEVILLE, *Thursday*, 6.—Have spent a day with my dear friend Dr. Roe. Preached last evening. Have had a pleasant visit. Peace.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Monday*, 10.—Came to Portsmouth on Friday. At Piketon met several brethren, Porter and others, who desired me to stay and preach. Have put up here with Brother Turner. Met Samuel Crull here, associate judge, a most venerable Methodist, living at Scioto, Scioto County. How grace shines in him! The first man that began family prayer in the Scioto Valley. Preached yesterday for Germans and English, and paid the German Church debt, $200.

"CINCINNATI, *Sunday*, 16. — Preached this morning at 'Maley' for Brother Dillon. Had a hard time. O my God, help me! My sky is overcast. Clouds are thy canopy. Help, Lord, for the honor of thy name!

"STEUBENVILLE, *Saturday*, 22.—Preached here to-day, having left Cincinnati on Thursday in the Monongahela. Bishop Morris stopped at Marietta, and I expected to stop with him, but on the whole thought it better to deny myself and labor here. He is a precious friend, Christian, minister, and bishop. God revives his work in my heart.

"*Sunday*, 23.—Have had a pleasant day for myself. My congregations were moderate. I believe I could preach more 'popularly,' but what would become of my conscience! It was given out once by my friends that I could be eloquent: so aiming, doubtless I could get more hearers; but I should feel a curse and blight upon my soul. Lord, help me to be more willing than I am to be vile before the people. It tries me to think the Methodists should be told, 'Your bishop can't preach much;' but they may need to be humbled as well as I. Lord, help! sanctify! bless!

"PITTSBURGH, *Monday*, *May* 1.—Preached yesterday for Dr. Herron. Had a comfortable season. Heard Norval Wilson in the morning. A good discourse. Have had comfort. This morning Bishop Hedding opened General Conference at nine o'clock by reading a chapter, calling on Bishops Waugh and Morris to pray, choosing secretaries, and then briefly addressing conference. It was a pleasant morning, but many are gone. Lord, help thy servants to be true to themselves, the Discipline, the Church, and, above all, to God! Clouds hang over us, but God can disperse them.

"*Wednesday*, 3.—General Conference has now been in session three days. The sessions have been pleasant and devout. Presided for the first time to-day. The Lord did not forsake me; but it is a trial to preside in the General Conference before so many colleagues. The Lord help us to be united, discreet, and devout in discussing the important questions which must come before us. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain.'

"*Thursday*, 4.—This evening I have an hour's leisure, and Christ blesses.

"*Sunday*, 7.—Preached at half past ten A. M. at Liberty-street. A large congregation and happy time. Thank God for his great goodness! In the evening heard Dr. Dixon. A great sermon, truly great. Its style simple, its thoughts sublime and moving. My soul rejoiced. God, I trust, has sent this messenger to the American Wesleyan Church.

"*Tuesday*, 9.—General Conference proceeds slowly. God

has helped me, wonderfully helped me. I desire to make a new covenant with my God. Heard Dr. Dixon preach to the conference at half past ten A. M. A sermon long to be remembered. I dwelt on high. Dined with him and the bishops.

"*Sunday*, 14.—Preached this morning at Beaver-street, Alleghany City, on Christ's intercession. A house full of solemn, attentive listeners. It has been a good day to my soul. I am thankful for the privilege of refreshing my spirit in God's own sanctuary. O that with a larger measure of the Spirit I could plead both with God in prayer, and with man in exhortation, and 'prevail.' Lord, wilt thou not help me, for the honor of thy name? Christ shall have the glory.

"Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine."

"*Saturday*, 20.—A weary week. The business of the conference fatigues me, and differences of opinion on questions of moment disturb me for a day or two, and for a season my communion with God seems restrained. This last is peculiarly distressing. Lord, why hidest thou thy face from me? Return, O holy dove, return!'

"*Sunday*, 21.—O Lord, thou hast returned indeed and in truth, and I hasten to record thine unmerited goodness. This morning the Sun of Righteousness gradually arose with healing in his beams. My appointment to preach was at St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, (Dr. Preston's.) Little did I think to enjoy such a heaven on earth there. O how precious to my soul was the truth I preached! How wonderfully did God sharpen my appetite, and cause me to feast on the honey of his word! Now my soul is strengthened, now I am in the green pastures, and bursting fountains and flowing streams of comfort surround me on all hands. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!'

"*Sunday*, 28.—Preached this morning at half past ten o'clock for Dr. Riddle, Third Presbyterian Church. The preaching of the cross is sweet indeed while the heart bears the cross and its adorable victim. The last week has been

spent in the land Beulah, and this morning Christ was in me the hope of glory! O what enjoyments I have had for some days past! Jesus, my adorable Redeemer, how canst thou take so vile a worm to thine heart!

'O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.'

"PITTSBURGH, *June* 1.—Conference closed this day at half past one P. M. This is a short session of the General Conference, and it has been most remarkable for its calm good-nature. In four weeks and four days there have not been half a dozen unkind words spoken on the floor. A most delightful influence has been shed forth on the assembly. Its measures are mostly such as I believe God will approve. Many difficult and trying questions have been settled by votes remarkably harmonious, where no approach toward harmony was anticipated. The close, in a few words of exhortation, prayer, etc., was a feeling time, and may God's most holy blessing be on his departing servants, the members and the bishops! Here have been aged fathers whom we shall see no more on earth. But, O blessed thought! we shall see them, we trust, in heaven. I praise thee, O my blessed Lord, for thy goodness to me, a poor worm! In an especial manner thou hast blessed me. My soul has been visited and made strong. I go now in thy strength.

'Myself, my residue of days
I consecrate to thee.'

"PITTSBURGH, *Sunday*, 4.—This day, O my God, I offer thee praise! Thou art mine, ineffably, blissfully mine! I know not how to speak of thy goodness to such a worm of unspeakable vileness! Wert thou to crush me with the foot of thy vengeance, all would seem to me plain, and would need no explanation. That just and reasonable retribution thou, my soul, wouldst quickly understand, except the delay of it so long. But how shall I understand this: that infinite justice turns from its proper work, and infinite pity comes weeping and bleeding over a very wretch and rebel to wash away all his guilt and pollutions, and put grace and honor on such deformity and guilt, and lift

up this vile soul to communion with God, to fellowship with the ever-blessed Trinity? Thus, O my God! dost thou deal with thy servant. Thou settest him as a seal on thine heart, on thine arm. Thou turnest his very hell into a heaven. Thou causest his foul heart to be cleansed, and to love thee with a love so pure and so fervent that it is a perpetually sweet consuming blaze within him! Thou washest him in such a way as the blood of Christ can wash and make clean. Thou enablest him to believe with a faith so strong as joins in one spirit to Christ—I am a witness for thee!

'Jesus, my God! thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can wash me white as snow:
No Jewish types can cleanse me so.'

I am thine forever! O teach me how to glorify thee in time and in eternity!

"CUMBERLAND, MD., *Monday*, 8.—Reached here last night at twelve o'clock. Had a hard day, quite unwell, and much dissipation. Laid the corner-stone of the Methodist Episcopal Church at ten A. M. A good congregation and serious attention. I tried to do good, and have some hope."

"CUMBERLAND, *June* 9, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—I was extremely fatigued on reaching here. The coach was not crowded, nor the weather warm; but the road is very rough for a turnpike, and we did not reach here until after midnight. The passengers too would have the coach open, and I caught a bad cold. I slept at the hotel, and yesterday morning felt poorly; but I got through the exercises very well; the sun a little too hot. I had a pleasant season; a large congregation, very attentive, and some weeping, for I 'determined not to know anything among them save Jesus Christ and him crucified,' and the Lord blessed me in this purpose. On my return, if I am well enough, I will try to preach here.

"I have had a good night's rest, and feel much refreshed this morning. I start in about an hour (at eight o'clock) for Baltimore, and intend to pass right on to Philadelphia, leaving a line for Bishop Waugh.

"Yesterday and day before were less joyful than the previous day; but I yet cleave to Christ as mine. All I am and can be shall be his, my sins with the rest, for what can I do with them but cast them on that adorable Saviour whom they have crucified?

It was for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree.'

My heart melts like wax in the fire at the repetition of it. O may we live, my dear M., only to adore, bear his cross, suffer, and praise! I trust and pray that you may be better. I passed, eight miles from Uniontown, a beautiful place called, I think, Franklin Springs. Some of the passengers stopped. I wished you were there, it seemed so healthful. Yet there you could not have that pious family with you, nor your daily social prayers."

"*Saturday night*, 10.—Reached Dr. P.'s at seven o'clock. Was sick, and they took me in and ministered both to soul and body. Few such families have I found on earth. The Lord be praised for them!

"New York, *June* 11, 1848.

"To Mrs. H.,—Here, by the grace and providence of our heavenly Father, I sit in Dr. P.'s delighful northwest chamber on this holy Sabbath, writing a few words of Christian exhortation and comfort to you. May the theme be one suited to that eternity which is just before us!

"Christ crucified is the theme for poor sinners. How the heart delights to dwell on it! Christ crucified, and living by the power of God, by self-energy, and made our High Priest forever. Such a 'High Priest became us;' such a one we needed; such a one, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens, and he only, could save us with an everlasting salvation. But he can, will, does save us! 'Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus Christ,' we draw near and are saved.

"I have just had a delightful talk with Sister P. about faith. She grows in faith. She speaks of it so that her word is with

power. I say it reverently, meaning that Christ's power is upon her, and in her word.

"My dear M., we will not be discouraged because our faith is weaker. Ours, too, will be a growing faith, and we shall wax confident and break all the bonds which Satan would cast around us. The Lord will put strength in us according to his mighty power working in us. We will trust and not be afraid. God be praised for his great goodness to us!

"*Monday morning*, 12.—I reached here late on Saturday, perfectly exhausted by the night's ride from Baltimore. I am wonderfully refreshed this morning, and feel as though I should be able to do my work with God's help. Start in a few minutes."

"TROY, N. Y., *Monday*, 12.—Could not go out yesterday even to hear preaching. Had not my usual life of soul. Reached here at seven P. M.

"TROY, *June* 13, 1848.

"TO MRS. H.,—Your refreshing letter came to me this 13th, being but four days on the way. I write this evening, as from to-morrow I can only drop you a few lines, which I purpose to do every third day: Friday, Monday, and Thursday. I reached here, after a pleasant sail up, on Monday, and am quartered at Brother Hillman's, with our dear friends Jesse T. Peck and his wife, both rejoicing in perfect love. Sister Palmer and Walter came to Caldwell's Landing with me. My health was not perfectly restored when I reached Dr. P.'s; and at Philadelphia, having rode in the cars all night from Baltimore, I was very ill. I went to Brother Boswell's in a state of fever of the nerves, (if there be such a thing,) such as I hardly ever experienced. Dr. P.'s medicine helped me wonderfully, and I believe I am now perfectly well, except weakness. I am not so strong as when General Conference commenced, and cannot preach much until I improve. Many brethren here called to-day and several committees, and I stood the constant company far better than I expected. I am delightfully accommodated here in a most agreeable family and pleasant room. Miss you, of course, very much. But, except the morning I reached Philadelphia and had such an unaccountable turn, (which I now doubt not was mostly

owing to my nervous state from riding all night in the cars,) have been very thankful that you did not come with me. I am now thankful. I never wish you to take the journey when it is not strictly necessary. It is exhausting and dangerous. A car ran off the track near Harper's Ferry, two or three days before I passed, and one crushed passenger, I hear, is since dead. I think my greatest difficulties are past, for I can return more leisurely and without any night travel, by staying over one day in Cumberland, and getting Brother Myers, who has offered, to carry me fourteen miles, so that I can take the stage at five o'clock A. M. instead of two o'clock.

"I hope to be in Philadelphia Sabbath week, in Cumberland Tuesday night, in Brownsville Thursday night, in Pittsburgh Friday morning, and on Saturday morning start for Wheeling, but will be earlier if possible. I may be able to spend Sabbath in Baltimore, and reach Pittsburgh Thursday morning two weeks.

"'Why art thou cast down, O my soul!' Let not your faith fail. Its trial 'is precious.' 'I will trust and not be afraid,' for 'the Lord Jehovah is my strength.' I can scarcely say my song, for I can't sing just now.

"*Wednesday morning*, 14.—I feel very comfortable this morning; hope for a good day.

"*One o'clock P. M.*—Had a delightful session this morning. The Lord was present. Three prayers at opening. Felt well, very well, this noon. God was pleased to meet and bless me greatly in the Conference Room. It does seem very wonderful how he blesses me in conference. Now I must bid adieu, my dear, till I reach Friday, and will write again."

"TROY, *June* 16, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—Your three welcome letters reached me this (Friday) evening, and I now sit down, after a hard day's work, to say my health is perfectly restored. I never felt better in my life than for two days past. My health came back to me suddenly, and as by a charm. All my unpleasant symptoms left me in an hour. There have been scarcely fifteen minutes since eight o'clock this morning that I have not been at work; yet now, at ten o'clock, (night,) having just dismissed my presiding

elders, feel almost fresh as youth or morning. Your letter greatly encourages me. God, I trust, will commission somebody to wake up Pittsburgh. Brother Peck cannot come. This conference is three times as needy as Pittsburgh. Some twenty of their active men will fail in health, character, and by location this year. I never saw a conference so stripped. What to do for them I know not. In some districts nearly one third of the appointments seem unsupplied. I shall have half a dozen trials here; but for this we should finish early. Our ordinary work is very forward.

"*Saturday morning, half past six.*—Have had a pleasant and refreshing sleep, but awoke at three o'clock. Rose and spent some time in prayer, laid down and slept until five, and then prepared for the duties of the day. Brother C. is arrested for preaching Zinzendorfism. He is the most popular man in the conference, and has made dreadful work. Brother P. thinks a majority of the conference may sustain him. Thus, what other conferences condemn as heresy, this conference is likely to approve. Pray, as soon as you get this, that God will interpose. The conference have voted a request that the ordinations be on Tuesday next, and that I preach to the conference and administer the Lord's Supper then. Could you get this early enough I might have your prayers. I expect to preach to-morrow also. On receiving this you can write to Philadelphia, as I shall not be able to leave there at any rate until next Monday. I hope to spend the Sabbath there. I had a delightful letter from Sister Boswell yesterday, inquiring after my health and encouraging me greatly. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' It is wonderful how strong he makes me feel in soul and body. I have no hope of finding a man east of the mountains for Liberty-street. There is a loud call for men here on all hands. I have removed Brother C. from his district before his trial, lest there should be a storm if I do it for his heresy. I fear for this conference. Brother P. is needed here, now especially."

"Troy, *June* 19, 1848.

"To Mrs H.,—I preached yesterday morning in the principal Methodist Church. The weather was hot, almost insufferable.

The house crowded almost to suffocation. It was a good test of my health. I preached, with a great outlay of voice and strength, one hour and a quarter, and felt no more inconvenience than though I had slept. It was a gracious season, and I trust good was done. I attended church again at three P. M., again at six, and still again at eight. Heard Dr. Peck preach on 'Holiness' in a Presbyterian church. A good sermon. The Lord is with him. The Sabbath was a good day; not so exceedingly lively as sometimes. I will add a few lines after conference, and send this by the five o'clock P. M. mail. It is now six. I awoke at three, as I invariably do now, having slept well. My health is perfectly good this morning.

"*Noon.*—The conference has just closed. C. is on trial, and his written sermon has been read. He is fully heretical."

"TROY CONFERENCE, *June* 21.—Yesterday morning at eight o'clock, at the request of conference, preached and ordained fourteen deacons and eight elders. I was much perplexed in the morning about a subject for the pulpit. Selected a familiar one, which I feared, from the peculiar state of the conference, might not be profitable and acceptable; yet I greatly desired to preach on it. I asked God to direct me. When I thought the question settled, about fifteen minutes before I went to the conference room, a passage which I had never preached on came with a rush upon me, and my thoughts and feelings were so rapid, and new, and burning, that I was constrained, as it were, to venture, without usual premeditation, to take it. And O, blessed Saviour, thou didst fulfill thy promise, on which I fully leaned as I took my text, 'Lo, I am with you always!' I bless and praise thee!"

"To MRS. H.,—We finished Brother C.'s case yesterday, by his coming forward and presenting a paper, stating that as his preaching the doctrine produced excitement, etc., he would cease to inculcate it either in public or in private. The conference accepted the paper and dropped the trial. I called on the brethren to kneel down and give thanks to God, and we had a good time. Now we have S.'s case, and one or two others, which I fear will detain us all this week. I doubt if I shall

leave before Saturday at any rate. I pray God abundantly to bless. Christ is ours forever."

"TROY, *June* 23, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—Here I am, with no hope of getting through until Monday. But we ought to be very cheerful and not indulge one thought of regret, since my health is perfectly good, and, saving one or two days in which I felt much fatigued, I am as fresh as rest could make me. I never passed through a conference so calmly before. Last night I was weary from sitting, and from being at the missionary meeting the night before until eleven o'clock. But I dismissed my presiding elders last night at eight, lay down and slept until four without waking, and am as fresh as morning now; never felt better. My stationing is done except one little review, and all the business accomplished but three trials.

"I have had a delightful morning. The death of Christ for me and mine, and a dying world, never more deeply affected me than now. When I awoke this morning the thought came rushing in upon me, 'Jesus died for me, my wife, my child, my friends, my foes;' and the truth seemed so amazing that I thought, Can this be so? Am I not in a dream? Christ—God in flesh—*die* for me! I roused myself to see if I was awake. I then said to myself, 'I can never think of anything again in time or eternity but this one thing: Jesus—God in flesh—died for me and for mortals.' O what a truth is that! It burns into my very soul. 'None but Jesus will I know, and Jesus crucified.'

"I should feel perfectly content here now but for fear you are ill. But I give you to Jesus. I shall make haste to you. I am of the opinion that my work was here."

"TROY, *Saturday*, 12 *o'clock M.*, *June* 24, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—I am well, very well. Preach to-morrow in Lansingburgh, three miles up the river, and at night in Troy. We are pushing business day and night. Expect to leave here Tuesday morning for New York, and reach you Saturday morning, July 1. We must start then right off to Wheeling. Have all things ready. If you find I have not time to go up to the house between the arrival of the Brownsville packet at Pitts-

burgh and the departure of the Wheeling packet, you must be on the wharf ready to go.

"Don't be troubled about this, beloved. It is so light and healthful and sweet to labor for Christ, that I exult that you and I can move about in these ways for him. O how my heart outruns my hands and feet in labor! Your letter last eve, of the 18th, fills me with comfort. I will write again on Monday. I have arranged not to travel at night on my way back, and expect a delightful journey in company with Christ."

"TROY, N. Y., *June* 25, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—It is now half past eight o'clock, Sabbath morning—holy time. I awoke at half past four, and my meditations all the morning have been sweet. My tears of joy have fallen every now and then like rain drops, and it has been difficult to contain the deep emotions of my soul. Our family devotions have been seasons of holy baptisms. The Lord is with us in the family. Each one feels, 'O Lord, thou art my God, early will I seek thee.' It is a little heaven in this pious dwelling. I read over your letter again this morning, which made me weep the more. I need a fresh baptism, and am straitened until it be accomplished. God will work.

'Refining fire go through my heart.'

I have wonderful views of the Saviour, of the freeness and the fullness of his salvation; but I want more wonderful experiences by the fresh application of it. Maybe I have more of the last than it seems to me I have. I have much, but 'I want a sun, a sea of light.'

"But I will, grace enabling me, be thankful for what I have. I have Christ. This I do not for a moment doubt. I love him, it seems to me, more than the tongues of men or the hymns of heaven can express. Is not this an eternal miracle, that such a vile rebel should be so changed as to love God with an inexpressible love, and adore him with inexpressible ardors? 'O God, I will praise thee! for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.' Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

"*Sabbath, seven o'clock P. M.*—Preached at ten A. M. in Troy, on 'Purity of Heart,' and at three in Lansingburgh, on 'Children of God.' Precious seasons, especially in the morning. Cannot but hope that good was done. Brother Peck closed, in the morning, with prayer. Great power in his prayer. Great responses all over the house. O pray that the Lord may bless the word! Brother C. was present. My sermon crossed his trail in every direction. He looks down. Up to this time has been very kind. I said nothing while his trial was on hand, but felt it my duty to come out boldly now. Some of the preachers will blame me, but my ordination vows must not be forgotten. The church where he preached heresy was not the one where I preached this morning. A conflict is going on here, but the work of sanctification is constantly progressing, one preacher after another getting baptized, and all, I trust, will come out right. Pray for the purity and peace of Jerusalem. Lord, awake to her help and scatter all her foes.

"*Monday morning*, 26.—I have had delightful rest, and feel well prepared for my journey. God be praised for his goodness! Be patient, believing, prayerful, and full of praises. I will write a line at noon and let you know.

"*Half past one o'clock P. M.*—Conference just closed sweetly. Brethren think they never had so good a conference, though it was the hardest they ever had. I am sure the Lord has been with them. O bless his name forever! I start this evening at five for New York, and hope to see you on Friday morning; if not, on Saturday. My health never was better. Let us praise!"

"WHEELING, VA., *July* 1.—Reached my home for the conference this morning. (Sister List's.) Was brought safely on my way from New York, and reached Pittsburgh on Thursday evening and found all well. Left Pittsburgh Friday evening, and, after a restless night, reached here at six o'clock this morning. Lord, help me to seek thee here, and have fresh blessings sealed on my heart. Refresh me from thy presence. I cannot, O Lord, do thy work but in thy strength and wisdom. Grant me these at this conference for Christ's sake. Amen.

"*Sunday*, 2.—This has been a day of blessings. I much needed to be blessed this morning. Felt a peculiar unfitness for Sabbath duties, and longed after Christ. Crying to him for help, he heard me, and poured his Spirit upon me. Preached at half past ten A. M. to a large assembly, very attentive, and, I trust, some moved. O God, bless thy word! Make it 'quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword.' Quicken the dead by it this day. I long for power to prevail with man. For this my prayers must prevail with thee, O God! So fill me with thy Spirit that thy word from my lips shall be as the fire and the hammer that breaketh in pieces. This evening I walked one mile to preach to the Germans in the Mission Church, under the care of Brother Breunig. We had a pleasant time, but walking back in the rain through the mud was hard work. It made me puff and sweat as I had not for weeks or months. My locomotive power is feeble for a man of my years and health. I praise thee, O my blessed Lord, for what thou givest me of bodily, mental, and moral power, to labor in thy cause. Help me to improve all to thine honor, and to thy most holy and blessed name shall be the praise, through Jesus Christ my Lord.

"*Sunday*, 9.—Preached this morning with much comfort, having ordained twenty-five deacons, (thirteen traveling.) In the morning, love-feast and administered the sacrament. God be praised for his goodness in aiding and comforting me this day! O my blessed God and Saviour, lead me into a richer heritage of thy grace, that I may serve thee worthily in some degree! This afternoon John H. Power preached, and it was a good season. Five elders only were ordained. At love-feast Eliza List joined the Church, and several others. Two of this dear family have now joined the Church since we sojourned with them. We love to see the fatherless children coming to Christ. It is a lovely family. The father and husband has just gone to heaven, but a pious widow and several promising children remain behind, and are mostly in the Church.

"*Wednesday*, 12, 6½ *P. M.*—Conference has closed, having done up an immense amount of business in seven working days. Here the two conferences, with double reports from

each of them on some subjects, have been seven days in session, while Troy occupied eleven days. It was a peaceful, good session. God was with us. O may it be the beginning of better days for Pittsburgh! They need better days. Secret societies do injury among them.

"BEAVER, PA., *Monday*, 17.—Reached here on Saturday twelve o'clock at night. Put up at a large tavern on the point, and there being no other room for us in the inn, Mrs. H. slept on the sofa in the parlor, and I on the floor close by. Early in the morning reached Brother Adams's, near the church, (Bridgewater.) Preached twice yesterday. Had little comfort, but some freedom. O my God revive me, and give me thy Spirit! To-day find a difficulty brewing about the preacher in Bridgewater. Give me wisdom, thou Father of lights, for Christ's sake!

"WARREN, OHIO, *Wednesday*, 19.—I am now on the Connecticut reserve, a beautiful portion of this world, almost without its equal. This is a fair town of two thousand souls. I put up with old Brother Stevens, 'over the bridge.' Left Beaver in Brother Coston's benevolent two-horse carriage, and had a delightful pious ride to ——, and put up at the pleasant residence of Brother Little. Reached here at twelve o'clock.

"*Thursday*, 20.—Was taken ill to-day, yet preached at night to a full house. I could not preach as I desired. I had a sort of key-hole view of truth, and my sermon must have shown it. O Lord, forgive that I am not better prepared to honor thee in my ministrations.

"ASHTABULA, *Friday*, 22.—Dedicated the church at Jefferson, nine miles from here, at one P. M. In spite of the rain had a good congregation; but my sermon was half over before they all assembled. The church is 32 by 48, and convenient. Methodists there are a small band. I tarried on Friday night with a good Brother Burgiss, and dined with a Brother Norris. I am much indebted to Brothers Bain and Stearns for a pleasant carriage-ride from Warren to this place, where I and Mrs. H. have comfortable lodgings with Brother Lockwood, whose sick wife is east for her health. Thanks be to God for his mercies, but above all for Jesus Christ his Son.

"*Sunday*, 23.—Heard Darius Smith in the morning preach a good hortatory discourse to a small congregation assembled late. Fear the dull (choir) singing helped me to be dull. O that Methodists would be Methodists! Tried to preach at three P. M. A large and attentive audience. Same dull choir singing. Had a little more life than in the morning, yet short, O how short! of what I ought to have. What shall I do to preach Christ and him crucified with power from on high? Lord, clothe me with power.

"*Sunday*, 30.—Love-feast in the morning in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and six deacons ordained; the seventh objected to, as teaching that the Bible sanctions slavery. At half past ten A. M. preached in the Presbyterian church to a crowded house and a multitude outside, and ordained six elders.

"God was pleased to bless me to-day and make the word sweet to me, and I trust some of the serious congregation were edified. O Lord, revive thy work! Let thy ministers feel thy power, and be the channels of thy power to a cold-hearted Church and a perishing race of sinners. Praised be God that Christ is mine; is made unto me 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption!' 'I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.'

"*Tuesday*, *August* 1.—Erie Conference closed this morning at half past eleven A. M. It has been a good conference. God has given us peace, brotherly love, and a good measure of his blessed presence, which led us to exclaim, 'The best of all is God is with us!' Five days and a half to a conference. Religion helps on our work.

"Painesville, Ohio, *Thursday*, 3.—Reached Dr. Goodwin's at half past one P. M., having left Ashtabula at eight o'clock A. M. Had a delightful ride in a private carriage sent on for us by the friends in Painesville. We both (myself and my dear wife) talked very seriously to our driver, a young man, who informed us that he was left an orphan at an early age. May God bless our feeble but well-meant efforts to warn him and draw him to Christ! My soul has this day received some comfort, but O for more of Christ! I want 'the solemn awe

that dares not move.' Blessed Redeemer, revive thy work in my poor heart!

"CLEVELAND, *Thursday*, 10. — Reached Willoughby on Monday, August 6, and preached on the way at Mentor, putting up with Brother Sawyer. Stayed with Brother Eddy and his poor afflicted family in Willoughby, and preached on Tuesday at two o'clock. Reached here on Wednesday (yesterday) and preached last evening in the large church. A comfortable season. Put up here with a precious family, (Brother Lowman.) Methodism is scarce here. Lord, help thy people!

"MANSFIELD, *Sunday*, 13.—This Sabbath has been a most precious day to my soul. God graciously visited me in the morning, and has repeated his manifestations of himself all along through the day. In the morning I preached with a feeble intellect, and was greatly surprised and somewhat embarrassed to find so little power and freedom of thought, while my heart was so uplifted and comforted. Praised be God for the comfort! and as to my want of power to preach, two good results may follow: 1. It may be that I shall be convinced more than ever that low and high states of joy do not necessarily control my power to proclaim the Gospel, but God's good pleasure and blessed will. 2. I am humbled, and that is important. Many not of our Church were present. The ex-governor sat just before me. I doubt not but he and many others thought the General Conference acted wildly when it chose me to the oversight of the Church. This humiliation, however, (and I was conscious of it,) did not disturb my joy in Christ. The fire of his love burned on in my soul, and I was happy still. This assured me of a great conquest over nature. Grace does reign. O God, I praise thee! At three P. M. I attended general class, and enjoyed much of the presence of Christ among his dear people. O Lord, this day I am thine! thine forever!

"*Monday*, 21. — North Ohio Conference has progressed rapidly to this time, but Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship have arrested us. O how can brethren allow the peace of the Church to be thus violated! The Lord will judge in these matters! Preached in the morning on Christian fellowship.

Some, I trust, may have been blessed. Ordained sixteen deacons and seven elders. The love-feast was excellent. The Lord yet blesses me, and my peace is as a river. O Lord, I will praise thee!

"*Wednesday*, 23.—Conference at twelve M. Have enjoyed and suffered much during its session. Masonry and Odd Fellowship, a bane in the midst of us, have done us much evil here. O may Methodist ministers be men of one work!

"Mount Vernon, *Friday*, 25.—Have spent this day here in sickness and pain. Lord, help me! Endue me with power from on high. O for the day of thy power! Wilt thou not revive me again, and cause thy face to shine, that I may be saved!

"Xenia, *Monday*, 28.—Reached here at two o'clock P. M. and found friends well. I am constrained to say, 'Behold, I am vile!' 'a worm, and no man!' Spent the Sabbath in Columbus in-doors. Was too ill to go out, and could not muster resolution to attempt it. I did not enjoy solitude sweetened as I have sometimes. I cry unto thee, my God! my Rock! Hear me, O Lord, for my spirit faileth! Strengthen me for Christ's sake. Amen.

"Indianapolis, *Friday*, *September* 1.—Left home yesterday in the 'Swiftsure.' Slept on board, and took the cars at seven A. M. Reached here at three P. M. Put up at a Cincinnati friends, L. Williamson's. Had no great comfort to-day. Lord, bless me for conference duties. O how shall I appear before the conference unless thou bless me! Come, Holy Spirit, and diffuse thy healing grace through all my sick and wounded nature! Amen.

"Greencastle, Ind., *Sunday*, 3.—O my God and Saviour, thou hast met me again in mercy, in unfathomable mercy! My soul, but not my lips, shouts inwardly to thy praise. Thou hast helped me this day. Glory be to thy name for ever! What a change hast thou made in me by thy Spirit! 'Thou hast changed for me my mourning into rejoicing.' Thou hast made me full of joy with thy countenance. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!

'O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!'

Now, Lord, thou art mine!

"*Tuesday*, 5.—Indiana Conference commenced to-day, and proceeded piously and rapidly with its business. Had comfort in its morning devotions. This is a body of young, talented, and pious ministers. The Lord grant us a pious session for Christ's sake!"

"GREENCASTLE, *September* 4, 1848.

"To MRS. H.,—Yesterday was a pleasant day without and especially within. The Lord made my heart the 'burning bush,' and dwelt within me. A beautiful church, about like Ninth-street, (except a little narrower, and a steeple,) was dedicated at half past ten A. M. Brother Benton of Lafayette preached at three P. M., and Brother Gillett at night. A good state of feeling, and the church debt was paid, and some $200 over. It is a great ornament to the place. Has a good bell, weighing six hundred pounds.

"I am in perfect health. Have a most delightful place to put up, near the church. Were it not for the very rough ride from Indianapolis I should wish you were here. It is better as it is, especially since I am so well. Most of the presiding elders are here. Pray much for me and the conference."

"*Sunday*, 10.—Had a good Sabbath. A love-feast and sacrament in the morning and twelve deacons ordained. A good season in preaching at eleven A. M. On the whole a very precious Sabbath. Thanks be unto God for his great goodness toward me!

"INDIANAPOLIS, *Monday*, 11.—Closed the conference at half past three P. M., and rode in an open buggy forty miles, reaching here at a late hour. I am not so exhausted by all the labor and riding but that I can bless my God for his goodness. This is the shortest session I have seen for the amount of business. A discussion too on college matters of one whole session. A good conference withal, and spiritual. Thanks be to God for all his goodness! O Lord, help, and I will praise thee!

"LAWRENCEBURG, *Sunday*, 17.—Came down to Aurora on Friday, and reached here yesterday by the kindness of Brother Toucey, who came after me to Aurora. Have spent a pleasant Sabbath here. The Lord has blessed this people. He has poured out his Spirit, and a goodly number walk in the light and power of his perfect love, others have backslidden, but they struggle to return. I should like to make this my home if it were right, but I am a stranger and pilgrim here for Christ's dear sake. Amen.

"NEWARK, OHIO.—Reached here on Friday evening, and put up with Brother Arnold for conference. Preached yesterday A. M. in the new church. Heard Brother J. Young in the evening, and had a delightful love-feast this morning in the old church. Preached a dedication sermon this A. M. House crowded. About $460 collected for the new church, and $500 for the old. God was with me this morning in mercy. O may some listening souls in the crowded assembly be reached by the word and Spirit, and be saved! It was good to be there. Brother Gaddis exhorted and took up the subscription in the morning.

"OHIO CONFERENCE, *Sunday*, *October* 1. — Our conference has progressed pleasantly. A good spirit prevails. God has done much for us. This day has been unutterably glorious to my own soul, and, I trust, to the souls of several preachers. O blessed Saviour, what hast thou wrought! Since I reached this town my soul has been constantly rising. God has appeared for me. Since this conference has commenced he has lifted me up and ministered gloriously to my necessities. I have dwelt in an atmosphere of purity and love. This day he filled me to overflowing in the love-feast, and helped me to proclaim his word. Blessed be his holy name forever, and let all the people say Amen.

"ZANESVILLE, OHIO, *Saturday*, 7.—Reached here on Wednesday at four P. M. An interesting and religious session. The Lord helped me, and I desire to record his goodness. Never have I been more consciously blessed than in conducting the business of this conference. O Lord, I will praise thee! 'Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid;

the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation.'

"RUSHVILLE, OHIO, *Tuesday*, 10. — Reached here from Zanesville yesterday, and put up with the pious family of my dear friend H. S. Fernandis, a family worthy of the memory of such a man; but whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, so has he done here. A heavy blow has fallen on this pious house. L. H. Fernandis, the eldest son, eleven years of age, three weeks ago to-day went out to gather nuts. As he started his mother said to him, 'Leonidas, be careful.' In a short time his young companions ran to the house saying he had fallen from the tree and was dead. So it proved. He fell about forty feet, and never spoke or moved after his fall. Who can imagine the agony of the widowed mother. But now her grief is all chastened, her soul subdued to holy resignation, and her firstborn son, a child of the highest promise, one every way lovely and desirable, of remarkably quick thought, rapid in acquiring, and gentle, yet active and vivacious, was in a moment snatched from her embrace and transferred to heaven. Was the child's father there? Did he know that at that time and place he was to receive from earth his firstborn son? Probably. And that which was so deep a mystery and distress to us poor mortals on earth, was most likely an unmixed satisfaction to him whose vision is immortal, and to whom these lesser mysteries are all solved. 'It is well with the child.' Prayers of unusual ardor and faith had been offered without ceasing from his birth, in his behalf.

"AURORA, IND., *October* 14.—Reached Mr. Chambers's in the evening. Had a day of many cares. Need grace. Lord, I cast myself on thee.

"WILMINGTON, IND., *October* 16.—Preached yesterday at Aurora in the morning, and here last evening. Had comfort, especially last evening. Some sore trials on hand. Lord, I look to thee.

"CINCINNATI, *October* 20.—Have had a meeting with Bishop Morris, who returned in safety from his long northwest tour. Thus we have finished our work in the conferences in great peace. Thanks be unto God! Amen!

"XENIA, *October* 23.—Reached here on Saturday evening. Found Mr. Wright's family well. Preached yesterday morning for Brother Raper. Had some zeal for God, and some pity for souls. Felt it good to proclaim Christ and warn sinners. Here I think to rest, except on Sabbaths, for five weeks to come. I need rest. Since the General Conference I have been unremittingly employed. To relax will be all important. Sometimes it seemed to me I must fail in my summer's work; but God helped me, and I have, by his aid and mercy, got through. 'O Lord, I will praise thee!'"

To Rev. C. W. Sears, whose beloved wife was passing through the valley of death, or, in the graphic words of Bishop H., in "the doorway of glory," he writes:

"XENIA, *November* 9, 1848.

"On returning from Zanesville I had the comfort of reading your letter, stating the blessed comforts which you and Sister Sears enjoy by the presence and power of the Comforter in your hearts. It is a privilege to learn what inward supports grace can minister in the midst of affliction. Shall it not greatly encourage us 'who remain,' to see the departing raised quite above the dread of death, and the dread of those separations, worse than death, which attend on his reign? Blessed be God for such examples of victorious faith and grace!

'Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains,'

is often sung. But we have examples more affecting still. It is not merely hope, a looking toward heaven for recompense, in the case of Angeline; but short of heaven, even here, now, Christ given fully to the soul seems more than recompense for all. How sublime the scene—a peaceful, triumphant, joyful death-bed. O let us, as you propose, improve it to the utmost. You, to be sure, are in this crucible as none others can be; but you thereby may gain refinings which none others can borrow therefrom.

"No doubt the God of infinite mercy, who has so wonderfully wrought, so deeply and abidingly comforted her and you, will still be near. He did not appear in the furnace and lion's den a little moment, and then forsake his saints to be consumed

or devoured. He tarried just as long as their exigencies demanded. All the way through, neither could the fire burn nor the beasts rend. The same 'form of the Fourth' is now with you and yours. The all-merciful Promiser is not less merciful, truthful, or faithful now than in the days of Daniel and his comrades. O what a privilege is that of the sanctified in death, 'fearing no evil,' comforted by 'his rod and his staff!' They have testified in health; but what force is added to their words when they speak from the mouth of the grave, and tell us of a religion which fills it with perfumes, and is the doorway to glory! Be thankful for such a scene. Be willing that Christ should be magnified in Angeline's death, as he is in her daily testimony, which is the testimony of a slowly dying saint. For God gives her gracious valedictory witnessings a great spinning out—protracts them for the wisest ends, namely, that we who live and watch may enjoy such edifying scenes. Glory to his holy name for ever and ever!

"I trust you will be abundantly blessed in your labors for the living while you gaze at the triumphs of the dying. O may the victories of grace, a grace which is 'sufficient for thee,' for the afflicted in life and the conquering in death, be multiplied in your charge, while it is multiplied in your heart and in the heart of your dear companion! My best regards to A. and the family. We meet in heaven!"

"XENIA, *Monday evening*, *November* 13.—Reached here at eleven A. M. Had a comfortable season at Springfield. Preached twice and felt some comfort. Found my family and friends well.

"*Monday*, 20.—Had a comfortable day yesterday. Preached in the morning, and exhorted with unusual zeal and zest at night after Brother Raper on 'Repentance.'

"*Wednesday*, 23.—Yesterday and to-day God has visited my soul in a glorious manner. Truly I have rejoiced before him. It is a baptism of the Spirit. I would record it to the honor of his grace and compassion. Lord, I was unworthy of a visit from thee; but thou hast not refrained for my vileness. How hast thou made my soul to swell with the bliss of knowing thee,

and dwelling in thee, my God and Saviour. O thou blessed one, stay and dwell in me forever.

'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.'

'Lord, I am thine!'"

"XENIA, *November* 23, 1848.

"To MRS. P. PALMER,—There is only one way in which we can safely look upon our trials, and that is with study and prayer to God, that they may 'work the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' The moment we begin to view them in the light of grievances, inflicted by the wicked, the erring pious, or by Satan even, without a wise design on God's part, we shall find the sky getting overcast and sunlight disappearing. Let us fix our eye on the end, the fruits, the 'peaceable fruits.'

"I hope and believe, nay, may venture to say know, that your eye will discern the 'form of the Fourth' in the furnace of this trial. As to harm, 'who shall be able' if ye be 'followers of that which is good.' Holiness is a chief good—supreme, everlasting. It is worthy to be followed [practiced] by the great God himself, and is it not good for us to follow it, both for fruition in ourselves, and for the highest interest of others? 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness.' What a coupling of themes is here? As to peace, we follow it by first seeking in humble conference to rectify wrong done or intended us by the erring or the mischievous, and then, if we succeed or not, casting the subject from our thoughts, except when on our knees we plead for blessings on both our benefactors and malefactors, till our gushing hearts of love and charity embrace them both. Forgive me when I say, you, my sister, needed trials. God saw and sent them. Not that he inspired the agents to do you wrong, but they, being blinded or mischievous, as the case may be, were not hindered by divine power from enacting this part toward you. Let them curse, but bless thou.

"Have you considered what a variety of care and appliances are necessary to train a child, its various mental aptitudes and powers, its tempers, and the *tout ensemble* which makes up character? Suppose the training were all of body, or of mind, or of heart, one, and only one, out of the three. What a failure would

that be! God, our Father, makes no such mistakes. He trains the whole saint. Every power and susceptibility is educated for heaven.

"Since I wrote the above paragraph I have had fresh evidence that a conflict impends over us in regard to the doctrine of holiness. But this will be glorious in its results. When did pure religion gain conquests without previous conflicts? When no war wages, no victories await her. If her foes are still, it is because her friends are idle. 'Let them curse, but bless thou.' I have wondered to-day, why it is that we do not more fully rely on these words: 'They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded.' If not one 'jot or tittle' of his word can fail, then to trust in God is to secure an infallible immunity from all real harm. The words which I addressed to Bishop Hedding some two years ago, and which seemed to him so strangely full of comfort, were, 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.' 'What wonderful words those are!' said he, when I next met him; and began to explain and dwell upon them in a manner which showed that he had made a very thorough use of them in experience.

"*November* 25.—Two days have passed since I commenced, and now I hope to finish. These have been great days to me. The Lord creates peace, and he has surely carried on the work of [this] creation in my soul for a few days past. I have now no regular homily to write, but feel a peace passing all understanding, which, not being able to make readable on paper, I mention for your edification. Be not discouraged. 'In due season ye shall reap' is the promise. But God seems to you better than the promise, for you are reaping daily, yea, all the time. Your harvests thicken on you so fast that you can scarcely sow for the abundance of reaping. A boy was harvesting his father's grain, and found a wasp's nest in the corner of the field. He fled to his father to know what he should do, who said: 'My child, let them alone and go on with the reaping.' He obeyed, and the harvest was gathered in safety.

"What a harvest is before us! What fields are now whitening all around us! I lose my fears and lose myself in the

prospect. Glory be to God! I seem to hear the Saviour from the midst of the golden candlesticks say to us, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'"

"XENIA, *Sunday*, 26.—This Sabbath morning was compelled to decline going out to meeting on account of a chronic difficulty. But it has been a day of great peace and quiet. God has helped me, and given me refreshments in my chamber. I bless his holy name. The last week has been one of great victories. I trust I may never forget what mercy God has showed me the last week. Yet such is my brutish nature that, unless he save me, I shall forget. I cannot trust my own heart for anything. Like Israel, who bowed down to the idol under the very shadows of the burning mount, if God do not hold and guard me, no manifestations of his mercy will suffice to detain me in his service and worship. Surely I have had abundant experience of this in twenty years since he first sought and found and saved me. O may I so cleave to the blessed God as to experience 'The Lord is thy keeper—the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.' I give myself to thee afresh and for evermore.

"*Monday*, 27.—After all, was able to get out last evening, and preach with great comfort to a small congregation. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

"*Friday*, *December* 1.—This day and yesterday the Lord's face does not shine upon me as for a week previously. He has taken me up into the mount. Must I descend again to the vale below? Lord, go with me, and even there, according to thy word, may thy rod and thy staff comfort me. I leave here in a day or two for a year's excursion to labor in God's cause.

"*Saturday*, 2.—This morning a letter from Rev. C. W. Sears notified Mrs. H. of the near approach of his wife, Angeline, to the gates of Paradise. God has clothed her with salvation as with a garment, made her ready as a bride adorned for her husband, and her triumphs are said, in the letter, to be inexpressible. My dear wife has gone to spend the Sabbath with them in Cincinnati. Probably it will be Mrs. Sears's last earthly Sabbath. May God bless the dying scene to her many unconverted

friends, and to the parents, who are walking in the narrow way. Death is near. O to be ready, fully ready!

"CINCINNATI, *Monday*, 11.—I have spent three days here. Preached at Bethel. Mr. Leavitt, a young lawyer of remarkable promise, went with me, and last evening came to my room deeply convicted. I was surprised, but had earnestly prayed for him during the day. He had a cause to argue this morning. Said if he did argue it, as he intended, it would wound his conscience. I told him he must not wound his conscience, cost what it might. This morning I trembled for him. But he went and laid over the cause, betook him to his office with the Bible, and there at eleven o'clock experienced religion—was powerfully saved.

"*Tuesday*, 12.—This afternoon Mrs. Leavitt, the daughter of Mr. Brooks, experienced religion, or was reclaimed, as the case may be. At four o'clock both of the young converts gave me their names for probation, and I administered to them the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the death-bed of their happy sister, Mrs. Sears. O what a season! God was there! Such triumphs as this dying saint exhibits are enough to inspire louder songs in heaven. And her raptures at the sight of these new-born souls were inexpressible. These two or three days of wonders my soul cannot forget. Praise God forever! Even for ever and ever. Amen!

"*Thursday*, 14.—This morning left Mr. Brooks's, and am ready to start to Marietta. Mrs. Sears still alive, and full of holy triumph. Mr. and Mrs. L. pressing on their way. What a change! Scarcely have I seen its equal. He says he can never practice law. May the Spirit guide him!

"POINT HARMER, *Saturday morning*, 16.—Reached here at two o'clock this morning. Found Jacob Young absent. His family well. Here are the friends who helped me to Christ. Mother Kent, eighty-two years old, is still in all her senses and understanding clear. O Lord, I praise thee for this privilege!

"*Sunday*, 17.—Preached at half past ten A. M. in Marietta, at two P. M. visited and addressed the Sabbath-school, and preached at half past six P. M. in Point Harmer. A precious day to my own soul, but fear no mighty works were done

among the people. O my God, help me to be meek, patient, humble, and faithful! Thou knowest all my trials, both as to my personal state at times, and as to thy great work committed to me always. In all these matters, O my God, I cast myself, as well as my work, on thee, through Jesus Christ!

"ZANESVILLE, *Thursday*, 21.—Reached here on Tuesday. Have had much perplexity. I have had a specimen of the morals of Universalism. 'Cursed is the man that trusteth in man.' The Bible is true.

"PITTSBURGH, *Monday*, 25.—Reached here on Saturday. Expected to find Mrs. H. She came in the night, but landed on Sabbath morning. I regret it, but she was not to blame. Preached on Sabbath at Liberty-street, and to-day dedicated the new Smithfield Church at half past ten A. M. Brother Kenney preached at three P. M., and Birkett at night."

"PITTSBURGH, Pa., *December* 28, 1848.

"To REV. C. W. SEARS,—Yours of the 18th is just received; and as I am about to start for Washington, Pa., to be gone three or four days, I commence a letter which Mrs. H. must finish. I desire to write to Mr. Leavitt and to Brother Brooks, but under some pressing engagements I can now address but one of the family; and your case among the afflicted is liable to be the most trying and distressing. Others are wounded, but the blow comes to no other heart as it comes to yours. Others must greatly need gracious supports, but you above all.

"By all means, my brother, see that the rod and the staff of the almighty Comforter be your support, as they have been. Nature can do nothing for you now. Reason—philosophy can do nothing. The 'Comforter' can do all. The Spirit loves to work where and when nature fails. But you know his efficacy, and all you need is to entertain by faith the heavenly guest. You will, of course, and I perceive do, intend to be comforted. That is right; for such intention harmonizes with the Spirit's aim and office in our hearts. It is co-operating with the Comforter. For if he would comfort us, and we volunteer difficulties and hinderances in his way, he will be grieved. He strives to comfort, and we should strive with him to be comforted.

"Blessed be God for such consolations. First, the death of the departed is a coronation, which must needs come after such conquests and triumphs as angels may wonder to behold. *Here* is consolation; yet its influence to console us depends on the work of the Divine Comforter himself in our hearts, without which we cannot derive from the joy of friends in death the delights and assuaging which such triumphant dying ought to afford. All our comfort, therefore, in such sad bereavements, must be from the Holy Spirit.

"Permit me to suggest, that it will be an auxiliary relief to the threatened sense and pain of loneliness, to throw yourself with all your might into God's work; as though the Church at the 'Bethel' were now your only care, and what attentions and sympathies you previously shared with the society and Angeline, now, all and unmixedly, revert to the former. You will often feel that in this you are doing just what her spirit's voice, could you hear it, would exhort you to do. You will often feel that you are nearer in close resemblance of employment to her while moving meekly and with holy zeal from house to house in your charge, to warn, admonish, and comfort others, than you could be in any other posture or employment. She moves on spirit wings swiftly to do God's errands, and why not in your very pathway at times. You will move more tardily, encumbered with clogs from which she wonders to find herself free. But your work and hers is the same: to love, praise, and serve God, the Maker and Redeemer.

"Your notice of the dear children, the scene of Angeline's apostleship, affected us much. O may they run (as they truly have begun to do) 'and not be weary.' Should they 'go on unto perfection' without halting, it would be a glorious wonder and consummation. The case of Mr. Leavitt is one of the most affecting within my observation; so peculiar, that he has just as much occasion as Paul had to cry, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'"

"Pittsburgh, Pa., *December* 28, 1848.

"To M. Brooks, Esq.,—It often falls to our lot to grieve and rejoice over the same event. Yet it seems to me that your case is unusual, in having so deep a grief and joy flow in on your

heart from one single fountain. Christians must suffer; for through much tribulation we must 'enter into the kingdom of heaven.' But we have two advantages. Our sufferings are relieved and often sweetened by religion, while we feel the pressure of them; and then it is scarcely doubtful that greater tribulation would not overtake us in the sinner's path. If it be hard through much tribulation to enter into the kingdom of heaven, how much harder it must be, through still greater tribulation, to enter into the kingdom of darkness; to crown a life of trouble with an eternal retribution of anguish and despair.

"You and yours are afflicted; but the sorrow must be little in comparison with the joy. You have buried one child; but three or four other children, who were dead, have been raised to life. The deceased child has only been raised from a lower to a higher and perfect life, and with her advancement your other children have been raised up to sit together in the heavenly place vacated by their sainted sister. How wonderful and glorious are all these changes! The advancement and coronation of one whose death you mourn, has drawn after it, as a connected sequence, if not in some sense as an effect, the resurrection of the dead in your family circle. Sometimes a profligate child dies in despair, and his brethren sin on. A worldly sinner dies in his purple, and his brethren press on after his fatal example. That is affliction. For a serious parent to see one child die in despair or blaspheming God, and his brethren pass on unmoved to the same infernal destiny, is indeed heartrending. But your case is wonderfully different. The dead are gone with hallelujahs to heaven, and the surviving turned by her death-bed jubilations toward heaven."

"*Friday morning*, 29.—Preached last evening in basement of Smithfield-street. A 'good time.' Hope some good was done. The Lord be praised, who only doeth it."

CHAPTER XV.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: SIXTH YEAR.

"WASHINGTON, PENN., *January* 1, 1849.—Here I am, commencing another year. Yesterday I tried solemnly to dedicate my life, family, and estate to God more fully than I had ever done. O my God, accept me for Christ's sake! The cholera is abroad fearfully, and in New Orleans is a mighty destroyer. But I would act from love, not from servile fear.

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.'

"I preached twice yesterday. At night with great comfort; but the dedication hour was not so pleasant. Am at the parsonage with Brother Birkett's family, and have retirement.

"PITTSBURGH, *Wednesday*, 3.—Reached Brother Greer's at two P. M., having come from Cannonsburgh where I preached last night to many sophomores. We succeeded beyond all hope in raising $80 for the Church. Was glad to reach home. Lord bless us!

"*Monday*, 8.—Preached yesterday morning in 'Beaver-street,' Alleghany, and in the evening at South Common. Had a comfortable season. Am now at the house of Brother Parker. His brother-in-law and wife in deep distress; the latter, however, having obtained some comfort.

"GREENSBURGH, PA., *Sunday evening*, 14.—Preached this morning to a small congregation, which came through the mud and mire to listen. Had comfort in my own soul. Christ spoke to my heart, while I tried to speak to theirs. O how wonderful the theme, 'Christ's dying love!' Blessed God, give me to understand more of the mystery which angels desire to look into! Christ's dying love! O Holy Spirit, write it on my

heart! Let it be life and power to my spirit. O that I could speak of it aright! O that I could meditate on it aright! Pardon my dullness, and quicken my mind and heart, O Lord, that I may comprehend this theme with all thy saints, and to thy name shall be the glory. In the evening had a season of comfort in the pulpit. Lord, I resign all to thee.

"M'Connellstown, Pa., *Wednesday*, 17.—Left Greensburgh on Monday evening, traveled through the night and all the next day, stopping here at six o'clock last evening. Had agreeable company in the coach—a pious Methodist lady, Mrs. G. of Columbus, Captain Baker from Sandusky, and now and then a way passenger for a few miles. Among the last was Dr. M'Calla, a venerable minister of the Presbyterian Church, with whom we took sweet counsel. He wept, and we all wept, while we talked about Jesus. Preached this evening to a moderate assembly, but had comfort in doing so. Am now staying with Brother Thomas Greathead.

"St. Thomas or Camelstown, Pa., *Friday*, 19.—Reached the pleasant dwelling of Brother Shade last evening at half past ten o'clock, and found them waiting for us. A Christian welcome and comfortable entertainment. Spent the day in writing, and to-night have preached to a good attentive congregation. 'Praise God!'

"Mercersburgh, Pa., *Monday*, 22.—Came to this place on Saturday and put up with Brother M'Connell, who is left a widower, with a large family of children to care for. Here is the German Reformed Theological Seminary. Dr. N. at its head has become a great man. Great in a way that any man of considerable art and learning can (by pursuing it) become great. He is great in theological eccentricities.

"Preached twice yesterday, and had some of these people and professors out to hear me. Felt Christ's presence. Spent this day in visiting, conversing, and praying with several aged members of the Church.

"St. Thomas, *Tuesday*, 23.—Returned to Brother Shades's this morning, and reached here at eleven A. M. A delightful ride along the base of the highest mountains. Conversed with the driver, a mulatto, and gave him a Testament on parting

with him. He said he would 'try' to seek religion. Lord, help him for Christ's sake, and save him.

"*Friday*, 26.—Last evening preached to a serious congregation. Brother Griffith exhorted. This morning, in a family prayer meeting, the preacher, Brother Lloyd, experienced perfect love. The mother of Mrs. Shade has found Christ since we came here. Now we must leave this very pleasant pious family. I have preached twice here, once in London, six miles west, and have seen some good accomplished. The Lord hath wrought it. Thou knowest, O blessed Master, my unworthiness, and how unfit I am to serve thee! Help me, O help me! Mrs. H. labors in private more efficiently than I do in public.

"CHAMBERSBURGH, PA., *Monday*, 29.—Reached here on Friday the 26th, and took lodgings with Judge Eyster. Preached yesterday twice and had comfort, and hope the word was not in vain. Here is a strong society, an excellent church edifice, many sanctified souls, and many more pursuing perfect love. This family is pious, and of the old stamp of Methodists.

"SHIPPENSBURGH, PA., *Wednesday*, 31.—Reached here this morning, and took lodgings with Sister Duncan, a pious widow—a 'widow indeed.' Preached this evening to a full house. Had some comfort and aid. Had appointments made for Sabbath.

"*Friday*, *February* 2.—Just returned from Newville, nine miles east, where I attempted to preach last night; but my fatigue on reaching the place (having to walk a full mile to my lodgings from the railroad, three quarters of it through mud) entirely exhausted me, and then having to lie down to rest in a cold room, with no other place for devotion, by meeting time I was almost unable to sit up. But I talked an hour. On reaching the house I obtained the privilege of sleeping on a flock bed or pallet by the fire. Was taken dreadfully ill in the night, and have reached here with difficulty. I cannot expose myself in this way again.

"CARLISLE, PA., *Tuesday*, 6.—After preaching twice at Shippensburgh on the Sabbath, I took leave of our kind friend Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan, and on yesterday morning reached this

place, and put up at Dr. J. T. Peck's, president of the college. This is a beautiful place—a charming spot for a college. The mountains show beautifully rather than sublimely on the west, and high hills, almost mountains, skirt the east. The college buildings are in the west entrance of the town, and show, in the midst of the Campus, to great advantage. About one hundred and fifty students now attend recitations, which indicates that the new faculty are acceptable. What shall be the religious influence of this and all our schools, is becoming a great question. The Lord grant that they may not bring in pride and forgetfulness of him in whom we have strength!

"*Friday*, 9.—Have been very unwell for three or four days. Not able to see company to-day. Great dizziness, and at times to-day my senses almost gone.

"*Monday*, 12.—Much weakness of the chest, but much comfort of soul yesterday in preaching Christ and the way of salvation. Blessed be God for all his goodness. On Saturday evening in secret prayer he began to baptize me for the Sabbath. How brightly the Sun of Righteousness then arose upon me, and how healing were his beams. I gave myself afresh to Christ, in the full confession of my unworthiness, and claiming the promise, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

"MECHANICSBURGH, PA., *February* 16, 1849.

"TO REV. L. SWORMSTEDT,—Since I wrote last we have had a laborious but delightful time of journeying and pausing in the towns and villages of Pennsylvania. Our last stop was in Carlisle, where we had a precious season with the friends of Christ. We stayed more than a week with Dr. J. T. Peck, and got both soul and body refreshed, as both were worn down by labor and exertion. I had preached almost every night the previous week, and had a slight touch of my old complaint in consequence, so that I only preached twice while there, but attended other meetings, and addressed the students in the college chapel. The institution is flourishing. We left Carlisle this morning and are now (Friday) located for three or four days to spend the Sabbath, and then go on to Harrisburgh, Lancaster,

and Philadelphia, which last I expect to reach about the first of March, not having passed on as rapidly as I thought to do when I wrote last."

"*Monday, February* 19.—Preached twice yesterday and attended one class-meeting. Had a comfortable day, but I fear little fruit will follow. A funeral service lessened the congregation, and the people returning from it came in late. Tried to be faithful to the Church, to whom my sermons were addressed. Maybe was severe in manner, though my heart was unusually filled with love.

"Lancaster, *Friday*, 23.—Reached here yesterday at four P. M., and met Brother Urie at the cars. Took lodgings in his very pleasant family, and found a '*pilgrim's rest.*' Am quite unwell. Rested poorly last night, considering how pleasant a room and how downy a bed I had. My system is somehow disordered. My hard labor three weeks ago hurt me. I can do little now but preach on Sabbath. God reigns. I received about forty letters at M. and have them half answered. This hard writing tries me. So do the distresses of some of our sick ministers make me sick. Lord, pity them! Brother Brenton of Fort Wayne, young and strong, is stricken down with paralysis. What shall I do? Well may Bishop Waugh talk of 'stronger nerves.' They who think it a fine thing to be a bishop might discover a more desirable field after trying it a while. A *circuit* would begin to look lovely after a season. Lord, give us supporting grace!"

"Lancaster, Pa., *February* 23, 1849.

"To Rev. H. Hickok,—Two letters from your hand dated May 26 and September 15, 1848, have just reached me. I gladly hasten to reply, regretting the delay of the former, which makes me seem late in responding to your interesting communications.

"I have felt much concern for your health, having learned that the climate affects you unfavorably, and restrains your active efforts in some of the departments, at least, of missionary labor. But this ought not to weigh on your spirits, and I trust you will cheerfully and joyfully, by grace, resign the whole

question of efficiency to the will of the great Master. He may yet invigorate you, and if not, when the time shall come that the members of the mission harmonize in the opinion which shall point you back to your native land, the Board will release and return you to your home. If there be a reasonable hope that you can do service there, doubtless it will be your desire to stay; but when the brethren all agree that there is little or almost no hope, they will join in so representing the case as to procure your recall.

"Your last letter excited peculiar interest in my mind. It was an encouraging letter. I shall have much more hope of China, if it turns out that the gospel *must* be '*preached*' to the people. That is what Christ sent his ministers to do, and the promise 'Lo, I am with you,' etc., is not, in my opinion, to be claimed, except by those who go and 'preach.' Literature is an accomplishment much to be desired; but its office is not to convert the world. A tolerable effort has been made already in that mode, without even the shadow of success. If the labors of our missionaries are to flow in such a direction, we shall soon learn the difference between original and derived Methodism—between God's ordinance and human substitutes therefor. And in this I do not intend, for a moment, to set aside literature, or to suggest that any of the converted tribes or nations shall or ought to be without literature. Religion will create letters where they are not, and new create where they are, as in China. But Christianity in its life or being must go before Christianity in its ornaments, or its indirect but sure fruits. The child must first be born, then clothed and jeweled, if the fond parents will have it so.

"I cannot speak positively where God has not spoken, but when he has uttered his voice I can hear, and say 'Amen.' The command is to preach. I know it is in another place 'teach,' but I consider this as generic, and the other as specific—as the mode in which God would have us accomplish the teaching. I trust that in this form Methodist missionaries will make full proof of their ministry.

"I notice in one of your letters, that you incline to the opinion that proper itinerancy will not be the suitable plan in China.

The reason which you assign is plausible, and should receive serious attention."

"LANCASTER, *Sunday*, *February* 25.—Was not revived much, as I often am on Sabbath. Expected a baptism for the pulpit. Preached with little ardor. Yet my thoughts seemed unusually clear and flowing, with words at hand. Have some hope that God will bless the truth which I tried to deliver. But O how trying! to get up and preach Christ without a glowing ardor.

"PHILADELPHIA, *Monday*, 26.—Reached here at three o'clock. Took lodgings at J. J. Boswell's. His son John is just starting for California. Lord, help me to be faithful to him and to all, for Christ's sake!

"*Monday*, *March* 5.—Preached yesterday morning at Ebenezer, and administered the Lord's Supper at three o'clock. Had a precious time at the sacrament. God's people were comforted. In preaching, tolerable. At night in Trinity. Good congregation. Some *power*. Lord, purify Zion; try her as silver. This afternoon have had a delightful season in Sister Boswell's meeting. My heart cried, 'The best of all is, God is with us!' O Lord, bless thine handmaidens, and in them if thou pleasest be the Deborahs to bring deliverance to thy people. A great change here within two years. God, I believe, has made my poor wife, who goes *trembling* about her work, the instrument of this great change. Lord, may the light never go out in this dwelling! 'Peace be on this house bestowed.' Work, Lord, and let none hinder thee.

"*Thursday*, 8.—Preached this evening in Eighth-street for Brother Coombs. House below well filled. Many came to the altar; acted as though they were almost persuaded to be Christians. A good work there."

"PHILADELPHIA, *March* 10.

"To DR. P.,—Mrs. H. thinks it well that I should drop you a line to say that we expect to be in New York on Tuesday, or at furthest on Wednesday evening next, probably the former. I have engaged to spend the succeeding Sabbath in Newark, N. J. This I mention that you may know I cannot preach in New York. Whether I shall start for Providence Conference the subsequent week I have not determined.

"Mrs. H. and myself are in moderate health, much worn down by labor. The meetings are remarkably interesting here. Twelve persons, I understand, experienced perfect love at Mr. Longacre's on Tuesday P. M. I was not there. Mrs. H. thinks it was an unprecedented meeting. Brother R. was with them.

"We greatly desire to see you. May it be a meeting with Christ and his disciples, and for a few days may we have much of his presence, and 'sit together in heavenly places,' if he please, on the mount.

"I propose to leave Mrs. H. with you until I return from Providence Conference to meet the bishops in New Jersey."

"*Monday*, 12. — (Mr. Boswell's.) Preached yesterday at Union and Fifth-street. Had some comfort; indeed, a part of the day, much peace in Christ. Found him lifting up my head. My heart is toward thee, my adorable Saviour. Give me more of thyself this day. I hear that my friend and brother, Raper of Ohio, is at the point to die. Lord, prepare thy servant fully if it be thy pleasure to take him home! Many of Christ's ministers are being called away. In the Ohio Conference, Lakin and Morrow are already gone since their conference sat in September. Be pleased, O Lord, to raise up other laborers for the harvest!

"New York, *Wednesday*, 14.—(At Dr. Palmer's.) Reached here last evening at six P. M., having left Philadelphia at twelve M. A pleasant, safe journey, being brought on our way by the will of God. Lord, bless us here!

"Newark, N. J., *Monday*, 19.—Came over from New York on Saturday and preached here at Clinton-street and Halsey-street. At night a comfortable time in Halsey-street, but not so much strength, spiritually or physically, as I could desire. Had a pleasant visit at Brother Kidder's. An amiable and worthy family. Methodism is becoming strong here. The seminary is prosperous.

"New York, *Friday*, 23.—Poor health and low comforts. I want strength. Lord, bestow on thy poor servant strength! I will trust, O Lord, I will trust! Let me repeat, blessed

Saviour, and have thee look and consider what I here record: 'I will trust in the Lord!'

"*Tuesday*, 27.—Spent the Sabbath in Paterson, N. J. Had lodgings at Brother Jackson's, a fine worthy man and family. Preached twice. Brothers Monroe and Morrell are stationed here. Had a moderate time in preaching. A very stormy day. Fear little good was done. My poor health was in my way. The scenery on the Passaic here is exceedingly picturesque, and entertained me more than did the Falls of Niagara. In bad taste perhaps, but so it was. After I returned from Paterson was taken with influenza, but am better this evening, and hope it is checked. Have had much profitable discourse to-day with Brother and Sister P. Lord, bless for Christ's sake!

"*Wednesday*, 28.—Have received a gracious visit from my Lord. He was near in my chamber devotions. Felt a delightful recumbency of soul upon him. O what a season of restlessness I have had! Lord, thou biddest the cup pass from me. I record thy goodness. After breakfast had a singularly profitable conversation with Sister P. on the way of faith and my own sinful misgivings and unbelief—a throwing away of my shield as it were. I greatly hunger and thirst after thee, O God, my Rock and my salvation! After a season of prayer, in which Mrs. P. and Mrs. H. wrestled earnestly, I withdrew with strength in my soul. Now, O Lord, wilt thou not seal me wholly and forever thine! cleansed by thy Spirit, through faith in Christ Jesus! Then will I teach transgressors thy ways."

"To Brother Dubois,—Hurried as I am now by conference duties, and just about to start for one, which employs me in diligent preparations, I must take time to answer briefly your letter, which we were most happy to receive, and we learn from it how mercifully the Lord deals with you. Blessed be his holy name for ever for all his grace bestowed on you and yours! And he is a never-failing Fountain! Much as he has blessed, he has but just begun to give. He has oceans of blessings in reserve. He has yet only dropped upon us from

his clouds. His gifts are, so far, as dews to the prepared showers, both of grace and glory, which he will soon send down upon us and upon his redeemed ones. Let us every hour wait (in high expectation) for these descending, overflowing mercies. I trust your society is all alive, that they do not forget 'Christianity in earnest.' I trust those dear brothers and sisters, who gave such testimony for Christ, still testify. O it would be sad if our light should become darkness. How great would be that darkness! Try to stir them up continually. May your class be as the garden of the Lord! Pray for me, for in my weighty duties I need prayer."

"PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD, *Monday, April* 2.—Did not preach yesterday. Administered the Lord's Supper at Russell-street Church. Left Boston at one o'clock in steamer and reached here at six P. M.

"*Friday*, 6.—Providence Conference goes on rapidly.

"*Monday*, 9.—Steamer Bay State. Am on the Sound, bound for New York. Left Provincetown at eight A. M., having read out the appointments at seven in the morning. Reached Sandwich at one P. M., and Fall River at half past six P. M. A conference of one hundred and twenty preachers finished in four days is new; but the brethren talked but little, and worked hard. I labored with all my powers. Preached twice on Sabbath and ordained five deacons and nine elders. Did not enjoy the conference, but some did. It is a calm sea, and this great vessel is almost as steady as the dwelling on shore.

"NEWARK, N. J., *Monday*, 16.—Preached twice yesterday. Had a poor time in the morning, and a small congregation. Feel better in mind. Lord, appear for me, for thou knowest all my sore troubles. May my faith never fail! Help, O my God!

"NEW YORK, *Tuesday*, 17.—Bishops closed their meeting on Monday, and I came from Newark at seven o'clock. Feel blessed. Christ has come; my failing faith is strengthened. My soul springs up again. I believe. Lord, I bless thee for a great deliverance! For four or five days thou hast been

plucking my feet out of the net. Glory be to thy name! I am thine, thou art mine. Now I commit my all to thee for ever! How I bless thee for past and this present deliverance. I yield myself to all thy will this day. Save me now from unbelief. Save me. Let me die rather than doubt! Lord, I am thine!

"*Sunday*, 22.—Preached this morning at Norfolk-street Church on 'He that believeth shall be saved.' I think I went into the pulpit in some measure willing to be 'little and unknown.' Went in more than usual dependence, and with a strong faith in God. The text was new, my preparation hasty—not much more than half an hour for meditation and arrangement—and I was often tempted to give it up and take another theme; but I wanted to preach on this, and bless God that I did. He helped me to speak of faith, and I believe he helped the people to hear. I have, thanks be to God! a growing faith. God has wrought in me within a few days. The word, the promises, are precious. I believe God is purifying my heart by faith. Amen, so let it be!

"Springfield, Mass., *Tuesday*, 24.—Left New York at eight A. M. yesterday (Monday) and reached here at two o'clock P. M. A pleasant journey. Mrs. H. with me. We are pleasantly accommodated by our Saviour's care, and can say, (how unworthy to feel and know it,) 'the best of all is, God is with us.' Praise the Lord, O my soul! I have been learning new lessons, for two days, concerning faith. How vital its influence! Through it, by the Holy Spirit, God's word becomes 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit.' Thus is his word to me now."

"Springfield, Mass., *May* 2.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—Our faith does not fail. Christ is precious. He holds us with his powerful hand. Praise his name!

"New England Conference is over. Very peaceable, and I hope some advancement.

"Mrs. H. has been very busy with the Congregational sisters, and two of them profess to have received perfect love. Meth-

odists were too busy in taking care of ministers to see her much. Several were in this P. M. Prevented her writing to Sister P., as she intended to do. I am worn down with conference duties.

"Pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified; that our faith may not fail; that the conferences may be blessed, and that holiness may be spread 'over these lands.'"

"LEBANON, N. H., *May* 4.—Left Springfield yesterday, where we were most kindly and pleasantly entertained by Mr. Eli M'Intyre and his pious wife, (the Lord bless, sanctify, and save them!) and came in the cars one hundred and eighty miles to this place, where we stay with Brother G. W. H. Clark, an excellent brother stationed here. Our conference at Springfield closed at twelve M. on Tuesday, five and a half days. It was pleasant. No deaths or difficult cases in either this or Providence Conferences the last year. Our journey hither was by Worcester, Groton, Nashua, Concord, Franklin, and Canaan, and half of it through the rudest region of rocks and pines and barren knobs which it was ever my happiness to behold. Here, five miles from the Connecticut River, it begins to look fair. This is a village of perhaps one hundred houses. Saw snow several times on the mountains.

"LANCASTER, N. H., *Wednesday*, 9.—Reached here yesterday at one P. M., having left Lebanon on Monday, and lodged, from there (forty miles by railroad, and twenty by stage) sixty miles, at Littleton, in a comfortable room. The road from Littleton twenty miles was bad. We had two coaches with four and six horses, the former with twelve and the latter with sixteen preachers. It broke down, but all escaped unhurt. The village here is as large as Sharon or Norwich, Ohio, and pleasant, with mountains one thousand five hundred or two thousand feet high on the south and east. I had a pleasant day yesterday, and in the morning especially felt that God was with me. Had sweet communion with him in the closet, before breakfast, in company with Brother G. W. H. Clarke, who lodged with me. Praise to Jesus!"

"THURSDAY MORNING, *May* 10, 1849.

"To MRS. H.,—I write, this morning, a few lines, because when I come out of conference I have to hurry to get my letter into the office. I am well this morning. Heard the 'conference sermon' last night. Written and talented, but not in good taste; would do well for a Congregational minister in a theological and religious point of view. A great want of men here. Preachers can hardly stand up to sing, and cannot kneel to pray. Here is degeneracy, both in spirit and form, from Methodism. No altar here in the Methodist church. They left it out for more seats to rent. I asked them what they do in revivals. They said they had never had one since the church was built. No wonder.

"This is my birthday. I feel solemn. Fifty-two years clean gone for ever. What years! May they make an end of sin. I have a good fire burning and a pleasant chamber. Within twenty feet of its east windows, a stream, larger than in Lebanon, gurgles along beautifully, with a constant bass or semi-bass, provoking me to praise. I feel peace. I will try to be faithful.

"*Friday*, 11.—We had a remarkably pleasant day in conference. Business is going on rapidly and delightfully. I am perfectly well. Several brethren are here from Vermont Conference, and want me to visit them. Inclosed is a letter from Sister Palmer. She conquers. I hope it will be a comfort to you."

"LANCASTER, N. H., SATURDAY MORNING, *May* 12, 1849.

"To MRS. H.,—The conference has proceeded pleasantly. I feel blessed this P. M. Faith is strong and comfort strong.

"Your two letters came to-day, and brought blessings with them.

"I wrote the above last evening and added the date above this morning. I think we shall close on Monday P. M. We are nearly through, all but the reports, which generally take one day. I allow a day and a half. I have not hurried any, but business seems to melt away remarkably. A good spirit prevails, I think. Little exhortations seem to do good. I had

a good P. M. yesterday. I shall write a line at noon and decide about my way to New York. I believe we will not stop at Springfield.

"*Saturday, half past eleven A. M.*—I have concluded to go by the Notch and Concord. We will stay at Concord over night. You will please leave Lebanon in the first train of cars on Tuesday and stop at Concord, where I shall meet you as soon as you reach there."

"*Sunday*, 13.—Have just returned from meeting. A good and glorious Sabbath. Love-feast this morning, one of the very best. The power of God was there. A comfortable time in the sacrament, and power in ordaining the two deacons. Brother Perkins preached this P. M. a good sermon, and four elders were ordained. My gracious Redeemer, how has thy love burned in my heart this day! Praised be thy name for ever and ever! Amen!

"LEBANON, N. H.—Left Lancaster, where I was kindly entertained by Harvey Adams, on Monday noon, New Hampshire Conference having sat four and a half days. Reached here at eleven A. M. to-day and found Mrs. H. well. Here she stayed with Hon. E. Blaisdell more than a week. The people here have showed us kindness. Praise God for his mercies! 'Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O thou God of my salvation!'

"NEW YORK, *Thursday*, 17.—(At Dr. P.'s.) Left Lebanon on Wednesday and reached here this morning by Nashua and Norwich railroad and steamboat. A safe journey. 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'

"*Monday*, 21.—My labors press heavily on my strength. Had to be excused to-day and get out in the open air. The examination of the hymn book is heavy business. Lord, help thy servants! And when the work is finished may thousands exult to sing thy praises in its evangelical lines. Preached on Sabbath morning in Seventh-street. Was feeble in body, but comfortable in soul. This evening the New York Monthly Meeting for the Promotion of Holiness was held in the Allen-street Church close by. Mrs. H. and the family are there.

The Lord bless his people, and make his Church holy for Christ's sake!"

"New York, *May* 25, 1849.

"To Rev. L. Swormstedt, — I am but poorly. My left side is much of the time like the foot 'asleep,' if you know what that is. My work this spring has been severe. If you have a map of the states, just run your pencil from New York to Provincetown, on Cape Cod, and back to New York, thence to Springfield, Mass., and to Lancaster, N. H., near the Canada line, and back to New York, and you will see what journeys I have taken to reach my conferences and get back twice to meet the bishops. It has kept me constantly engaged, almost without a day's rest, for nearly two months; and I know not which is the hardest, sitting in conferences and cabinets, traveling day and night, or working with the bishops. We have just finished the hymn book, and to-morrow I start to the Troy Conference, thence, right back almost to where the New Hampshire sat, to the Vermont Conference, and then incline westward to the Oneida and Michigan, if I live.

"Just now the cholera is represented as subsiding among you. May God stay the scourge!"

"Sandy Hill, Troy Conference, *Monday*, 28. — Having my lodgings with Esquire Northrup, a lawyer lately converted, I find an extra motive to labor after a godly walk. Bishop Hedding is here. Conference goes heavily. Preached yesterday in the grove to about two thousand souls. This is a delightful spot; but in the midst of conference business I have little enjoyment. Ministers are wanting to fill the work. Lord, pity thy Zion! Dr. and Mrs. P. are here. What a heavenly influence they bear with them! To-day they return to New York, and may God spare them amid the pestilence! O save thy people, and bless thine heritage!

"Burlington, Vt., *June* 11. — Reached here on Saturday. Had a precious day yesterday. Preached twice. Christ was verily present. In the evening heard Brother Caughey preach a pleasant, plain, practical sermon. There is piety here. Lord, fan the flame, and spread it abroad for Christ's sake. Amen!"

"To Rev. J. Young,—Your most welcome letter has just reached me, and I sit down to read and answer it, fatigued with a long ride over the mountains as I am, because after to-day my conference duties will so press on me as to prevent. One of your letters I entirely lost, and this is the first I have received since I parted with your worthy family last December.

"Your words are in the spirit of a charity and personal confidence toward me which I do not think I can claim. I had forgotten that I differed from you in regard to the college loan, and but for one thing, would say at once that I am wrong and foolish in daring to hold my opinion in spite of yours. That one thing is, that I have seen one operation of the kind in New England, and one in Indiana, mature into the almost absolute ruin of the two institutions, from which ruin they were both saved by the most desperate efforts to replace the borrowed funds by new subscriptions. But in both cases, if I do not wholly misconceive, it was granted on all hands, that the funds borrowed were merely just so much expended contrary to the conditions of the subscription, just as I supposed, and, sincerely begging pardon for the apprehension, fear now would have been the case, had your conference made the loan in question a commended measure of the trustees.

"As to Brother Sutherland, I did not suppose my dear Brother Young had given any particular opinion, only as he wished to relieve the brother of any embarrassments which his commendable relish for science might involve. But here I feel a necessity to be laid on me to speak freely, and throw myself on your magnanimity in the doing of it. Let me say, then, that if you could pass over our whole work, and learn its condition as I do in the stationing rooms of the annual conferences, I have the fullest conviction that you would see eye to eye with me on this subject; but, in the haste of letter communication, I must sum up all by saying, if the practice of giving to students of our colleges, and to professors and school-teachers, regular appointments in our work be not withstood, in twenty years from this time we shall not have half a dozen men in some conferences, who are not teaching schools or academies on their stations, or attending colleges or academies, or are professors in

theological seminaries or universities, or are employed as merchants, or saddlers, or doctors, or lawyers, or in some other lucrative avocation where they have their pastoral charge! I wish my dear Brother Young could see and hear what I have seen and heard this year. I am sure if he had, he would be as cautious of encouraging a Methodist traveling preacher to go to college (without locating) as he would of opening a 'crevasse' in the Mississippi, nay, more so. Here I leave it; but if I live to see you, will tell you much more. *Verbum sat.*

"I love you, my dear old first friend—father—more than I can express, but I love Zion more; and for her sake let me exhort you to exhort the young men who have vowed to do so, to 'give themselves wholly to God and his work.'

"Pray for us, as we always do remember you. We have hard times, as to labor. I am so worn down now by the hard toils of spring and summer that I often think I cannot get through the year. But I have comfort in the midst of toil. Jesus is precious!"

"PEACHAM, *June* 18.—Reached here on Saturday, having come by stage to Montpelier, and spent two nights there, preaching on Friday to about twenty-five persons at the seat of government, in the midst of a society of one hundred Methodists! Put up with good Brother Scott, who thinks Methodism is sinking in Vermont. Here, on yesterday, I preached twice. Once to the children, and had a good time, though I saw a love-feast in the morning with no door-keepers, which is here a uniform practice!"

June 20.—To Rev. L. Swormstedt: "I have intrusted my soul to Christ, and he takes care of it every day, and makes my peace to abound like a river . . . and cannot I yield all other worldly interests to him? Yes; blessed be his name forever!

"Mrs. H. is more feeble this summer than I ever knew her. It is well for us that we are in the White and Green Mountains so much this warm weather. But, my dear brother, we shall none of us die till our heavenly Father sees best, and then he can easily find the instrument. May he protect you all. I believe we pray for you every day. We ask to be remembered."

"PEACHAM, VT., *June* 20, 1849.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—Though conference has commenced, I employ a moment to say we have heard nothing from you since we parted. Whether you be sick or well, living or dying, is with us conjecture, hope, or fear, as the case may be.

"We reached here in safety on Saturday last, and had a precious Sabbath. It is a very small village, and preachers have to go three miles and more to lodge. Conference met to-day, and we had a pleasant, prayerful session. We hope to close on Monday, reach Burlington on Thursday, and, perhaps, Troy on Saturday week. Thence we may go to Hillsdale.

"*Thursday morning.*—Your letter has just come. Thank God! That Psalm (xci) I have wound around me as my shield long ago. It is strong armor, not fabled to be, (like Achilles's,) but is, forged in heaven. I must go to conference. Can you not meet us at some point in your excursion from the city? I am growing in grace. Haste, adieu! I am already satisfied with long life."

"PEACHAM, *Friday evening*, 6 *o'clock.*—Closed Vermont Conference a few minutes since. Three days is the shortest conference I have yet had.

"BURLINGTON, *Thursday*, 28.—Reached here yesterday through dust and fatigue. Praise God for his almighty goodness!

"TROY, *Saturday*, 30.—Reached here in safety. Cholera is prevailing in many places. Brother Moriarty dead. Several at the Springs. One death here this morning. Lord, prepare the dying, and save the living from sin.

"HILLSDALE, N. Y., *Monday*, *July* 2.—Spent Sabbath at Albany. Had a pleasant day, preaching in Hudson-street and at 'Garrettson.' Reached here at one o'clock and found all well. Praise God!

"*Monday*, 9.—Filled the place of the presiding elder here on Saturday and Sabbath. Preached three times in all.

"TROY, *Friday*, 13.—Reached here on Wednesday, and met Bishop Hedding. Dedicated the new church yesterday. O Lord, increase my faith!

"SCHENECTADY, *Monday*, 16.—Reached here on Saturday, and stopped with Brother Ely. In the afternoon rode to Mr. Ford's, the nephew of Mrs. Hamline. Yesterday preached in Schenectady twice to good congregations, and came out again to Mr. Ford's. This is a good family—worthy Methodists. I wish we had more such. Two of their children are determined to find a Saviour. Bless God!

"UTICA, *Wednesday*, 18.—Preached last evening in this beautiful city of fourteen thousand souls to a good congregation, and God blessed.

"BROOKLYN, *Friday*, 20.—Preached yesterday at Sauquoit, and a good brother brought us to-day, in his wagon, twenty miles to this place, to dedicate a small church. Put up here with Mr. Gordon, whose wife is a Methodist, and himself 'loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue.'

"NORWICH, N. Y., *Sunday*, 22.—Preached twice to-day in this beautiful village. Put up with Mr. Berry. A good home. Led class after ten o'clock service. May the Lord our God bless this people for Christ's sake!

"OXFORD, *Wednesday*, *August* 1.—Closed to-day the Oneida Conference at half past twelve P. M., one among the best conference sessions I ever witnessed. God was with his ministers. There was among them a great hungering and thirsting after righteousness. O that all our conferences could be thus! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!

"ITHICA, *Monday*, 6.—At Dr. Stevens's. Reached here, in company with Dr. Mills and Brother Moore, at two P. M. last Thursday. Preached yesterday in the Methodist and Dutch Reformed churches. Exceedingly warm, and though I felt well, preached with difficulty. This is a lovely place. Much piety here. Some devoted souls."

"ITHACA, N. Y., *August* 7, 1849.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—Since we parted at Troy I have thought more of you than perhaps ever before, as placed in a position of very great religious responsibility, and where your words and acts will operate great effects on those around you. I have reflected with comfort on those words, 'The Lord

is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.' And on those, 'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.'

"Thanks be to God that he does keep you, and enable you to 'abound' in every good work. Pray that we may be kept, and may thus abound. The phrase 'every' good word, etc., implies variety; and 'abound' implies a close attention to all. It involves the idea of enterprise, which I so shamefully lack (and so consciously) that I know not which way to betake myself on account of it. Pressed down with conviction on this point, I find not the relief of expected amendment. This is the more annoying, as your last letter speaks of the death of sinners in a way which makes me feel almost as though it were now a new revelation, and not an old truth with which I have long been familiar. I have been studying faith in God's promises until I had almost forgotten that I must have faith also in his threatenings. We parted at Troy, not as we shall meet next, if it be a meeting in heaven; and we can overlook the parting for the hope of that meeting. It seemed a cold, indevout farewell, in which crowding business on our part scarcely left a chance for a Christian shake of the hand, and what is worse, a Christian union in prayer. Since then I have thought that business, even with presiding elders and Bishop Hedding, should not withhold me from God's altars in valedictory worship. But our concert need not depend on sight. We will meet daily. My heart is just as near to yours now as if you were both kneeling with me in this room. 'We are all one in Christ Jesus.'

"I desire to write more, but many letters are due to correspondents on business. And this letter is hastily written, from the strong claims the work has upon me. But I venture it to provoke several from you, and, more than all, your prayers."

"Candor, *Thursday*, 9.—Preached here with some strength last evening in a large country house well filled below. Brother A. Judd is of the old stamp of Methodist preachers. His family well brought up and devout. A Saviour's love is shed abroad in their hearts. O that all the families of the earth were like this! Earth would change to heaven.

"Owego, *Monday*, 13.—These kind friends brought us down from Candor on Thursday morning. Here we have been cherished. We have had all possible kindness shown us for Christ's sake. Preached twice yesterday. O Lord, revive thy work!

"Elmira, *Monday*, 20.—Reached here on Saturday, having spent two nights at Brother Agard's at Smithborough, and one at Brother Stone's in Factoryville, and preached in each place. Preached here also at half past ten A. M. A good week, and a good Sabbath. The Lord be praised. Amen!

"Elmira, N. Y.—Closed conference this evening at five o'clock. A rapid work. Appointments well received, but I have had poor health and poor comfort. Not so spiritual a conference as Oneida. Had pleasant lodgings at Brother Huntley's.

"Detroit, *Monday*, *September* 3.—Preached once yesterday with difficulty. Body feeble. Lord, help me for Christ's sake! My trials this year are peculiar. 'O for an overcoming faith!' Lord, I fly to thee! Help me to fly.

"Adrian, Mich., *Sunday*, 9.—Preached this morning and ordained ten elders, besides eleven deacons in love-feast. Have had some light and comfort. The conference is not lively in its spiritual state, though some of the brethren are much devoted. The Michigan Conference is rather behind as a whole. They need in these regions a very devoted ministry. Great efforts are being made in behalf of education. The Lord grant that the good may be obtained without any associated evil.

"Dayton, Ohio, *Tuesday*, 25.—Reached here last Friday. Conference is progressing lively. A good spirit. Bishop Waugh in good health. This is a noble body of men. Ordained eight elders and preached on Sabbath in Wesley Chapel.

"Xenia, *Friday*, 28.—Reached here quite ill this evening. Feel in danger of sickness. Prayer is not so deep and sweet a communion with God as usual. O Lord, revive thy work in my heart!

"*Friday*, *October* 5.—Twenty-one years this day since I lay prostrate on the hearth, in a dear Methodist brother's sitting-room, crying for mercy. That night, I believe, my heart was changed, and the next morning I obtained the witness of the Spirit that I was adopted into the family of Christ. O that I

had been faithful all these following years. O Lord, thou hast blessed me with richest blessings outwardly and inwardly, giving me often unspeakable joy in Christ. Seal me thine afresh this day, and make my heart rejoice.

"My health is impaired. My disease in the chest seems to be progressing. I can now hardly write or do anything. My frame shakes with some strange inward pectoral commotion, as though my heart were clogged. I cannot expect to do much more but lie down and die. O that I may die in Christ!

'Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!'

"*Sunday*, 7.—A storm without, but peace within. God bears to my heart this day the blessings of the Sabbath. It is now eleven o'clock A. M. My dear wife has gone to the sanctuary. I find a sanctuary here. I have the Bible, the Hymn Book, Carvosso, Baxter's Dying Thoughts, Bridge's Exposition of the 119th Psalm, and Wesley's Sermons lying before me. I have the Holy Spirit. I have Christ.

"God is reviving my soul this morning. Blessed be his name! Though my outward man decayeth, and I feel to-day that the body sinks, yet if the inward man is renewed day by day, as it is this morning, all will be well. Glory be to God!

"Xenia, *October* 9, 1849.

"To the Preachers' Meeting of Cincinnati,—I have received and duly appreciate the expression of your wishes that I should aid the good work you are engaged in. But my plans have been laid to itinerate and labor this winter in the West and North, and if Providence give me health, I am exceedingly solicitous to visit those rural parts which are more needy of my feeble services than the cities are. Besides, my constant familiarity with the pulpits of Cincinnati for sixteen years inclines me, on Wesleyan principles, to visit other fields.

"As often as circumstances bear me to the city, for a week or two at a time, I will do what health permits. At present

my prospect is somewhat discouraging, the labors of ten months having more seriously affected my health than I supposed.

"I ask your prayers and shall not cease to remember each of you and his field of labor. 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed *us* with all spiritual blessings in Christ.'"

"*Sunday*, 14.—Still sick; nerves much diseased; unable to walk, read, write, or kneel much in prayer. Small enjoyments. Lord, appear for my help!

"*Monday*, 22.—Confined still. Lord, I cry unto thee! Make haste to help me, O Lord! The Lord is a refuge for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

"*Sunday*, *November* 4.—This morning, for the first time in six weeks, reached the sanctuary, and heard Dr. Elliott preach. It was pleasant, O Lord, to tread thy courts. 'O Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee!'

"Cincinnati, Ohio, *Wednesday*, 7.—Have reached here with some difficulty. Found friends well. My health poor. Cannot read or write.

"*Monday*, 12.—Reached Brother Brooks's. Here all things aid devotion.

"*Monday*, 19.—God has blessed me to-day. My faith has been renewed. Now if I can neither preach, write, read, nor kneel to pray, I am blessed—happy. Lord, help me every moment to believe, and be saved. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' 'He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.' How easy, by unbelief, to lose this beatitude. Lord, I commit all to thy keeping.

"Mount Auburn, *Thursday*, 29.—This thanksgiving day is good for me. My heart is thankful. Confined still, but in a little paradise below; my soul is prospering. I have felt more, especially for one week, that the Lord of Hosts is with me. O what peace! I write to Bishop Morris to-day, that 'my peace is as a river—an ocean!' So indeed it is. Yet I feel that I am a worm, and no man. Lord, I am vile before thee.

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!'

The more he blesses, me the more indignation do I feel at self, for my sins, my utter vileness and ingratitude. O blessed God and Saviour, what works of grace are thine! How dost thou exalt worms! Let me dwell upon it with adoring wonder. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'"

"CINCINNATI, *December* 15, 1849.

"MY BELOVED SON,—Your very welcome letter reached us last evening, and brought the unwelcome news that you still relapse. I say 'unwelcome,' not as finding fault with Providence, but speaking after the manner of men, and indicating our trial in the matter. If we were well enough to attempt it without the greatest imprudence, I would start to-morrow for L. But I have not been out of doors for several days, and the most I now pretend to do is, once a day, to step from one room into another with a good fire, while they air my apartments.

"Two unusual circumstances have transpired here the last week. First, a young gentleman (W.) was left here, a boy, some eight years ago, by the death of his father, with a property of some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His father was a Universalist, and had nearly built up Universalism, as far as it was built up (it is a small low affair here) in this city. Young W. came to his majority about a year ago. He launched out into dissipation of all sorts, and in a few months pleasure reduced him to the last days of life, and he soon could have preached a sermon on, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' It was expected, by serious people, that he would die under the deceitful doctrines and false assurances of Universalist preachers and friends, (his mother one of them!!) careless and stupid as a brute dies. But unexpectedly he became, a few days ago, distressed to agony about his soul. A pious young Protestant Episcopal minister (Nicholson) was sent for, spent much time with him, instructed him like a child, (for he knew nothing of Church doctrines,) and he was powerfully converted, died in triumph, and Mr. Nicholson in performing the funeral services amid his Universalist friends, earnestly prayed Almighty God to snatch the deceived, deluded mother and others from perdi-

tion, etc. The whole circumstances, in connection with the standing and wealth of the family, excite great interest. I hope it may be the means of saving some souls.

"Rev. Mr. P. has drowned himself. And who, you ask, is he? He was the pastor of the Unitarian Church, and has been considered by the upper classes, for ten years, one of the most learned, accomplished, benevolent (pious!) men in this city. He was learned and benevolent, and has probably done more harm to religion here than all the infidels, blasphemers, rowdies, and black-legs of the city did or *could* have done. He was a fragrant poison, a zephyred pestilence spread through all the city.

"What a world is this! What solemn, lasting—everlasting issues depend on it. It is a small thing to be rich, honorable, or scientific. It is a *great* thing to be a man with the attributes, the immortalities, the endless destinies of man, inalienably cleaving to us. O my son, forget it not! Forget it not for one moment; nor for one moment forget to secure your eternal interests. I look upon it as in a condition inconceivably more affecting than that of the man who was drawn up the precipice by a windlass and a rope, which, as he ascended, began to unwind, until some of the strands were severed by the friction of the jutting rocks above him, and he looked every moment to sink to the fearful rocky depths below. How do you think I should look upon you in that position? But without religion your position is infinitely worse, so far as in the former case your mere body is concerned. Life is wasting, and the 'silver cord' may yield suddenly, any moment, and the depth below you is unfathomable, and the abyss is fire and wrath. Awake, my beloved son, awake to your danger! Look within you, and around you, and beneath you, and then at last with fear and penitence look above you to Christ, the bleeding Saviour. O look, obey, and live!"

"*Monday, December* 17.—Have for one week suffered much from swollen face. Yesterday, Sabbath, was alone most of the day and was much blessed. Jesus revealed himself to me. 'I love the Lord who stooped so low.' Lord, I give myself to thee afresh. This I desire to do in a form more effectual, and

a degree more satisfactory, than ever before. In the solitude of this room, whence one year ago this day a very dear Christian friend took her flight in inexpressible triumphs to Abraham's bosom, I would bow before 'Him who seeth in secret,' and surrender *all* to thee forever. O thou, who gavest thy Son a ransom for me, aid me! Holy Spirit, work the consecration in my heart. Blessed Jesus, whose blood has paid the ransom for my guilty soul, enable me, that I may lay my all of being on thine altar, never to be removed.

"But what have I to consecrate and offer unto thee?

"An immortal soul, such as thou hast given, and of which thou art proprietor. A heart of quenchless ardors, kindled for eternity. A body worn, frail, broken—a decayed and sinking tabernacle, yet wonderfully made. A beloved wife, thy blessing to me; and a son unhealed of sin; and some small yet precious gifts of Providence, if used and not abused. These—all these—body, soul, and spirit, family and estate—all these in their utmost power and uses for thy glory, I hereby consecrate to Father, Son, and Spirit, through the merits of my Redeemer alone, by the Holy Ghost who alone can enable me. O Lord of Hosts, vile and hell-deserving as I am, receive this offering at my unworthy hand! Now come and seal me thine, far more fully than in all past times, when thou hast deigned, as thou often hast, to shine upon my soul. I thank thee for these seasons of thy love and pity toward me. They ought not and, I trust, shall not be forgotten. But O thou Infinite Goodness, make this season memorable above all others. Let me as never until now become consciously 'the temple of the Holy Ghost,' so as to bear about an experimental verification of that word, 'and be filled with all the fullness of God.'

"In thy strength and grace I covenant (how vainly without thy grace thou, O Lord, knowest) to be thine in all my powers and patiences, in my family and friends and foes, and in my worldly substance; in health and sickness, in prosperous or adverse states, in life and in death, through Jesus Christ my Lord. And in thus approaching thee, I bear to thee (who most abhorrest them) my utmost guilt and pollution, insupportable to any creature, and cast them with my poor self—soul, body, and

spirit—upon thee. And while I thus do, in confidence that thou wilt receive, I exclaim

'Exults my rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.'

"MOUNT AUBURN, *Thursday*, 20.—My soul is kept in perfect peace. Truly I may now say, 'The best of all is, God is with us.' While my body sinks in weakness my soul rises in God's strength. A peace 'which passeth all understanding' keeps my mind and heart.

O Saviour, how precious hast thou become to my renovated heart. My sins never seemed to me so hell-deserving, nor thy grace so abounding. The more those would crush me, the more thou dost save me. Truly, 'where sin abounded' (in my clear apprehension of it) 'grace does much more abound.' I meditate much on death. It is not repulsive. I feel a love shed abroad in my heart, which seems to swallow up the fear of death.

"O blessed Jesus, thou wilt not let me be deceived. Thou camest not to destroy but to save. I lay my heart open to thine omniscient search this day. 'Search me, O God, and know my heart . . . See if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' I resign and consecrate all I am and have to thee for evermore. I come out from the world, (thou enablest me,) and thou hast said, 'I will receive thee, and will be a Father unto thee.' Amen.

"*Sunday*, 30.—Am detained from God's house to-day. All the family gone. Have had much peace in Christ for a few days past. Yesterday less of the sensible presence of Christ than usual. To-day no deep emotion, but a humble trust in Christ.

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

O how true both lines to my own vile, yet redeemed self. Lord, more and more show me my unworthiness and thine infinite fullness. I cast my soul once more on thee.

"*Monday*, 31.—On this last evening of the year I have read over my diary for the last two years. What a record of God's mercy and of my unfaithfulness. And now I am soon to bid farewell to another year of mercies. I have been spared amid the dangers of long journeys, exposure to cold and storms, feeble health, the terrors of cholera, and overwhelming labors amid them all. My dear wife has been spared, and all my family. Many dear friends have died, but all of them, I believe, in the Lord.

"I find too, at the close of the year, that God has not forsaken me. Even now my soul is blessed, and the face of Immanuel shines on me. Last evening, after making my record for the Sabbath, the Holy Spirit came down on us in family prayer in a very unusual manner. We turned our domestic devotions into a prayer meeting, and as three or four of the family in succession impleaded the Hearer of prayer, our hearts caught a new flame; one, I trust, consecrated all, and the most precious tokens of God's favor were bestowed on us. Since then a divine power has rested on several of us. My dear wife has received new strength, and my own soul has been like a well watered garden. Never did I feel more of the presence and power of God than I have at times this day. And how thankfully should I receive these tokens of mercy now, at the close of the year.

"I believe the effort I made to consecrate myself afresh to my Saviour on the 17th instant was a blessing to my soul. That hour I would join with this—this closing period of the year; and now, blessed Jesus, I renewedly take thee for my portion, thy commandments for my guide, thy doctrines for my wisdom, thy promises for my stay and support, thy Spirit for my comforter, and thy heaven for my home for evermore. O seal me thine abode!

'Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

EPISCOPAL LABOR: SEVENTH YEAR.

From the time of Bishop Hamline's election to the superintendency, he was oppressed with a realization of the responsibility of his position. The thought that, in consequence of his ill health, his colleagues must take additional labor, he could not endure. In the summer of 1849, Bishop Hedding being unable to attend his conferences, Bishop Hamline exerted himself to the utmost to assist in supplying the work. This deprived him of the usual short rest between the conferences, and subjected him to long and hurried journeys.

In the autumn of that year he reached the Cincinnati Conference, at Dayton, Ohio, in order to assist Bishop Waugh, but he was so entirely broken down as to be compelled to leave in haste before conference adjourned. He reached Xenia, a few miles distant, where his wife had remained with her niece, and here he lay prostrate several weeks before he could even proceed to Cincinnati. From this strain upon his already exhausted system he did not recover his accustomed health during the winter's rest.

At the commencement of 1850 we find him, though strong in the inner life, gradually failing in the outer man. Though occasionally rallying, and, from the mighty constrainings of divine love, often abundant in labors, yet to the observing eye of affection it was most evident that the future of his work in the superintendency was accomplished amid weariness oft, or, as in the language of the holy Paul, "dying daily."

January 8 he says: "My peace, since the new year commenced, has been almost uninterrupted. Have been confined mostly to the house, but my room has truly been a Bethel. Sometimes the presence of Christ has been such in its manifestations that I could realize—

"The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

The family has been blessed. One has entered the rest of faith, and is doubtless now wholly consecrated, bearing all the fruits of perfect love.

"CINCINNATI, *Wednesday*, 16.—Spent last Saturday and Sabbath at our excellent friend's N. W. Thomas's, and came to John Dubois's, to board, on Monday the fourteenth instant. Here hope to find (as I have at M. Brooks's) a sweet retreat. May the Lord bless us with light, peace, and, above all, purity of heart! Have not felt so much of joy for three days past, but owing in part, I think, to poorer health. O Jesus, let not my faith fail! Help me to throw away distrust of thee, and take thy promises with a true faith, a faith which 'works by love and purifies the heart.' I beseech, thee, O Lord, show me thy glory!

"*Monday*, 21.—Am disappointed to-day. Expected to reach the sanctuary, but was too ill to venture out in the rain. But let me stay my soul on the mighty God of Jacob."

"CINCINNATI, *January* 28, 1850.

"TO HIS SON,—Since my last my health has been poor. I am this morning very feeble, and sometimes it seems as though my breath would fail and the silver cord be loosed. I am beginning strongly to apprehend that I may never go out again to my work. I leave that to Providence.

"A glorious revival of religion is now going on in the city. It came first upon the Church, refreshing and purifying it in a wonderful manner, particularly at Wesley Chapel and Ninth-street. For the fifteen years that I have called this city my home, there has been no revival equal to this in power and promise. It seems especially efficacious as a purifier of the Church, though it is reaching beyond the Church. I think some twenty pupils in the Wesleyan Female College profess to have been converted within two or three days. Our preachers are laboring with a new zeal in the cause.

"We expect the cholera (the weather having been suitable for April now three weeks or more) every day. O that this work may prepare thousands for its visitation!

"Mr. L., the young lawyer, and his wife B., are devoting themselves with a wonderful zeal to this good cause. They go out to protracted meetings on his circuit near the city, and, after preaching, labor together at the altar with great success. Her zeal is equal to his. His seems equal to Wesley's. His younger brother, eighteen years old, has just graduated with great *eclat*, and Judge L. was about to set him to the study of law; but he was suddenly overtaken (by his brother's letters, sent home by the Spirit) and convicted. Now he insists that he must preach. His whole soul is given up to Christ. His very face is radiant with holy joy. You may remember W. L., his father, was appointed by me as your guardian. W. may be a year older than you. He graduated with great honor at Woodward College, and is now one of the professors and a local preacher. Joseph, his elder brother, is one of the most eloquent preachers west of the mountains."

"*Tuesday*, 29.—Reached God's house yesterday. Exhorted five minutes, and closed with a few words of prayer. It was with great difficulty I stayed in the house for faintness. I have enjoyed Christ for a few days. O how precious such enjoyment! God is pouring out his Spirit marvelously. The Church is moved and is moving forward. Several are sanctified daily. Praise God!

"*Friday*, *February* 1.—A day of days to my soul! Was baptized in the morning in my room while, as is customary with us, myself and dear wife were holding our morning prayer-meeting in our chamber. Filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost, I went to Ninth-street to witness the work of God there. I was enabled to speak to them ten minutes. I suppose near fifty believers and unbelievers were at the altar. Several were sanctified powerfully. It seemed to me that the atmosphere of the house was sensibly imbued with odors from God's throne. O in what an ocean of purity and bliss this soul did plunge and bathe! I retired feeling that one half step, as it were, separated me from the heavenly glory. At Brother Thomas's, where I dined, I suffered much for want of breath; thought at one time I might be going directly home. All was well. The

doctors, Lawson and Comegys, have written out an opinion that my disease is still of the heart, and has increased, and that a voyage to Europe is necessary. They urge it. My work prevents, and I cannot go. I thought to lay it before my colleagues, but it would greatly embarrass them, and I will be silent, attend my conferences if able, and if not able, and should die, let me die as near my post as I can get. For me 'to die is gain.' Yes, blessed Jesus, thanks to thy name and humiliation and groans and blood, unworthy as thou knowest I am, for me 'to die is gain.'"

"CINCINNATI, *February* 11, 1850.

"To REV. BISHOP MORRIS,—I have had the pleasure recently of hearing read by Brother R. S. Foster the letter in which he gives you the account of his recent experience. Considering the relation a remarkably interesting one, I suggested to him that it might be rendered a blessing to others if he would submit it to the press. He stated that he had no objection, and on my mentioning the 'Guide' at Boston, he agreed to leave in my hands a copy to be forwarded to Brother King. I proposed to write to you on the subject, that you might understand the fact and its reasons. I apprehend that such instances of divine interposition to bring Christians into a special union with Christ, and more particularly to prepare his ministers for more efficient labors in the vineyard, are worthy of special notice, and that their publication, so that many may read and ponder them, is calculated to promote the spread of holiness. On this ground, I suppose, Mr. Wesley collected and published the 'Preachers' Experiences' at an early day.

"The revival is now most powerful at Christie Chapel. Several profess to be baptized afresh every day, and each evening some are converted, from one or two to six or eight each night. A protracted meeting commenced at Morris Chapel to-day. I enjoyed the privilege of attending its opening services and talking about fifteen minutes on faith, which is the greatest effort I have made for almost five months. Yesterday I was able to partake of the Lord's Supper, consecrating the elements. You will justly infer that I am some better. I

shall endeavor to proceed very cautiously, and, if possible, not aggravate my difficulty by imprudence. It is hard work to be idle."

"*Sunday*, 17.—I have rather improved in health for the last ten days. Have many blessings to be thankful for. Hear that my son L. is attentive to religion, and hopes by his teachers that it is a radical change. If so, what a mercy! The last two weeks have brought me unusual inward struggles and trials. I have a measure of deliverance. I desire a deeper conformity to God's will. How can I rest without it? I may never leave this city alive. Often my pectoral difficulty is severe. Sometimes I feel as though I were all ready to depart. Thus I would always be and feel. I have lately felt much interest in faith. I like Mr. Wesley's account of it. To believe (with a divine evidence and conviction) that God, 1. Promises; 2. Is able; 3. Willing; 4. Now; and 5. Doeth it. This to my apprehension is sanctifying, saving faith. O my God, let me feel the full power of it!

"*Monday*, 18.—This has been a day of gracious deliverances. God has mercifully interposed. Last night and this morning the enemy assailed me in a manner most distressing to my soul. It seemed as though legions combined against me. About ten A. M. the light broke in and brought a glorious day.

"*Sunday*, *March* 10.—For nearly two weeks I have been confined mostly to my bed. My sickness has been a more aggravated disease of the heart. I have suffered distress, faintings, with inward pains and sinkings like death. In all this sickness I have had no sensible emotions of any sort. My state was simply resignation. My language was, 'Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!' And this did not seem much more than contented thought, for, as I have said, I had no emotions. Often when sick, and thought dangerous, I have had great longings to depart, great desires to burst away and fly to Jesus. I have had no such feelings now. Then I thought I should die, because I desired to be with Christ; now it seems as though I should not die, because I have no such longings. As I was disappointed then, so I may be now, and my time

may be close at hand. I resign all to God. I know: 1. That I am very unworthy; 2. That I am converted; 3. That God has wrought a deeper work than ever within eight years; and finally, I believe he will receive me to his presence. I trust if my work is done, which seems most likely, (and I am content if that be his pleasure,) that he will give me peace in death. As to my labors, 'I am not meet to be called' Christ's minister, and I am thoroughly ashamed of every effort I have made for twenty years to preach Christ. When I try to think how his Gospel should be preached, with what holy zeal and ardor, discretion and ability, I can but turn away with loathing from all my efforts. Yet, O blessed God and Saviour, thou knowest that thou hast been with me. I abhor myself, but praise thee!"

"CINCINNATI, *March* 13, 1850.

"TO HIS SON,—After having been confined mostly to my bed for two weeks, I am so far relieved as to be able to ride out again with great care, though my voice is almost gone, and I can take no part even in leading family devotions. Your mother was taken ill also on Monday night; we think her better.

"Your letter of the fourth came to-day. We were glad to hear. Your mother wrote about a week ago when I was too ill to attempt it. Now I must answer her letter, as I can sit up and she cannot.

"Our chamber is a hospital, but it is made pleasant by the presence of Christ. How true it is, 'His presence disperses our gloom, and makes all within us rejoice.' What a paradise of delights he bears into the soul of his redeemed! 'This God is our God for ever and ever,' if we cleave to him in constant prayer; but it is easy to lose the sense of his presence, then what gloom shuts in upon the soul! What an inward night spreads through the chambers of the heart! O let us fly to him constantly! If the sweetness and beauty of his love and presence is in the least degree obscured or lessened, let us, with strong and invincible resolution, fly to our knees, and never cease to struggle until all is regained. One of the most fatal and dangerous mistakes is not to pray except when we feel like it. When prayer is only a duty, not a refection, avoid this

and always pray; and the less you feel like it the more earnestly and perseveringly. Seek God patiently, resolving, patiently, I will not let thee go. O may God bless!

"If I go to Europe I will take you with me, and yet doubt if I can go. My conferences will be in the way. My health is gone, and I am but a wreck. We leave all this to our heavenly Father. Your sick mother sends a message of prayerful love."

During part of the months of February and March Bishop H. was so ill, that observations taken from a human standpoint suggested scarcely a hope of recovery. But he dwelt on the suburbs of the land Beulah, and sometimes seemed to pass over its environs, faith lending its realizing light to such a degree that he exclaims, "Already have we passed through the golden gates." To Brother Worthington, who called to see him, he said: "Give my love to all the preachers. Tell them that religion is sweet—sweet in the sick-room. Just as sweet in the sick-room as it is in the pulpit. I prove it so. Had I health now, I don't know that I would labor as I used to, for I used to labor too hard; but I would preach, would labor, would do all I could for my Saviour." Soon after he knelt with his family for noon-day prayers, and said, "Praise the Lord for this precious, purifying peace!" In the afternoon he was told that a man had fallen dead in the street; he exclaimed, "O if it had been happy me! How wonderful to be on earth one moment, and in heaven the next! I am unworthy, but His spirit can accomplish all that is necessary!"

On another occasion one said to him, "How do you feel this morning?" He said, "My feelings this morning remind me of Dr. Franklin when he said, 'I am about to be got out in a new edition.' I need a new edition, I can hardly get up or down; but I can feel my Saviour in my heart—I have everlasting life begun."

March 28.—Since the above date Bishop H. had been much as usual, frequently expressing great peace and joy. His Sabbaths had been days of great blessing to him. In a letter dictated about this time to Brother Lane, he says: "I am

extremely feeble, but there is comfort at the close, as well as at the beginning, and day by day I experience great quietness and serenity as I repose beneath the cross, and wait to know the will of my divine Lord and Master. Were I to express my experience in a word it would be peace—peace as a river."

31.—At night, being very ill, he said: "Maybe I will get off to-night. I am very vile, very unworthy, but my Saviour is worthy. He gives me faith—faith. He enables me to trust." He daily spoke much of the mercies of God, often recounting them with tears, especially at his seasons of prayer in his family.

April 2.—Being very joyful, he asked, "Does not the Psalmist say, 'My flesh trembleth for fear of thee?'" and said, "I believe my flesh trembleth with a sense of the divine presence. I understand what Dr. B. meant when he said, 'My very eyes are happy!'" In the afternoon, having one of his sudden sinking spells, he said, "It is a good day to die."

12.—After a wakeful night, he said: "The Lord has taught me many lessons during the night; has shown me in several particulars where I have failed in reference to the treatment of my brethren toward me, and also in reference to the great work which he has wrought in my heart. I saw that the accuser had succeeded in robbing me of much." At night he said: "This has been a good day, one of the best of days. It seems as though my heart would be drawn out of me heavenward." "I am sick, sick, but I am happy too."

It was while the head of the Church was thus glorifying his name in the sick-room of his servant, that the beloved colleagues of Bishop H. convened for their yearly meeting in Philadelphia. It was the first time since his election that this their brother beloved had been absent; but they could not be unmindful of him. Under date of March 27, 1850, they affectionately address him in their united capacity:

"Rev. Bishop Hamline: Dear Brother,—A gracious Providence permitted us all to convene in this city on the 20th inst. in our usual health. We have had a week's session of labor and care. A perfect harmony of feeling and great unanimity of sentiment have prevailed among us. We are now about to

separate; and before doing so we take occasion to express to our afflicted, absent colleague, Bishop Hamline, our strong fraternal affection and confidence, and our deep sympathy with him in his sufferings and privations. We have daily remembered him in our devotions, and united in interceding for the renewal of his health and strength, and for his religious peace and consolation in his affliction. Most thankful shall we be if it please the Lord to restore him to health and to our councils. And we assure you, dear brother, you will continue to have an interest in our intercessions at the throne of the heavenly grace, and that you will ever be cherished in our affections and sympathies.

"Your letter to Bishop Morris in relation to your health, and also a letter from Dr. Comegys, your physician, on the same subject, were read.

"In accordance with your suggestion of an alternate plan of episcopal visitation for this year, we have agreed upon the following:

"Bishop Hedding: New Jersey, April 17. New York, May 8. New York East, May 22. East Maine, June 26. Maine, July 10.

"Bishop Waugh: Philadelphia, March 27. Vermont, June 12. Black River, June 26. Oneida, July 24. East Genesee, August 21. Michigan, September 21. Genesee, September 18.

"Bishop Morris: Providence, April 3. New England, April 24. New Hampshire, May 8. Troy, May 29. Wisconsin, June 26. Rock River, July 17. Iowa, August 7. Missouri, August 28. Illinois, September 18. Indiana, October 9.

"Bishop Janes: Western Virginia, June 5. Pittsburgh, June 19. Erie, July 10. North Ohio, July 31. North Indiana, August 21. Ohio, September 18.

"You perceive by this alternate plan all the conferences can be met, if Providence preserves the health of your colleagues, without any very severe requirement of any of them. This being the case, we desire that you have no anxiety about your conferences, and that you should not make any great effort to attend them yourself.

"It will be necessary for Bishop Morris to hear from you by the time of the opening of the Troy Conference, which

meets at Saratoga, May 29. Will you please write to him at that place?

"We now commend you to God and the riches of his grace. May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you continually. With Christian salutations to Sister Hamline, we remain your affectionate and sympathizing brothers in Christ,

"E. Hedding, B. Waugh,
T. A. Morris, Edmund S. Janes."

"Xenia, O., *April* 17, 1850.

To his son: "For one week since I wrote, my health has improved so much that I ride out and walk two or three squares with great (comparative) comfort. I am much better now than I have been for seven months. I should have started further east ere this but for the cold, winter-like weather, which almost every night brings frost and ice in considerable abundance. I begin to think seriously of visiting my conferences. Although the doctors think it dangerous, and would have me refrain, yet I feel it a great trial to give up. I must decide by the 20th of May, and will then let you know.

"Some contradictory reports come to us respecting cholera. I see reported in the Gazette to-day (which I send you) two cases reported from St. Louis week before last. I hope it may be checked altogether. But it is more likely it will break out with violence when the warm weather comes. There are cases almost every week in Cincinnati, and it is said that Brother Simmons, one of the preachers, has had it; but the papers are very still about it, as the business of the city was destroyed by it last year. It is expected through this region, where it was very bad last year.

"Let us be ready, my dear son, every hour for death. Prepared to die, we are prepared also to live. Life is not life until we are ready for its close; for its change, rather, to the next and perfect life, in which 'mortality is swallowed up of life.' Were it safe, it would still be miserable to live without God. His presence makes our paradise, and where he is (in the heart) is heaven. You will not, I trust, grow weary of parental admonitions, warnings, exhortations, and encouragements. We should

not give so many if we had not ourselves learned from experience the dangers and snares of the way. O may Almighty Wisdom keep you, you seeking to be kept!

"We daily pray for you, not once, but many times. Yet you know you must 'work out your own salvation.' The Lord help you—and he will. We join in Christian, as well as parental, love to you, and implore the blessing of God upon you."

"CINCINNATI, *April* 4, 1850.

"To REV. J. M. TRIMBLE,—Whatever we are called to do in the exercise of our functions as ministers, (in the sphere we occupy with the divine approbation,) God will uphold and defend us in the doing of it. However its execution may now be permitted to affect our reputation, we shall in the end be gainers. Of old, you know the apostles suffered, and displayed their heroic zeal by patience as well as by diligence. 'Therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God.'

"I doubt not you will strive to do your duty amid difficulties; but I write to encourage your heart under the trials which may ensue. Better to suffer in the way of duty than escape by neglecting it, even if we could escape, which is impossible; for God will in some way make the courageous execution of duty, as in the case of Daniel, work for our advantage. He may permit us to be briefly tried with the sight of formidable difficulties and the pressure of unpleasant circumstances; may permit the enemy to succeed at first in procuring a king's decree to thrust us into a lion's den or a fiery furnace; but somehow, in the end, by shutting the lion's mouth, or quenching the violence of the flames, if necessary, will deliver him that 'trusteth in his God.' Nay, will make the very circumstances which threatened evil turn to our advantage, and work our advancement in usefulness.

"There is one point on which I wished to speak with you, but did not feel, when I last saw you, that time and strength permitted, namely: large parties of Christian people, assembling together much after the manner and in the style of the world, and spending three or four hours of time in 'chit-chat,' with

(or sometimes without) a prayer at the close of their entertainment. I have been fearful that great evils will result from this practice, and think I have seen already its early injurious fruits. I will mention some of them:

"1. These parties are generally given by Methodist families where religion (if there be any) is at a low ebb, so low that they may generally be denominated 'backsliders;' and when the more pious of the Church accept their invitations to large entertainments, it always tends to soothe them in their spiritual slumbers, and perpetuate their backslidings.

"2. Such families as are cold in religion make the religious party (I ought to say the party attended by religious persons, for the party itself is not religious unless much time is spent in prayer and praise) an excuse for getting up gay parties; and in some places I know that the two sorts (the religious and the gay) are alternated with considerable regularity, and that the young members of the family have vindicated the gay party by referring to the foregoing clerical and religious party which the 'most pious were glad to attend,' and 'behaved no better than we did.'

"3. Some of these families (not as yet in Ohio, that I am aware of) have finally allowed their children to have dancing in these parties; so that, in some cases, our best known members in some of the cities have balls in their parlors, and morning altar devotions succeed the wild, quick, tip-toe movements of excessive mirth, led on by the desecrated piano, that most convenient and genteel substitute for the fiddle which the stupid old negro used to play in the times of our grandfathers.

"4. Many of our members, who attend the somewhat graver parties given to our preachers and members, avail themselves of this as an excuse or warrant for attending *all* parties, where gayety and mirth indulge in most excessive pastimes, as games like chess, backgammon, and cards, with unlimited freedom in dancing. You may startle at this, but I know it to be true, and religious parties are claimed as a license. 'If the religious have parties, and we meet our brethren there,' say they, 'we have a right to meet our irreligious friends also, and why not

here? And these little games, and this dancing, have no more harm in them than to sit all the evening in dull "chit-chat," and in talking about our neighbors.'"

Bishop H.'s work in the summer of 1850 lay in the West as far as Iowa and Missouri. Physicians warned him not to attempt it. They reasoned that if his work lay in a more invigorating climate he might more safely attempt it. But almost the entire journey lay across the country, which at that time must be traveled by stage or private conveyance, exposing him to heat and rain, compelling him to protracted, malarious inhalations, to which would be added the uncomfortable lodgings of newly and sparsely-settled regions. During the spring duty called him to Zanesville, where his old friend and counselor, Rev. David Young, resided, and in his perplexity he resorted to him for advice. In view of all the circumstances, and the probable sacrifice of his life, Mr. Young said, "I would not go." Bishop H. said, "But if you felt that you would rather go and die than not go, what would you do?" "Then I would go," was the earnest response.

May 10 he wrote to Brother Swormstedt: "If not much worse I will go to my conferences. It seems to me easier to die than be all the year idle." He went in his own carriage, accompanied by only his wife.

After he had attended the Wisconsin and Rock River Conferences he proceeded, though in great feebleness, to Fairfield, the seat of the Iowa Conference. Here he was so enfeebled that his brethren supported and fanned him during the ordination of deacons, and the elders came to his lodgings and received imposition of hands.

He now saw that it was vain to attempt to reach the Missouri Conference, and wrote as follows to its members:

"To the Members of the Missouri Annual Conference: Beloved Brethren,—Having attempted, contrary to the advice and protestations of my physicians, to prosecute my summer labors as usual, and save my colleagues, who are also feeble, extra labors on my account, I find myself at this point unable

to visit your conference, and forward the inclosed papers to be presented to the president of the body. You will please elect a president from among the presiding elders, as the Discipline directs.

"Regretting exceedingly that I cannot visit you and enjoy your Christian society and fellowship, and learn in person how your work prospers, yet perfectly assured that there is no prospect of my reaching you if I start, and that to attempt it in the circumstances would be unwise, if not morally wrong, I close by humble and earnest entreaties to the Head of the Church that he will bless you individually with that 'perfect love' which 'casteth out all fear,' and that, the business of the conference being accomplished under his blessed guidance, you may go to your work as Paul went, in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. May he grant it for Christ's sake!"

Returning to Bloomington, the seat of the Illinois Conference, the last in his round, he found himself unable to preside, and could only occasionally occupy the chair and assist in making the appointments. He spent the winter at Captain John Moore's, in Peoria, Illinois, in great feebleness, but in his usual cheerful state of mind.

"PEORIA, *October* 13, 1850.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—'Jesus reigns!' That is enough to fill a universe with rapture. It enraptures me this night. But we shall be kings and priests unto God. Because he 'lives' we shall 'live;' because he reigns we shall reign. We shall 'sit down with' him 'on his throne!'

"O for power to love, to serve, to honor, to praise him as we ought!

"Your letter is in unison with this theme. This I could say of few. But the lines are Christ-like. Your two last have been unusually timely and comforting. Circumstances detain us, that is, Christ detains us here. Probably in a few months you will know certainly that it was our duty to stay. Now we cannot so fully explain.

"I have preached just twelve times in twelve and a half months. My last sermon was at the Iowa Conference, early in

August, nine months ago. I presided about five hours in all at the Illinois Conference, and could not go to the Missouri Conference. I can hear one sermon on the Sabbath, and exhort two or three minutes after the sermon. Can pray two or three minutes in the family. I can ride two hours at a time, and keep a horse and buggy for the purpose. Mental labor and business excitement almost takes my life. Yet I weigh within ten or twelve pounds as when you saw me, and except a livid complexion or hue, look well. I am improving; take no medicine but a little aconite. Jesus reigns. Praise God and pray.

"PEORIA, ILL., *October* 16, 1850.

"TO REV. JACOB YOUNG,—When I parted with you last April I little thought so long a time would pass without my writing to you. Yet when I consider what I have passed through during the summer and spring I am not surprised at the occurrence. My great anxiety to hear from you, to receive a few lines from the hand which has so often penned encouraging words to help me onward, is now my great motive for writing.

"My health is slowly improving. The toils of four conferences were too much for me. I missed two entirely, and presided in another only a few hours—five or six. I was not able to travel after this last conference closed, (the Illinois,) and seated myself here with no very definite purpose except to rest a little. But as I find the situation pleasant, and have an excellent boarding-house, I may stay through autumn and perhaps longer.

"I have had a year of trials. But since I paused here I have found in some degree deliverance. I enjoy my mind better than usual, have a comfortable evidence that my sins are forgiven and my heart graciously affected by God's cleansing power, and can lift up my head and rejoice, knowing that my redemption draweth nigh. In a word, I can from the heart reply to Wesley's question, 'Can you praise God?' and say 'I can.' I must not write long letters until I improve more."

PEORIA, *October* 17, 1850.—Extract of letter to Rev. L. Swormstedt.—"We are well accommodated here, and find it a delightful spot. My state permits me to write but brief letters.

Cannot close this without saying that a week or two past have been precious to me, by the view I have had of Christ and his salvation. Sometimes I have such delightful and close communion with Jesus that I think he may in mercy be preparing me for the grave—for heaven. We pray for you, and remember your friendship with increasing interest as old age comes on. O may we meet in heaven!"

"PEORIA, ILL., *November* 6, 1850.

"To J. DUBOIS, Esq.,—. . . My health had improved a little during the early part of October, but for two weeks I have lost ground and now am nearly as low down as ever—not quite. My mind has been much oppressed at times from the fact that I could not discharge my duties, and this produced a state unfriendly to religious enjoyment. At other times I have had great peace, and since I became settled feel much better. Now I am drinking as it were at the fountain head. This day is a day of great peace, of strong trust in God. Mrs. H. is tolerable in health, and struggling for the kingdom.

"I see a great work of sanctification is going on in many places eastward. I desire much to see Bishop Hedding's sermon on the subject, lately published. I have no doubt it is a treasure."

"PEORIA, ILL., *November* 12, 1850.

"To REV. JACOB YOUNG,—As to correspondence, not my heart, but my health and work have hindered it.

"I regret to hear of your declining health. But how wonderfully your time has been lengthened out. How few of your age (is there one?) could pretend to do what you do. It is a cause of gratitude to God. O may the Great Shepherd 'lead you beside the still waters,' and then 'make you to lie down in green pastures' all your happy days.

"I am deprived of most of the means of grace, but my peace is often like a river. Yesterday (Sabbath) I was shut up in my room all day, but had a heavenly time with Christ, my Lord. I hope, indeed, soon to meet you in heaven. Happy meeting!

"The millennium will come, but 'troublous times' go before it. May we be prepared!"

CHAPTER XVII.

DECLINING HEALTH—LAST YEAR OF EPISCOPAL LABOR.

Bishop Hamline entered upon the year 1851 confined to his sick room in Peoria. By the consuming process of vital disease we find from this time the strong man bowing. The tabernacle which had enshrined the loving, ever active purified spirit, was slow in dissolving before it became wholly untenable. His devoted friends could not but see that the work was going on sadly and surely, yet God glorified himself in his servant amid the slowly consuming process. Of him as a deathless spirit it might be said,

> 'Like Moses's bush he mounted higher,
> And flourished unconsumed in fire.'

In all, grace, mercy, and peace abounded.

Wednesday, February 4.—He says, "I have peace that passeth all understanding. I am hoping to sing the song of the redeemed, unworthy as I am, sinner as I am. I know that Jesus died for *me*—redeemed *me*. It seems to me as though the Lord would take me. He seems almost as near me as though I were in heaven—almost as though I were in it. Such a solemn delightful sense of his presence. Ah, the wonders of his grace! Take me, Jesus."

Saturday, 7.—He said, "If I die tell the people that I had heaven before I died. And the greater sinner I am, the more let them praise God." After a little lying down he said, "If he should draw my spirit out of my body to glory, would not that be wonderful?" Again, "He gives me such a peace it is wonderful—a deeper peace than I have ever had."

Friday, 27.—Alluding to letters received, he said, "Friends seem to be changing their prayers for me; they pray less for my life. I take it as evidence that I may be going home. Jesus is very near me to-day."

Tuesday, March 3.—Brother H. called to see him, and told him he had recently experienced entire sanctification. Among other things the bishop said to him: "There are two gates of the heart which ought always to be carefully watched. At one of these Christ enters, at the other Satan enters. One is faith; this should be always kept open. The other is unbelief; this is the only one at which Satan can enter. He may knock loudly at others, at pride, worldliness, etc., but cannot enter any while unbelief is kept closed."

"PEORIA, ILL., *February* 28, 1851.

"To DR. AND MRS. P.,—What little I can write you shall have. My powers cannot be considerably taxed without both weariness and confusion of mind. I am poorly in body, happy in spirit. I should think the Refiner is almost about taking me from the gentle furnace, but I have no haste any way. I cannot say 'in a strait between two,' for I am much contented just where I am. I am not severely tried. A fainting or suffocation which I have is tedious when God withdraws his sensible presence; for to 'walk by faith,' you know, was always hard for me, yet my faith is increased of late. The promises seem wonderfully stable. My mind is much on 'Thy word is truth.' The Bible was never so sweet as now. 'Thy testimonies have I chosen as a heritage for ever, for they are the rejoicing of my heart.' Most true.

"It would be pleasant to see all of you once more; but that I shall, and how soon, whether here, or beyond Jordan—whichever He shall please, I can say Amen! 'Without spot and blameless!' Yes, it is a solemn thing this 'dressing for eternity!' But Omnipotence works for us, and teaches us to be sober, and enables us. Mention me to each of the dear children. They have had great privileges. God requires of them great improvement. Pray for us.

"P. S.—I generally write by other hands, but now this is with my own. Yours just received induced me to try it. We thank you."

"*March* 16, 1851.

"To HIS SON,—My disease is a mystery. Last night I considered myself in the arms of death for hours. My starts from

sleep are like rising from the coffin, for it is struggling into life. When I rouse, it is under a sense of the entire rest of the blood in the veins, the blood seeming to be started into motion by my struggles. It is a little like ordinary incubus, yet not exactly. My heart beats now, while I write, in a way which reminds me of the trembling of the steamer under the motion of a powerful engine. If I attempt any business my brain becomes affected in the same way.

"My dear son, we are all passing away. Religion alone is our hope and comfort. A manly piety in its 'full realizations' is man's only security and his only desirable bliss. I look to you old, and you do not wonder that I should talk thus; but, my son, I have been young. Youth to me was just what it is to you—a season of hope as to this world. I have in worldly matters secured the reputation of being 'prudent.' My property has been preserved, and Providence has increased it. I have been benevolent in bestowing my income, but have provided for my family the comforts of life. I can speak of youth as well as of age, and of prosperity also as a means of happiness. Now, with all these experimental qualifications, to be a 'witness,' (not an 'advocate,') I testify that youth no more than age can, without religion, bring happiness; without religion, prosperity and wealth no more than poverty can bring happiness. The fact is so that God, by the very laws stamped on the human constitution, forbids us happiness without religion; but by those same laws God has provided for our unutterable blessedness in and by religion. O remember, and never forget, these two maxims: remember, and be wise!"

To Professor Wentworth of Dickinson College, he writes, Peoria, March 25: "My health is very poor, but I find religion to be a great medicine for the soul, and have great refreshings from the presence of the Lord in my sick room. There are glorious revivals around us, and the report of conversions and sanctifications in the weekly papers, with the daily reports from our own sanctuary in Peoria, where God is converting sinners, seem to me like the breezes from the heavenly city which refreshed the pilgrims in the land 'Beulah.'

Pray that, having dwelt a while in this happy region, I may be conveyed safely over Jordan, and meet the 'shining ones' before the throne."

To Mrs. Virginia M. Hamline, his daughter-in-law, he writes:

"MORRIS, ILL., *May* 11, 1851.

"May the God of all grace, wisdom, and comfort vouchsafe to you and Leonidas his presence and saving benedictions, and bless your dear parents and brothers with all spiritual blessings. May his grace abound toward you and yours! I trust your room is an 'oratory' of prayer, where, without fail, you and L. daily, morning and evening, offer supplications and thanks to God. How much I am indebted to the aid rendered me in domestic relations for the comforts I have in Christ and his religion. I could not get along one day without them either in prayer for or with me; and next to my Saviour I expect to thank my wife for salvation, if I reach heaven. Think, my dear child, that you have to do in your family as Mrs. H., your mother, has in hers. I have been more unwell for two days than usual. I am better to-day, but I shall soon go to the grave."

In the spring of 1851, finding himself wholly unable to attempt his official work, he wrote to Bishop Janes, on whom, as the youngest of the Board, the heaviest labor would devolve, inquiring which one conference, as he could hope to reach but one, would relieve him most, and received in reply the East Maine. To this, with great effort, he went, and presided most of the session, attending to stationing the preachers. At the close of the conference he was so exhausted that he could not even see those who called to bid him farewell. He seemed but a step from death.

On his return he reached the house of E. Ford, Esq., in Eastern New York, and literally fell down, unable to proceed westward. In this quiet retreat and adjacent country, among his wife's relatives, he spent several succeeding years, on Sabbath attending church in the neighborhood, and occasionally

speaking a few words of exhortation and closing the services, and attending class.

"SCHENECTADY, *June* 14, 1851.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—We have reached Mr. Ford's, (Mrs. H.'s nephew,) near S., and after four or five days' rest, he takes us in his carriage to Hillsdale for some two or three days, and then to Saratoga, to spend eight or ten days, and then to the Maine Conference. I am doing well, getting quite black in the sun, and gaining a robust look. I cannot use my voice, and cannot endure company, or I would come on to New York at once. If it turn warm I must avoid the cities during summer. The idea of getting to a conference and relieving Bishop Janes is quite exhilarating. I would like to attend one more conference, and then am ready to be superseded if it be God's holy pleasure. I love my Bible, my closet, my Saviour; love to pray, praise, and think of heaven; but you know not how much I lack. Pray that I may be made 'perfect and entire, wanting nothing.' As for you and your children, God will 'supply all your need.' Putting on the whole armor of God, you will be able to stand against all 'wiles' and all opposition.

"Mrs. H. writes about your coming to the springs to see us. She was wrong. If you can make up any warrantable errand to the springs, come, but not on our account. I would not have you come down from a great work to pursue a 'flea—a dead dog,' as it were. If another better errand would take you thither we should be glad to see you, and that would be the most convenient point of leisure on our part, and freedom from interruption. Now unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory!"

"ALBANY, *July* 18, 1851.

"REV. L. SWORMSTEDT,—I have succeeded in relieving Bishop Janes of one conference, but it has been at great hazard. I was able to be in the conference room about half the time, but when there I suffered much. I was confined to my bed nearly all day on Sunday, being carried to the church in the morning just at the close of the sermon to ordain the deacons, but could not get out to ordain the elders. I shall

not go to the Michigan Conference unless there is a great change. My powers of life, the springs, are gone. Paralyzing influences seem to be universal. I have formed no plan for the future, and do not know as I need. The future of this world is with me of little account. Full Gospel hope in regard to the eternal future is all."

"SCHENECTADY, *July* 29, 1851.

"To REV. JACOB YOUNG,—By the mercy of the great Physician I am so relieved or improved in health (whichever it may be) that I can write a little, fifteen minutes at a time. I gladly, therefore, embrace the privilege of writing to you. The last letter from the family indicated that you were in comfortable health, though feeling the decays of age. This of course must be expected when a man has reached seventy-five or six; but surely you experience less inconvenience than almost any aged man I have seen, and in this, like Wesley, you doubtless recognize the hand of God. The Lord hath done it, and he has done more, namely, preserved you in peace, given you a cheerful old age, and, above all, a useful old age. Thanks to his holy name! I feel to thank him in your behalf, especially for your peace of mind and usefulness.

"I improved in regard to everything but my voice from about the first of April, (except a turn of illness at my brother-in-law's at Morris.) My flesh is restored, my strong tendency to palsy and apoplexy is moderated, and I have more muscular energy, so that I can walk half a mile sometimes without injury. I have presided in one conference, occupying the chair about half of the time, and have traveled seven hundred miles in the cars to reach the conference and return to this place for rest and refreshment. Since my return I have had some serious admonitions that my state will not endure the labors of another conference. If Bishop Morris, therefore, continues in good health I shall not attempt to reach the Michigan Conference, which is the only one I have on hand.

"I have preached but one sermon since a year ago last Sabbath. I now see no prospect of further pulpit labors. My voice allows me to converse and lead the devotions of the family with difficulty. It required a great effort

to put the questions to vote in conference and ordain the candidates.

"'The Lord reigneth.' The times are perilous indeed; but if Methodism is broken in twain again and again, I intend to make an effort to reach the fragment which Wesley contributed to build the ship, and see if it will not float me ashore. I think the next General Conference will be a scene somewhat mixed. You 'free-seat men' must be fixing a firm hold of the rule, for otherwise it will slip out of your hand. I am glad I am fifty-four years old, and if my time was well improved, I would not object to seventy-six; but I expect if I live until next May to be in a state sweetly secluded from the noise and strife and rage of the times. Will you not be able to write soon?"

"SCHENECTADY, *July* 31, 1851.

"MY DEAR SON,—Yours of various dates have just come to hand. The account of the conference is interesting, and we were glad to hear from you, (you forgot to let us hear from Virginia at all,) and from some of the other friends.

"We returned from conference about two weeks ago. We are resting in the greatest seclusion we can obtain in this part of the country, embowered by green trees, and surrounded by meadows and corn and oat fields, with a tame but beautiful scenery all around us. We are four miles south of Schenectady, thirteen north-west of Albany, and have the Heidelburgh Mountains four or five miles to the south, presenting a beautiful variety in that direction.

"Dr. P. and wife have paid us a visit here, and a rich visit it was in blessings. Two of the family during their stay were brought into larger liberty, and one converted.

"Week after next Dr. Jesse T. Peck is to spend a few days with us, and we hope that his presence and that of his wife will be a great religious blessing to us and the family."

To his daughter-in-law, Mrs. V. M. H.: "May the Lord bless you with increasing light, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. More and more strive for all the mind that was in Christ. More and more urge your way onward toward heaven. Help all you

can thitherward, and especially strive to urge L. on in the way of life. The world is passing away. You are young, but how soon you will be old if you live. L. is almost twenty-three; the time since I was twenty-three seems like a short autumn day. You will pass these years, up to the age of fifty, pleasantly and delightfully if you spend them with God. But otherwise, when they are gone, you will cry out, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' O may Infinite Wisdom guide you and L. in the 'paths which are paths of pleasantness,' and to the Canaan which is watered by the 'river of life,' clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb!"

Early in August Bishop Hamline enjoyed a short visit from his devoted friend, Dr. Jesse T. Peck. A letter from the doctor, published in the Christian Advocate, will interest the reader:

"It has been my privilege to spend some days with this beloved servant of God. He is at the house of E. Ford, Esq., a quiet, lovely retreat for an invalid. I have observed with the utmost solicitude everything in relation to his health, and the probability of his recovery. He is a part of the time apparently comfortable. He sits up most of the day, rides out occasionally, and when in his best state converses—not without fatigue, however—with familiar friends. His countenance, his voice, and especially his walk, indicate at all times a broken constitution. But the alarming symptoms of a diseased heart, which occur with more or less severity every day, show that he holds life by a very feeble tenure.

"It is evidently out of the question for him to perform the duties of his office, or expose himself in any way to much fatigue or excitement. His experiment in attending the Maine Conference has proved that all hope of resuming his labors must be abandoned. He was, as stated in Zion's Herald, exceedingly feeble during the session. He with great difficulty presided about half the time, was unable even to hear a sermon, and was obliged to ordain the elders in his room. He returned to his resting-place in a state of great exhaustion, where he is using every precaution, under the ceaseless care of his devoted wife, and with the kindest attentions from the family of his nephew,

to sustain that life which all feel to be so valuable to the Church. When he will remove from this retreat, if at all, is entirely uncertain. God may spare him for months and years; but, according to present appearances, his departure, when it comes, will be sudden.

"The state of his mind is just what would be expected by all who know him—perfect peace. It is delightful to be in his company. His intellect is clear as light, and there is more of heaven in the room he occupies than any place I know on earth. What a striking illustration of the power of perfect love is his calmness and rest of spirit, while he is fully aware that at any moment he is liable to drop into eternity!"

"SCHENECTADY, *August*, 1851.

"To MISS E. A. G.,—I must confess I shall be disappointed if it do not prove at last that you innocently affect rather than feel, admiration for the works of Davis. Your interest in Swedenborg and Bush is quite another thing. They blend the highest accomplishments of mind with an apparent sincerity, which leads me to the conclusion that they are phrenzied; that a deep delusion led the former astray, and a serious mental hallucination bewilders the latter. Of this, in the case of Professor B., I see not how any one can doubt who has carefully read his 'Reasons.' It was placed in my hands last summer by a disciple of his in Chicago. Last winter I read it, and was so utterly astonished that Professor Bush should have been governed by such reasons in his conversion, that I read it a second time, so as to be sure I understood it, thinking that I must have failed to appreciate the force of the reasoning. On reading it a second time I felt assured that a degree of insanity '*delirium ad hoc*,' or *mono-dementia*, was the only thing to which the course of the professor could be ascribed. I must confess, to speak plainly, that I do not believe a jury of any twelve men in this state could be persuaded, by the best attorney, to award twelve and a half cents to a party in court upon the amount of evidence produced by Professor B. in favor of Swedenborg's views and mission. If I had been of the party before reading that pamphlet, I do think it would have converted me back again.

"You say, 'We must read impartially.' I did more; I leaned to the professor's side. That is, I was so mortified that he should be converted without even a plausible excuse, that I read it the second time with a sincere desire to find some color of reason for his course; for I had been his special admirer, and had placed his commentary in my library as fast as it issued from the press. And now, my dear friend, you must read impartially also. And I beg you to read the pamphlet again, not as a rhetorician, or he will captivate you, but as a severe logician, blinded to all the charms and attractions of his periods and modes of expression. Do this, and he never will convert you.

"As to Davis I must say that your venerable father ought to be pardoned for refusing to read him. I have only read his 'Revelations.' His 'Harmonia' I have not seen. But I differ from my dear friend when she says, 'a mine of thought.' I would say (not 'a continent of mud,' that is not bad enough to describe it) a pit of foul abominations. My friend, forgive me when I say you wrong yourself to be the advocate of such a man, of such frauds, (I cannot say delusions in his case,) designed, I believe, to overthrow the faith of Christians, and actually seducing unstable souls to ruin.

"I should grieve if I thought this honest expression of opinion would lead you to conclude that I am bigoted and incapable of judging, for I desire to gain your ear and patience in a matter of so much moment—of everlasting moment.

"You speak of progress. In reading the Apocalypse, do you not perceive that these times (as all respectable commentators agree) are to be characterized by the spread of infidelity, and the prevalence of lying wonders, in an eminent manner? The 'three unclean spirits' (Rev. xvi, 13) are the spirits of 'devils working miracles' or wonders. 'Blessed' now 'is he that watcheth.' How fearful the fact that all Germany, except a small remnant of evangelicals, is turning to atheism. How fearful the fact that already some sixty German papers in this country are now boldly advocating deism and atheism! Some of these, too, are Church papers, professedly so; but, in the hands of rationalists, are disguised advocates of deism. Is it

not in harmony ('Harmonia') with such diabolical enterprises against God and his Anointed, that some of these enemies of Christianity should appear in the garb of universalism—in the garb of new 'revelations,' 'spirit rappers,' 'clairvoyants,' and such like? O my dear friend in Christ, (precious name!) 'let us who are of the day be sober,' putting on the 'whole armor of God!'

"My best love to your venerated parents. They seem almost parents to me. I long to see you all. May grace be with you all!"

"SCHENECTADY, *August* 25, 1851.

"To REV. J. M. LEAVITT,—I am not surprised, nor should you 'think it strange, concerning the fiery trial.' It is 'no strange thing' that has 'happened unto you.' And if you can persevere in 'enduring,' you doubtless will find that true—'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.' Let us endure hardness as good soldiers.

"As to the Church, there is certainly occasion to be tried. 'If it consisted of only myself,' may each member say, 'I should be tried, wonderfully tried, that the Church were so unlike what Christ's redeemed should be.' And if in self so much exists to confound, surprise, and distress me, when thousands of others—some of them still less controlled by grace—are added to that self, is it strange that the sum total of unworthiness should be a sight grievous to look upon?' Yet, we should go on to think, God blesses the Church. Sons and daughters are born unto her every day in many places. Her members are passing by hundreds, weekly, in calm hope and holy triumph to heaven. More than the ancient number, seven thousand, have not bowed to idols. I am tried also. The Methodist Episcopal Church has much in herself to mourn over. But whither should we turn? On every hand there are grievous things found in the midst of the tribes of Israel. On many hands, with (equal or) greater wrongs than exist among us, there is wanting the redeeming feature—real life—great activity in religious matters, such as I find in many places among us. Inquiring into the state of other Churches, the report is spiritual death, worldliness like a flood sweeping in desolation over

Christendom. It is bad enough among us, but it is almost annihilation among our neighbors, if their testimony may be credited."

The following is the close of a letter to Mrs. Eliza Garrett, of Chicago, Ill., in answer to hers requesting advice as to the disposition of her estate by will; which estate was devoted by this most estimable Christian lady to the endowment of the theological institution bearing her name, and located at Evanston, Illinois:

"October 3, 1851: I trust Infinite Wisdom and Goodness will guide you in this and in all matters. His name is 'Counselor' as well as 'Wonderful,' etc. He has indeed been 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' Let us put our trust in him forever. 'Under the shadow of his wings will I make my refuge.' I trust you feel a very near access to him day by day. An hour in the closet with Jesus, imploring his favor, his guidance, is worth more than the friendship of the whole world. May he 'guide you by his counsel,' and afterward receive you to glory!"

To a dear friend he writes in the following remarkable strain:

"I often think of Peter's request (as tradition teaches) to be crucified with his head downward, as unworthy to be crucified in the form that his Master was, and it seemed to me I understood something of his feelings. It was in this state I labored so hard in 1842–'43, preaching from four to six times a week, besides all my editorial duties, feeling that he who blessed such a sinner ought to have my very life. These labors were cut short, you may remember, on the 6th of January, 1844, by the beginning of my illness, from which I have never yet recovered. And though I have not said it to go abroad, I have no doubt my present sinking state is traceable to these labors, and the accompanying and succeeding intense exercises of my mind. My unexpected position in 1844 [referring to his election to the superintendency] was a fiery trial. As I had made it an invariable rule for years not to have anything to do with my own allotments, but leave myself wholly (like clay with the potter) in God's hands, and at his disposal, I could not then say yes or

no to control my destiny without forfeiting, as I supposed, that great blessing which implied entire submission to God's will. On my knees I said from hour to hour, 'Lord, it is thy business, not mine.' 'Thou knowest all my weakness; see thou to it.' I think this was in a spirit of deep humility and submission. I cannot write more of the history now. This has cost me several efforts, and I am completely exhausted. O may Infinite Mercy send strength to us all, for Christ's sake!"

"SCHENECTADY, *September* 19, 1851.

"TO REV. BISHOP JANES,—Since I last wrote to you my health has not improved; if anything the contrary. When I can get a few nights' rest I feel better; but it is so difficult for me to sleep refreshingly that it operates much to my physical detriment; but I am passing my time pleasantly, and find my blessed Saviour near. O what a mercy it is to have something to depend upon besides this world, its comforts, promises, health, etc.! I believe God is preparing me for a better world, and I ought to be patient under the process. I trust I shall be by his grace and Spirit.

"It is very grateful to have an interest in the prayers of the Church, and of God's servants. I am thankful for it. I trust you have finished your conferences without permanent injury to your health. You have had a year of wonderful toil. Thinking of you as I last saw you, very feeble, and unable to preach, I have feared exceedingly that you would break down, and perhaps fatally. Surely God has helped you, and I join with you to bless his holy name.

"I was corresponding with Bishop Morris through the summer, and finding his health and strength were firm, I made no effort to reach the Michigan Conference, the weather being exceedingly warm at that time. I am not decided where to spend the winter. I can go west early in October with tolerable ease, I think, but it is possible I can arrange my business matters without going to Cincinnati.

"I find they are about attempting a German church in Albany. I hope to be able to give something toward it during the winter, but must wait a little, as I find I have given almost

three hundred dollars (mostly in the West) within eight weeks, and as I can only spare at about half that rate consistently during the year, I shall be compelled to check my hand.

"I trust you will so moderate your labors during the winter as to have a good share of strength for General Conference. May God abundantly bless you and yours, your labor and your rest, through a long and useful life."

To a very youthful friend he writes:

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 4, 1851.

"MY DEAR WALTER,—I trust you are, like little Samuel, serving your Saviour with all your heart. You remember that several years ago, while sitting on my knee, you said, 'I give my heart to Christ.' I want you to remember this, because the remembrance of it will affect your own heart; because it binds you to Christ in a special manner; because Christ remembers it, and has written it down in his book for judgment; because you will never repent giving your heart to Christ when very young—a little boy; and because you must continue to do just what you did then—give your 'heart to Christ' every day, every morning, noon, and night, every hour and moment as long as you live. Here are a number of reasons, and I could add several more. For instance, 1. If you continue to give your heart to Christ he will cleanse it, and it will be pure like Christ's heart. 2. If you continue to do it Christ will dwell in your heart, and you will be his temple, more beautiful and glorious than Solomon's, which glittered with gold. 3. If you still give your heart to Christ he will make it a peaceful and a joyful heart, full of light and satisfaction and triumph. 4. If you still give your heart to Christ, and do it as long as you live, he will comfort your heart when your parents die and leave you an orphan, when you are sick and in great pain, when you die and leave the world, when you stand before the judgment seat. O then be sure and always give your heart to Christ! The heart often struggles to get away from Christ. Then we must struggle to bring it back to Christ, and he will help us and enable us to do it. When we have given our own hearts to Christ we can tell others how to give theirs to Christ.

O what a heavenly work this is! It is doing what Christ does, and what the Holy Ghost does, and makes us 'co-workers with God.' The Lord bless you, and may you always give your heart to Christ!"

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 7, 1851.

"To REV. BISHOP MORRIS,—Yours of September 30 was received yesterday. I am here yet, not improving; but Mrs. H. thinks growing more feeble, though I am certainly not as bad as during last winter. I do little but read my Bible and Clarke's Commentary, which is the only one I have at hand, and Wesley's Sermons, and meditate, pray, and write or dictate a short letter or two daily. It is, I trust, a profitable leisure, that is, to my soul. I endeavor to bring to my remembrance daily my great unworthiness, and at the same time strive to keep my eye on Christ, or I should sink into despair. It is well for me, indeed, that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Time does not hang heavy on my hands, for I feel that I need every moment that God shall give me. I think I am enabled to use it to gain clearer views of sin and of the Saviour. O if I can understand with right affections these two things, I wish to know very little else. Pray that I may thus understand them.

"As to labor, I do not think of it any more. I resign all. I know that I was ever unfit to be honored as an instrument of saving souls; but God called me, I believe, to preach, and to occupy for a season the general pastor's office. Why he should have done it he will permit us to 'know hereafter.' Now he calls me to surcease, and this I think it easy to understand, and he renders it easy to accomplish. I am not unhappy in rest, though labor never looked so desirable as it now does. I have great conflicts, but great comfort. I think I can safely affirm, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' O how wonderful that I am permitted, enabled rather, to feel and say thus!"

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 9, 1851.

"To DR. AND MRS. P.,—What must have been the state of Mr. Wesley's mind and heart when in death he exclaimed, 'The best of all is, God is with us!' I think infinite mercy

enables me to realize in a measure the feelings which forced that exclamation from his lips.

"I have just read Brother H.'s letter, and it moves and fires me to find one of such a spirit rising up to lead the sacramental host. O that every priest at the altar bore himself thus before the Lord! One would then soon chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Formalism would soon yield to the searching ministry and faithful warnings of such messengers of truth. Your hints in regard to the power of the sanctified I fully approve. Such power is now needed by our ministers and people. It would burn and blaze until infidelity and crime could not endure its presence.

"We cannot come down yet. We will wait the order of Providence, and let you know when. Do not come up for us. We can easily get down in the boats. The family is well.

"I think the mistake about letters will do no harm. We thank you for this epistle received to-day.

"This and the two preceding days are among the happiest of my life. The Sun of Righteousness shines with amazing brightness on my soul.

"I must repeat our thanks for your last visit, because God made it a peculiar blessing to me as well as others."

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 15, 1851.

"To DR. W. C. P.,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you and yours, through Jesus Christ our Lord! To him be glory for ever and ever! Amen! We are trusting in the living God. We have peace through Jesus Christ. Unto him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood be glory forever!

"I have occasion to write this morning, which I do not regret, because, aside from the worldly circumstance which calls me to write, I can inscribe a word of praise to my blessed Saviour who has redeemed me to God, and you, who are redeemed, will readily catch the immortal note. You will quickly respond, 'Glory to God in the highest!' We sing that song often, 'for we have washed our robes in the blood of the Lamb.'

"I agree with Dr. Bangs. I wish we could have been partakers of your Tuesday's baptism, and perhaps we were, for we too were baptized through all that blessed day. It was almost, if not quite, the best day of my life. O how near was Jesus all the day long!

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this.'

"Mr. L. is reading his new Bible earnestly. He says he feels happy, and is never tired of reading it. 'When I stop I can't get back to it quick enough,' etc.

"Brother and Sister Barrows are here frequently, and persevere manfully. O for a general breaking up of Satan's kingdom in this neighborhood! But I am weary, and must close this best part of my letter."

"SCHENECTADY, *October* —, 1851.

"To REV. JACOB YOUNG,—My feelings were very peculiar on receiving yours last evening. The past rushed upon my memory, my heart's memory, in a most affecting manner, and my eyes became a fountain of tears; but they were, though sad, tears of joy. Yes, I doubt not you are ready. Death would be life to you; but perhaps your time is not yet come. Though to 'depart would be far better' to you, yet to remain a while may be 'needful' for thousands of souls around you. Selfish as the desire may be to me on this side of the flood, I cannot but strongly desire and hope that you may labor a little longer in the vineyard, if it please the Master.

"I shall wait with trembling anxiety for the next message, and beg you to direct some one to inform us every day or two how you are. I forward several stamps (which I had on hand) for that purpose. I beg the privilege of sending you a little token of my love on the other page. I am no better. I wish, if that were God's will, that we could be with you now, but it is impossible. Truly, if you go now, I shall, in all human probability, be close after you. I believe God is preparing me. I wish I could learn more of 'ceasing to do,' but trust I am not an entire stranger to it, and I feel

'There we shall meet at Jesus' feet
Shall meet to part no more.'

"SCHENECTADY, N. Y., *November* 3, 1851.

"TO REV. J. YOUNG,—It was a great relief to us to receive your note, and find you could write a few lines with your own pen. Praised be God for his great goodness! I had no doubt but death would be gain to you, but to remain in the militant Church a while seemed needful to thousands in Zion. I have long admired the grace of God, as exhibited in the last years of such patriarchs as Pickering and Bangs, whose last years seem so glorious a comment on the doctrine of 'perfect love.' When you informed us of the strong confidence you had attained on this subject, we felt a great desire that your district might experience the full and protracted benefits of your fresh experience on that subject. We now believe it will. I know not but God has raised you up for this special purpose. O may he crown the year to you with his goodness, may his paths drop fatness. May the whole district be as a Pentecost—in a flame of revival, and may your last days be far your best days.

"My health is not materially different. I can use my voice feebly for brief family devotions. Conversation hurts me. My mind is most of the time comfortable. I am looking for my change.

"You will keenly feel the loss of Clinton. He was a lovely young man, and his death is a mystery. But the secret things belong unto the Lord. O may Leonidas strive to take his place in the Church, and be useful, and a great comfort to the family. If I feel able I shall try to write to him.

"May God perfect his goodness toward you. Pray for us."

"SCHENECTADY, *November* 10, 1851.

"TO REV. BISHOP WAUGH,—By the kindness and aid of our heavenly Master, I trust you are returned from your long Western tour in comfortable health, and that you find your family also well and prosperous. I am in the same place and family as when I wrote last, and if any thing, rather worse in health than I then was. I am not enduring any severe pain except from faintness and fainting; and if I can refrain entirely from the use of my voice, this difficulty is much alleviated. I have a tolerable appetite most of the time, and rest at night more

comfortably than I did last winter. I am afflicted with a difficulty in the bowels, so severe that sometimes I faint away, and suffer exceedingly; and the least use of my voice mysteriously produces this complaint. It is now the most painful feature of my difficulty.

"I have many reliefs in my sickness. I have books, and can read about four hours in twenty-four. I read Wesley's Sermons, Commentaries, and the Bible and Hymn Book, with great delight. I stay with a very pious family, and have family religion around me, which is a great satisfaction. Best of all, I trust I am resigned to the will of God more than I formerly supposed I could easily be if deprived of the great privilege of preaching the word. O how thankful should poor, dying sinners be for Christ and the Holy Spirit. I have now nothing to look for in time, but what would be called 'inglorious rest,' some suffering, and patient waiting till my change come. Yet much of the time I am peaceful and happy. And when clouds arise they disperse again, and leave a brighter sunshine.

'O may my sun with smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.'

"I have not been unmindful of the severe labors inflicted on the effective superintendents this year. We have tried to remember them in prayer, which was all we could do. True, I reached one conference, in my anxiety to save Bishop Janes, but I ministered very feebly, though by the kindness of the brethren we got through comfortably. Probably my health suffered some by the effort."

This letter will give his views in regard to the manner of giving:

"Schenectady, *December* 19, 1851.

"Dear Brother,—I was both pleased and edified to hear of your spiritual prosperity in the midst of some bodily afflictions. You have surely found that afflictions, though 'grievous,' work the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are 'exercised thereby.' I am pleased that you now find yourself in a sphere where you can labor for Christ by helping to sustain one of our favored institutions. May you be permitted to labor successfully

"I should be glad to answer you at length on the principal topic of your letter, but my health will necessarily render me brief. I am not able—as you seem to suppose I am—to labor for the Church. I have preached but once in sixteen months; attended only one conference last summer, and that almost took my life. I have been here six months in perfect seclusion, and cannot now get to the sanctuary, and much of the time can only converse in a whisper. The family is my parish, and here I have been permitted to see a revival—the conversion and sanctification of souls; four or five of each. I can write but little, but can read. I am not forsaken of God, and find my seclusion pleasant, *very* pleasant, while I am enabled to wait with composure on Providence. Pray that my last hours may be calm and peaceful, and that I may find contentment in the season of death.

"As to donations and the use of property, I have for years diligently studied the subject, and had proposed to consecrate all to God. Perhaps I have failed. Yet I was not aware that my brethren deemed me derelict in the duties of benevolence. Those most intimately acquainted with my fiscal relations—my resources, my charities—have never, as I remember, told me that I gave too little; but some have urged with earnestness that I gave too much. I am sure their opinion was, up to the time I entered on my present office, that I was too lavish. In proof of this, the Assistant Treasurer of the Missionary Society admonished me earnestly in 1842 for giving twenty dollars and two town lots at one anniversary. Since I came into my present office I have given annually more than twice as much as I did before, and if my brethren, from judging me lavish, have come to gainsay me as parsimonious, I am at a loss why, unless because my donations being then in the Ohio Conference could be known, and being now scattered from Maine to Iowa cannot be known. But this cannot be helped; and I see no way but to submit to the ill opinions expressed of me, and bear it as a cross for Christ's sake.

"As to the Ohio Wesleyan University, you, my dear brother, know its wants and its claims, but you do not know the wants of other institutions as well. I have been compelled for eight

years to divide my donations among several. I should have made quite a saving of funds if I could have confined my benevolences to Ohio, and given one thousand dollars to your university. I might have saved my reputation, too, in your vicinity. But you surely see this would not do for one whose relations are the same to all parts of the Connection.

"Brother Brush—my agent at Zanesville, Ohio—applied to me last winter to give you a donation. I replied by sending him a list of my donations for a few months, and asking him if he thought I ought to give (two hundred dollars I think it was) to the Ohio Wesleyan University. He promptly answered *no*. Now you think I ought to give a thousand dollars. See how difficult it would be for me to be guided by my brethren.

"But you feel anxious that I should stop the mouths of 'gainsayers.' Here I am determined. By the grace of God I will never do that. No class of brethren who choose to talk about me, as I infer they do from yours, shall ever be bought to hold their peace. If I were to give the University ten thousand dollars to-day, I would make it a condition of the gift that no announcement, public or private, should be made. If you think (as I do) that Christians are not using their property for the glory of God, I also think some others are using it for their own glory. I believe that to consecrate property is not only to be cleansed from the avarice of withholding, but also from the pride and vain-glory of giving. And I am sorry to say, that some of the applications made to me for aid have been urged by this strange, abominable argument, 'I want you to have the honor of,' etc., etc. This has been more humiliating to me than to be called 'stingy,' 'close-fisted,' or whatever men please. How my heart quailed to see it announced in print, 'We want a Hamline Hall.' O let Christians, *Methodists*, have done with such things.

"Finally, I have given (I say to you confidentially) five hundred dollars to the Ohio Wesleyan University: one hundred dollars in cash and one hundred dollars in land at the commencement; above thirty dollars at different times in sums from five to twenty dollars; one hundred dollars named by you, and

one hundred and seventy dollars in a note of hand which I suppose has not yet passed from my agent, Brother Brush, to the treasurer or trustees. I think two hundred and seventy dollars toward your chapel are all I ought to give at present. I have given three hundred dollars to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, and to six other seminaries and colleges sums varying from ten to one hundred and fifty dollars. If I live I will next year give more to your chapel, and the year after still more. But if I die I cannot leave my name on a subscription paper. Please see that no announcement be made of any of my subscriptions. I *forbid* it. The one hundred dollars are to be credited to S., and the one hundred and seventy dollars to other brethren."

"SCHENECTADY, *December* 26, 1851.

"TO MRS. V. M. HAMLINE,—May almighty power and grace strengthen and comfort you and L.! I cannot be thankful enough that Providence has given to him such a wife, and to us such a daughter. Persevere in your patience, prudence, piety, and prayers to serve God, and be a helpful companion and guiding spirit to L. He will, I believe, know how to value you, and your efforts to help him. Next to your being constant at church and faithful to class and closet duties, nothing could give me more pleasure than to find you are satisfied with your own evening fireside, and happy with your books and with one another.

"I know no surer way to domestic unhappiness and personal ruin than for a man to be sick of his own fireside. Bind L. as strongly as you can to your home by silken cords of affection. His own dear mother always thought home a paradise. The most elegant party, before she was pious, had no attraction for her compared with her own pleasant fireside. I hope and think L. resembles her in this taste. You may pledge L. a home with us as soon as he gets a diploma (M. D.) in his pocket. And he may be sure the impatience is not all on his side. We too are longing for the time when somewhere (if our heavenly Father enables) we may have a modest residence, with an acre of land, in the best spot we can find, with rooms below and two above, on two sides of a hall, (one side for you and one

for us,) and a common dining-room for all four, where your mother can teach you a little about keeping house, while you pay her for all with those sweet songs of Zion which I hope you are learning to sing and play during these winter months. Then if our children are prayerful and lovers of Jesus, we may travel together toward heaven, and in the mean time try to do a little good to others on the way thither. True, I am likely to be in the grave before then, but if so I pray that I may die so as to draw you after me to Paradise. I thank you for your letter. I answer soon that I may not appear negligent."

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESIGNATION OF THE EPISCOPAL OFFICE.

We now enter upon an eventful period in the history of Bishop Hamline. We have traced him through a career of almost unexampled religious activities, inspired, by the consuming fires of the Holy Spirit, to manifestations of zeal which caused many a beholder to feel, that of him it might be said as of his divine Master, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Human distinction he had not courted; but wholly unsought and unlooked for, the Church of his choice had conferred the highest post of honor within her gift. But this dignified post involved solemn trusts, for which in his failing health he felt that he could not be properly responsible. That his views of the episcopacy were not such as held by "the High Church party" his friends always knew; and the utter failure of his health furnished a reasonable, and, to his own views, an imperative obligation to resign an office to whose duties his health was no longer competent. With a noble bearing, which enhanced rather than detracted from his Christian dignity, we see him step aside, not descend from his elevated position, that another might take his place and do the needed work. Not a few of his friends thought this last act placed him on an elevation, before the Church, that quite exceeded any position he had before occupied. Some wrote letters of condolence, but others complimented him on his righteous heroism, believing that this pioneer act was just what was needed for the good of the Church. Said one to him in our hearing, "Bishop, it is worth being sick a lifetime to enjoy the privilege of furnishing such a needful precedent."

But we must not forestall our subject. The bishop begins the year (January, 1852) with this solemn act of consecration:

"O thou Infinite Father of my spirit, in whom I live and move and have my being, and from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift, help me this day to renew my covenant with thee, and thereby consecrate myself afresh to thy most holy service, by thy Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ, thy Son! Help me to apprehend the solemn nature of this act, and to be deeply humbled and affected in view of the parties to this transaction. Thou, O Lord, who condescendest to regard thy servant in this solemn hour, art infinitely pure and perfect, and therefore infinitely exalted above the loftiest of thy creatures. 'Behold, I am vile.' All my nature is corrupt, and without the cleansing power of thine Omnipotent Spirit there is no soundness in me. Yet thou hast condescended to reveal thyself to me in the most wonderful relations. Thou art my Creator, and I am thy creature. As thy subject thou art my King, and as thy probationer thou art my Teacher and my Judge. As a sinner I may call thee my Redeemer, in which relation thou hast done, and (be astonished, ye heavens!) hast suffered for me, as neither my thoughts can conceive nor my trembling pen declare.

"How unspeakable the benefits which I have received as the fruit of Christ's sufferings thou, O Lord, and thou alone, knowest; as well as the terrible and eternal wrath due to my sins, instead thereof! Blinded by sin, thy Spirit has in some measure enlightened me, and shown me thy law, and laid upon my conscience the burden of my trangressions. Dead in trespasses and sins, thy Spirit did quicken that conscience, so that its burden should become intolerable, and cause my soul to cry for relief to thee. Helpless, and unable to escape from my burden, thou didst receive me and call me to life. Full of misery, thou didst send to me the Comforter to abide with me forever. Polluted in all the depths of my moral being, thou didst descend into the loathsome sepulcher of my affections, and not with 'hyssop sprinklings,' but with the blood of Christ, commence the purifying of my unclean heart. And amid the frequent and guilty wanderings of twenty-four years, thou hast not utterly forsaken me; but with as frequent and with as powerful calls, reproofs, and drawings of thy love, hast restored and comforted

my weak and wounded soul. Thou knowest, O Lord, what thou hast done for me in all these marvelous instances of thy mercy; and full well thou knowest how impossible it is for the finite to comprehend the Infinite of thy pardoning, preserving, restoring love toward one most ungrateful and vile.

"And now, O blessed God, thou crownest thy patience and pity toward me by causing me to taste at this present time the sweetness of thy comforts, and to feel that thine hand is not withdrawn from me; but that thou witnessest to me, as well by thy Spirit as by thy word, that thou forgivest iniquity, transgression, and sin. Therefore, O Lord God of Hosts, Father, Son, and Spirit, I give myself to thee, now and forever, to serve and glorify thee; to be subject unto thee cheerfully and constantly, in all states which may serve thy will and glory, through Jesus Christ my Lord. Amen!"

"*January* 2, 1852.

"To Rev. E. Thomas,—A friend deeply interested in the successful advocacy of the cause of holiness, and who has read the articles in answer to H. M. (especially those of Rev. E. T.) with considerable care, begs leave to refer Mr. T. to the following works and pages bearing on the controversy, should he choose to notice them; namely, 'Wesley's Select Letters,' p. 180, date 1766: 'One of our preachers has lately advanced a new position among us, that there is no direct or immediate witness of sanctification, but only a perception or consciousness that we are changed, filled with love, and cleansed from sin. But, if I understand you right, you find a direct testimony that you are a child of God.

"'Now, certainly, if God has given you this light, he did not intend that you should hide it under a bushel. "It is good to conceal the secrets of a king, but it is good to tell the loving kindness of the Lord." Every one ought to declare what God has done for his soul, and that with all simplicity; only care is to be taken to declare to several persons that part of our experience which they are severally able to bear; and some parts of it to such alone as are upright and simple of heart.

"'One reason why those who are saved from sin should freely declare it to believers is, because nothing is a stronger incite-

ment to them to seek after the same blessing. And we ought, by every possible means, to press every serious believer to forget the things which are behind, and with all earnestness go on to perfection. Indeed, if they are not thirsting after this, it is scarcely possible to keep what they have; they can hardly retain any power of faith if they are not panting after holiness.' H. M. has come to the conclusion that a few, such as Fletcher, etc., may profess; but Mr. Wesley says here, 'every one ought.'

"Hester Ann Rogers says, (p. 50:) 'On Monday, April 1, Mr. Wesley came and encouraged me to declare what the Lord had wrought.' Query: Was Mr. Wesley inconsistent? Did he say and do not? Or is it probable, if he *never* professed it, that he never had a satisfactory evidence of his own experience of this great salvation? In a book entitled 'Preachers' Experience,' (p. 28,) in a letter to J. Haime, he says: 'By all means miss no opportunity, speak and spare not, declare what God has done for your soul; regard not worldly prudence. Be not ashamed of Christ, or of his word, or of his work.' (See also pages 118, 119 of same book.) Also page 146, experience of Alexander Mather. Mr. Wesley had requested Mr. Mather to give him an account of his religious experience. Mr. M. had complied, leaving out his experience of perfect love. 'After reading it,' says Mr. Wesley, 'I observed to Mr. M. that he had wholly omitted one considerable branch of his experience, touching what is properly termed the great salvation.' Mr. W. adds: 'He wrote me a full and particular answer, which I have subjoined.' You will find it on the above-cited page. There is much testimony in this book.

"Also, see 'Carvosso,' especially the preface, from page 11 to 19 inclusive; also page 68. Carvosso was not a divine, but he taught 'the way of faith' as few divines ever taught it, (for example, Stephen Drew.) And his doctrine and manner of teaching have been thoroughly indorsed by the Methodist Church in England and America.

"Have you read 'Memoir of Rev. John Smith, with an introduction by Treffrey?' If you have not read it, look at pages 72, 142, 143, 165, 166, 173, 231–234, 242, 244, 245, 247, 254, 257, 260, 280, 281. I quote from the old edition; the pages may

not correspond with those in the new. They are selected to save you time, should you wish to look at them.

"Have you read Wesley's 'Short Account of the People called Methodists?' It contains an account of one who (a young person) was awakened and converted, and awakened for full sanctification and obtained it, all in one day, and, if I recollect, all after ten o'clock A. M.

"Notice also Clarke's comment on Psalm lvii: 'It is not enough that a man have a thankful heart; he must declare it, and make publicly known what God has done for him. He should use all means in his power to make it known.' See also on Psalm cv, 2: 'Genuine Christian converts may talk of miracles from morning to night; and they should talk of them, and recommend to others their miracle-working God and Saviour.'

"Many prayers ascend daily that God may help the lovers of holiness. This controversy is bringing before the Methodist public many things which they ought to know, but have strangely neglected to learn.

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

Those who intend to crush the spirit of holiness little think that they are opening the treasures of truth and knowledge, awakening the prayer of faith, and warning the people of God to put on the whole armor of righteousness.

"T. S. would be likely to converse with persons of his own opinions, as those opinions are well known, and few would hope to be able to change them. But very many would say that the spirit of H. M.'s articles are sufficient to show that he is conscious of being wrong, and would be ready to inquire 'What can be his object?' There must be some hidden motive."

January 6.—To Rev. L. Swormstedt: "Many plans are on hand as to presiding elders, lay representation, pewed houses, etc. I suppose something is said, too, about offices. For my part the most agreeable thing I would desire is to get back into an annual conference; travel two or three circuits; have a glori-

ous revival; see a few hundred souls converted and deeply pious; die in peace, and go to heaven. Who knows but a gracious God may grant it! The Lord bless you and yours."

"SCHENECTADY, *February* 19, 1852.

"TO DR. AND MRS. HAMLINE: Dear Children,—We rejoice exceedingly that you are thoroughly convinced the world cannot make you happy. This conviction, if it be thorough and continually deepened, will be an important step toward real happiness. Yet do not forget that we may resign the world in general, but still pursue it in detail. We may resolve against it as a whole, yet seek and seize it by parts and parcels. To reject it as a whole is easy, because as a whole it has many things really repulsive, even to our unsanctified hearts; whereas, divided up by Satan into baits of temptation, portions of it may look very alluring. The trout dreads the bearded hook, and persuades itself that the whole affair is to be dreaded; but the skillful angler lays the tempting bait around its shady nook until all the fear is forgotten, and death is greedily swallowed.

"If we can fix the purpose to reject the most alluring things of earth, we may succeed to eschew all. But this we cannot do without religion. We are so constituted that we shall choose the best apparent good. To the irreligious that 'apparent good' is the world. Religion does not appear good for present entertainment unless we possess it. When we lose the relish for it, we cannot remember how sweet it is. When we possess it, we wonder how we can forget its sweetness; but if we lose our relish we do, and always shall, forget it. Now, dear children, choose, pursue, obtain, enjoy all the religion God will grant you, and you will be in no danger from the world."

"*Wednesday, March* 3.—The powers of darkness have been repulsed. I have been joyful all the day. What a mercy! What a miracle I am! It seems impossible that I should be thus blessed! My trials have for some weeks been very great.

"*Sunday evening*, 7.—I have had a blessed day. I am almost afraid to say so. I am surprised to find myself repeating, 'My God, the spring of all my joys,' etc.

"*Sunday*, 21.—My flesh trembleth under a sense of his mercy. How wonderful are his blessings! It seems as though my Saviour was trying every possible method to bless me; as though Infinite Wisdom would exhaust itself in expedients to bless and save me. I would love to tell all the world the height and depth and breadth, the bottomless abyss, of mercy that saves sinners."

"SCHENECTADY, *April* 3, 1852.

"TO HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,—We rejoice much in your religious steadfastness. This is the chief thing. If you always cleave to Christ, he will cleave to you. Under his wings you will make your refuge amid all the calamities of life. He will give his angels charge over you to keep you in all his ways. He will open your way before you. In affliction his everlasting arms will be beneath you, and his comforts will delight your soul.

"Your conjugal fidelity and persevering care of our dear L. moves our hearts. O may he know how to value his treasure, given to him of the Lord! Pray and labor on, and expect to be heard and rewarded with answers of peace. Tell L. my disease is progressing, and it seems as though I must suffocate when I lie down at night. I may not get to General Conference, as I have no business to call me there as I know of, except to resign my office, which I can do here. Bishop Hedding is supposed to be near his end. The Philadelphia Conference, where he was to have presided, received a communication from him by the hand of a friend, and returned a beautiful response by a committee. I am apparently much better than he is, yet I might die first. Adieu, my dear children! May the Lord be your everlasting refuge, and your God your glory!"

"*Friday, April* 16.—For several days my blessed Redeemer has appeared to me in a sense I cannot describe as 'altogether lovely.' I am so affected with the manifestations of himself to my soul, that I naturally desire to express (could I do it) my deep sense of his goodness to me.

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,'

has often expressed in some measure my feelings; but now my sense of unworthiness is so great, and the fact that he died for me is so assured, that no words which I can use seem to come up to the earnestness and ardor of my experience. 'Chief of sinners!' 'Jesus died for me!' Let these be ever written on my inmost heart. And O, to think that He who died for me should renew me, and rekindle the flame of divine love in me, when it had burned low and had sometimes been well nigh quenched!

'Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.'

"*P. M.*—In my own merit I deserve nothing but perdition; but I trust in Christ, and he saves me. I feel that he saves me. I am saved! I know I am saved! I never saw more of the glories of redemption than I have seen to-day. Never at any period of my life."

A little before this last entry Mrs. Hamline says: "We had been speaking of his making an effort the next week to go to meet the bishops, and attend the General Conference. Talking of it agitated him, and now that he felt that he must resign, urging him to go himself to General Conference distressed him, and he seemed to sink. I expressed anxiety, upon which he said, 'You ought not to be anxious; maybe the Lord will take me away before that time. I felt last night as though I might be baptized for the grave. I had a deep and peculiar blessing last night.' 'What a wonder that such a sinner can look calmly at death, and even long for it. And it is not the impudence of self-confidence, but the gush of heartfelt trust in Christ. I am reminded of the rainbow round the throne—it is all rainbow. If we were to depend on justice, what could we do? But it is mercy—mercy! If it please his infinite mercy to take me now, I will rejoice; but I leave it to his wisdom. It will be right either way.' 'I had a blessed time in secret prayer to-day.'"

To a friend he said: "Do you experience anything which answers to that saying, 'Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God, ye have no life in you?' I think I

have now something in my experience which just answers. A grasping of Christ with the soul for salvation. O the wonders of redemption! Christ die for sinners? Who can think or speak of it? O the wonder that he should visit such a heart! For some hours my heart has been like running waters.

'Well might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

'Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

'Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee were gaudy toys,
And gold were sordid dust.'

I renounce everything but Jesus—all past experience. Everything but Jesus. That was a wonderful expression of Sister S. on her death-bed: 'I have nothing but Jesus to go to heaven with! I do not renounce what he has done for me, but I renounce all the rest.'"

"*Sunday, April* 18.—O Lord, enable me to record thy goodness as manifested to me in the midst of my vileness! I am unable to speak of the one or the other. Thou only knowest my sinfulness and demerit, and thou only canst measure thine infinite love toward so vile a worm. I can do nothing but lie at thy feet, blessed Jesus! Here I would fain be prostrate for ever. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' Should I reach heaven at last will it, can it contain one so vile? One who was so plucked, as I am, a brand from the burning! O, my blessed, adored Lord, prepare a strain for me, in which it should be fitting for one, so vile and so saved, to utter the mighty acts of the Lord toward such a one as thy vile dust before thee! What song can celebrate a pity, a forbearance, a long-suffering such as thou hast shown to me, who now, all trembling with grief and joy—grief for his

guilt and ingratitude, and joy for the pardon, peace, and blessedness received of thee—labors for words to record thy goodness, and labors, and must labor in vain! For almost twenty-four years I have known thy pardoning love, and from the beginning thy consolations, O God, were not small unto me! Thou gavest me to see clearly the plague of my own heart, and didst then clearly 'reveal thy Son in me.' Thy dealings always since then have been 'full of mercy, full of love;' but how often has this heart 'turned aside like a deceitful bow.' How often have I most grievously provoked thy displeasure, and yet how hast thou forborne that displeasure which even my own conscience awarded me; yet thou hast enlightened my darkness, healed my backslidings, restored my forfeited pardon, peace, and joy, strengthened me with thy strength in my soul, and this day fillest me with all peace and joy in believing. O my gracious God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one in three, and three in one, 'I will praise thee while I have any being.' Amen!"

"SCHENECTADY, *April* 21, 1852.

"TO THE BISHOPS:

"REV. AND DEAR BRETHREN,—With some hope that I may visit Boston, if I make no previous effort, I am compelled to decline meeting you in P. A friend and physician, who is familiar with my state of health, warns me not to attempt to go either to P. or to Boston. I may be compelled to relinquish both; but as I could render you no service I ought now, I think, to give up the former. If I fail to reach Boston I shall in due time forward you another communication, with my parchment and resignation, there being no hope that I can perform any more service in the ministry.

"I have been afflicted to see my dear colleagues laboring so hard the last year or two to supply my lack of service; but I am thankful that God has brought you through. I have had great comfort in my retirement, and precious seasons in prayer for you and the Church, and I will be thankful for an interest in your devotions. In the absence of our venerated senior, removed to the Church above, may God, even our God, abundantly bless you in all your deliberations and conclusions!

"I propose on some fair day this week or next, if possible, to get on a North River boat and reach New York, where, after a rest, I trust to be able to find a boat for Boston or its vicinity, as some of my complaints render traveling on railroads impossible. Possibly I may have the pleasure of seeing you in New York.

"May you have great occasion to say, 'The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge!'

"N. B.—Should the bishops settle their accounts, will Bishop Janes (as in charge of the missions) forward what may be coming to me as follows: Fifteen dollars to the German Missionary in Albany for the German Methodist Church, fifteen dollars to Elias Ford, Esq., Rotterdam, N. Y., for the Rotterdam Methodist Episcopal Church, and the remainder to Brother Perry, or to Brother Luckey (as Bishop Janes deems best) for their churches."

"*May* 2, 1852.

"To the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church convened in Boston:

"Dear Brethren,—Doubting whether the state of my health will allow me to reach the seat of the conference, I forward this communication at an early period that you may be informed on one point of moment to your future conference action.

"Many will remember that when elected to the episcopal office I was in poor health. For several previous months I had preached but once, and was incapable of much labor. Traveling so improved my health that for six years I attended my conferences, and after a few of the first months performed considerable labor in the pulpit; but in 1849 my duties were unusually laborious. In the intervals of some of my conferences I took long journeys, and devoted myself with my colleagues to the revision of the hymn book; and in addition to my own district, which was large that year, the partial failure of Bishop Hedding induced me to attempt extra efforts. From that year's labor I have never recovered. Through the following winter I was much of the time confined to my room. Toward spring in 1850 my physicians urged me to get released

from official duties and take a sea voyage, warning me that a tour of conferences during the summer would be extremely hazardous, and might end my labors for life; but the severe toil likely to fall on my colleagues induced me to proceed, and I reached four of my six conferences, though in the last I was of little service. Since then (September, 1850) I have preached but once. Last summer I presided in one conference only, which I found, after the excitement was over, greatly aggravated my difficulties.

"As to the nature of my disease in 1844, three physicians in Cincinnati gave me their written opinion (urging me in the same not to attend the General Conference) that it was a disease of the heart. Perhaps all but two or three who have carefully examined me since concur in the opinion. The inclosed letter from Professors Lawson and Comegys express the same view of my case in 1850; but whatever my disease may be, it incapacitates me for labor. Under my official responsibilities, to be unable to discharge my duties was an affliction, especially as it bore heavily on the effective superintendents; but I was comforted under this affliction, and being persuaded that I had done all I could, more than physicians and counseling friends deemed incumbent, or even warrantable, I have much of the time been calmly and cheerfully resigned to this trying inactivity, and now I think that the circumstances warrant my declining the episcopal office.

"Eight years ago I felt that Divine Providence had strangely called me to the office; I now feel that the same Providence permits me to retire. I therefore tender my resignation, and request to be released from my official responsibilities as soon as the way shall be prepared by the preliminary action of the Episcopal Committee.

"Relieved of my official obligations, I think of nothing but cleaving to Christ with all my heart, and in my feeble retirement aiming to promote his blessed cause. I mourn over my unworthiness, personal and official, but trust in our great Prophet, Priest, and King for acquittal, cleansing, and eternal life.

"Though my heart is moved at resigning an interesting

relation to the militant Church, to the General Conference, and to my venerable colleagues beloved in Christ, yet I rejoice in those other relations, which I pray may always endure until they shall heighten into the fellowship of heaven.

"'Of heaven!' There the sainted Hedding has found his rest. In his letters of condolence he used to say, 'I shall soon follow you.' He went before me; but we are all going, and shall soon all be gone. Even you, so active in Zion, strengthening her bulwarks, and beautifying her palaces, will soon have finished your work, and left behind you the traces of your footsteps, in your walks about the city of the great King. When you surrender your sacred trust to a younger generation, may the fruits of your present labors move them to rise up and call you blessed. And to this end may the blessing of the Lord your God be upon you in the labors of the present conference, and in the toils of a lifetime devoted to Christ's service."

"SCHENECTADY, *May* 8, 1852.

"To REV. J. YOUNG,—Yours is just received. But for some peculiar difficulties I could get to General Conference, and wish I could, for I greatly desired to see you; but for your difficulty of sight I would have written to you a long letter asking your advice, but as I have forwarded my resignation, and, I trust by divine guidance, come to my conclusions, I will only say, when my resignation comes before the conference I hope you and all my friends will vote for it promptly. I am embarrassed by the office, and I believe in the principle of resigning, and wish to set an example. Free from office, I may yet rally in mind, and then in body, and preach a little more. I should like to fall into the conference with Revs. Jacob Young, Trimble, Heath, Connell, etc., if God so orders.

"I sent on my parchment and letter of resignation yesterday.

"To-day I am wonderfully blessed. It is one of the happiest mornings of my life. I think God approves. I feel, as you say, that I must see you before you go back.

"Please get our beloved Sister Young to write a line for you every other day.

"O may God of his infinite goodness prolong your days until

I die, and may I on wings of light and love meet your sanctified spirit ascending, or flit about your death-bed, and wait with angel spirits to convoy my venerable father to the skies! How I long to sit an hour and hear you preach, 'Peace I leave with you! Glory to God in the highest!'"

May 9 his beloved friend Dr. E. T., now Bishop Thomson, writes from the conference room:

"I am deeply grieved to learn of your state of health, and especially that it is such as to forbid your continuation in the episcopal office. Permit me to say that I love you, that I feel under great obligations to you, that if at any time or in any way I can serve you I shall be pleased if you will point it out. Most sincerely do I pray that your health may be restored, that your peace of mind may be uninterrupted, and that whether you live long among us or die soon, you may be 'filled with all the fullness of God.' I intended to call on you when I was in Peoria, but the boat did not stop.

"You will do me a great favor if you will write me, and a still greater one if you will pray for me. I shall always value your friendship. Accept my thanks for your kindness. No bishop has been more courteous to me than yourself."

Monday, May 10, 1852, the superintendents presented a communication from Bishop Hamline, tendering his resignation of the episcopal office, which was read, also a letter from his physicians; his parchment of ordination was also presented, and these documents were referred to the Committee on the Episcopacy. A correspondent of the Christian Advocate of this date says, "It is a noble move on the part of this distinguished bishop, and entitles him to the gratitude and high appreciation of all liberal men. Whether the conference will accept the resignation remains to be seen."

Tuesday, May 11, 1852, the Committee on the Episcopacy reported in part as follows:

"They have had the communication from Bishop Hamline under consideration, and present the following resolutions, and recommend their adoption by the conference:

"*Whereas* it hath pleased Almighty God deeply to afflict

our beloved Bishop Hamline, and whereas he has been laid aside from active services thereby, therefore,

"*Resolved*, 1. That we sincerely sympathize with our beloved superintendent in his afflictions.

"*Resolved*, 2. That after having fully examined his administration for the last four years, his administration and character be and hereby are approved.

"*Whereas* Bishop Hamline has tendered his resignation in the following language, to wit, 'And now I think that the circumstances warrant my declining the office. Eight years ago I felt that Divine Providence had strangely called me to the office; I now feel that the same Providence permits me to retire. I therefore tender my resignation, and request to be released from my official responsibilities as soon as the way is prepared by the Episcopal Committee.' Therefore,

"*Resolved*, 3. That the resignation of Bishop Hamline, of his office as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, be and the same hereby is accepted.

"All which is respectfully submitted.

"P. P. SANDFORD, *Chairman.*"

Dr. SANDFORD said it might be proper for him to say a word or two in reference to the report. The committee had had in contemplation a different report from the one presented, until some brethren, intimate with Bishop Hamline and his afflictions, assured the committee that nothing else, in the opinion of the bishop, could possibly relieve him from the burden that must incessantly press upon him. Consequently it was the opinion of the committee that this was the only course they could recommend in order to relieve the mind of the bishop from the extreme pressure that weighed him down in his afflicted condition.

Dr. BANGS said that no man had a higher respect for Bishop Hamline and the episcopal office than he had, but he had other reasons than those assigned by the chairman of the committee for approving of the report. He believed the bishop perfectly superannuated, and that when he resigned his office he did so in the utmost sincerity. He thought that the present was a

fair opportunity to set the precedent that we did not consider the doctrine "Once a bishop always a bishop" our doctrine. It was not so. The principle was recognized in 1844, when the resolution was passed requesting Bishop Andrew to resign. If they adopted these resolutions the principle would be carried into practical effect.

J. A. COLLINS said he could not look with approbation on the resolutions proposed. It was clear that Bishop Hamline's illness was brought upon him by the increased labors of his position. He felt that when a bishop had lost his health through excessive and extraordinary labors, they ought not to accept his resignation. He might get better, and if that were the case, he presumed every one of them would delight to have him perform his functions as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He did not wish to place himself in conflict with so able and venerable a body as the Committee on the Episcopacy, and would not be understood as doing so, but he would suggest the following resolution as a substitute for the last offered by the committee:

"*Resolved*, by the delegates of the several Annual Conferences in General Conference assembled, That the bishops be, and they hereby are requested to return to Bishop Hamline his parchments, accompanied with a communication informing him that this General Conference declines accepting his resignation as a superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and grants him unrestricted permission, and advises him to adopt and pursue such course for the restoration of his health as his judgment may dictate."

Mr. GRIFFITH said he yielded to no man in his profound respect to the office of the episcopacy as recognized and defined by the Methodist Episcopal Church. He deemed it the most perfect scriptural model of the episcopacy that ever existed in the world. He was, therefore, exceedingly unwilling to come to the conclusion to which at last he did come; but when he came to look at the subject fully, he felt himself forced to grant the bishop's request. If they would take the communication of the bishop, they would find that he set forth his case something like this: He was in ill health when elected, and that ill

health had been increased and augmented almost perpetually from the weight of his duties, until finally he was reduced to a state of utter prostration. The testimony of eminent physicians was that his disease was that of the heart—a malady from which ordinarily there was no cure. Such was his condition. He also further states that such is his peculiar temperament and constitution of mind, that while there is any sense of responsibility resting upon him he could not enjoy himself. Under these circumstances he had come to the conclusion, that the only remedy was to be released from this sense of responsibility that rests upon him. He felt himself incompetent longer to discharge the duties of his office, and wished to be freed from them; and he thought also that it was a providential dispensation of God, that he had it in his power to establish a precedent that might be of use in future time. From these reasons, said Mr. Griffith, the committee voted as they did.

Dr. HOLDICH moved that the report of the committee be taken up item by item, which was carried. The first two resolutions were then taken up and adopted.

Dr. SANDFORD said he had confidence in the judgment of the brethren who had had recent and intimate communications with Bishop Hamline. They expressed the opinion that it was impossible to relieve his mind from the burden under which he is laboring, except by the acceptance of his resignation. They would not have had a unanimous opinion in the committee on the subject, had they not been assured that there was no other way to relieve the bishop from his sense of responsibility.

Dr. CARTWRIGHT had been in intimate correspondence with Bishop Hamline during the greater part of his afflictions, and he spoke understandingly when he said that it was the bishop's earnest desire to have the privilege of resigning his office. He also thought it a good time, the set time, to test the principle involved in the resolution.

Mr. MOODY was in favor of the substitute. Bishop Hamline's services, before and since his election, had gained for him enduring fame, and entitled him to their most specific and positive regards, and to the honorary relation to that body contemplated in the resolution offered by Brother Collins. While the

Methodist Church was racked with discord from center to circumference, he came to the General Conference, and with the might of his arm struck with the wand of his power that huge stalking shadow erst in our midst, and rolled back that portentous cloud which hung darkly over them. He thought that every principle of delicacy and of Christian courtesy would lead them to adopt the substitute proposed by Brother Collins. They knew the particular situation of the bishop's mind. It was the peculiarity of gifted minds to feel acutely, where those of a grosser cast felt not at all, and he believed that if they overrode the resignation tendered, and requested him to use his own time and judgment in seeking the restoration of his health, it would fall like a balm from heaven upon his troubled heart, and would have a more powerful influence in restoring him to health than any other means.

E. P. TENNY said that from the statement of the brother last up it appeared that Bishop Hamline had struck down the shadow of a ghost that had stalked into the Methodist Episcopal Church in relation to episcopacy. Very good; but now they wanted the General Conference to strike down the thing itself, and he hoped the original resolution would pass.

Mr. PILCHER did not rise to make a speech, but only to give a little information. He had a conversation less than a year ago with Bishop Hamline on this very subject, and he told him he intended to resign, and hoped the General Conference would set a good example by accepting his resignation. He suggested to him that he had better not resign, but take a superannuated relation, and then be left at liberty to pursue such a course as he should think most likely to benefit his health. He told him that that would not relieve the matter at all. The sense of responsibility was too much for his enfeebled frame. If they passed the substitute it would not meet the case, for the weight of the responsibility would still be felt, and he would feel it his duty to relieve his colleagues to the very utmost of his power.

Mr. SHAFFER said this was not a question of delicacy nor of sympathy; it was not a question to be decided by resolutions

of professed friendship, but it was a question big with the destiny of the Methodist Episcopal Church. One objection which the friends of our system had often to meet was the difficulty that grew out of the ceremony of ordination. The argument that they had but two orders in the Church — deaconship and eldership—and that the bishopric was not a third order, was met by the question, "But why bring forward a distinct ordination like that of the Episcopal Church?" If we had a precedent that an officer could resign, we could at once point to this precedent, and silence the objectors; but why should they crush that good man with the weight of that office upon him? He was in favor of the original resolution.

Mr. SLICER was in favor of accepting the bishop's resignation. It would place the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States upon a vantage ground which she had long needed. Adopt the substitute, and although the bishop might not preside in an annual conference, or make the appointment of a single circuit preacher, he would still have his proportion of episcopal authority and responsibility, and it would hang as a millstone about his neck.

B. M. HALL said that in 1844 it was his unspeakable pleasure to read the famous speech of L. L. Hamline, and he felt that God had raised up a man to meet the crisis which they had reached. He agreed in every word respecting that speech which had been uttered by his brother from Ohio. He felt as though principles were advocated and positions taken in these days exceedingly injurious to us as a Church, aided, as he thought they were somewhat, by the effect of our service of ordination to the office of Superintendent. He did not blame the outsider for insisting that they had three orders in the ministry before he was fully initiated into its policy. He really believed that the speech was worth more than could be estimated in dollars and cents. That speech made him a bishop. He went out to the Straits of Thermopylæ just at the time to save us, and fought nobly. Now, he would beg the brother from Ohio not to dim the glory that encircled the head of that man, nor the reflected glory that falls upon his conference, but let the low church principles of that speech be carried out to their

consummation by the very man who originated then. Then, he thought, the Ohio Conference and Bishop Hamline would have a double glory; then the Methodist Episcopal Church would receive a benefit from that man which they had not received from any other living man.

Dr. HOLDICH thought this was not a fair case for a precedent. He was in an infirm state of health when elected, and had worked himself down by a devotion to the duties of his office. He thought the failure of his health was not a sufficient reason for accepting his resignation, and he favored the substitute.

Dr. DURBIN asked himself the question, "Will it be well for Bishop Hamline that we accept his resignation?" He believed it would be best for him. Brethren who knew him had told him it would be, and on their judgment he relied; and therefore it was due to Bishop Hamline that they grant his request. Bishop Hamline was competent to resign, and the conference was competent to accept his resignation.

A letter was read, just received by JACOB YOUNG, in which the bishop expressed the hope that all his friends would vote to accept his resignation.

Mr. CLARK said he recently had an interview with Bishop Hamline, when the bishop told him he should resign at the next General Conference. He said he should consider it almost a sin to retain an office the duties of which he could never hope to perform. Mr. Clark said he was convinced that if they would soothe his spirit, and place him in a position to recover, they must grant his request.

Mr. REDDY offered a motion to lay the substitute on the table.

The yeas and nays being called for and ordered, the substitute was laid on the table—yeas, 161; nays, 9.

A certified copy of the action of the General Conference, signed by Rev. B. Griffen, Assistant Secretary, with the accompanying letter, as requested by the conference, was received by Bishop H.:

"It was ordered to consider and act upon the report item by item.

"The first resolution of the report was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

"The second resolution was unanimously adopted.

"The third resolution was adopted.

"The report was amended by appending the following resolution submitted by J. A. Collins, and adopted by the conference:

"*Resolved* by the Delegates of the several Annual Conferences in General Conference assembled: That the bishops be and they hereby are respectfully requested to convey to Bishop Hamline the acceptance of his resignation as a Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference; accompanied with a communication expressing the profound regret of this body that the condition of his health has, in his judgment, rendered it proper for him to relinquish his official position, assuring him also of our continued confidence and affection, and that our fervent prayers will be offered to the throne of grace that his health may be restored, and his life prolonged to the Church.

"The preamble of the report was adopted, and then the report as a whole, and as amended, was adopted.

"A correct copy of the Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Boston, Mass., *May* 12, 1852."

"Conference Rooms, Boston, *May* 13, 1852.

"Rev. Bishop L. L. Hamline: Dear Brother,—In compliance with a request of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we herewith transmit to you a certified extract from their journal setting forth the action of that body in accepting your resignation of your episcopal office.

"In performing this duty we take occasion to join with the General Conference in expressing our 'profound regret' that Bishop Hamline's health has led him to feel it necessary to tender to the General Conference his resignation of his episcopal office. Most deeply and fraternally do we sympathize with him in his severe and protracted sufferings. Most earnestly and frequently do we invoke the blessing of God upon him.

We also avail ourselves of this opportunity to express to Bishop Hamline the high satisfaction which his association with us in the superintendency of the Methodist Episcopal Church has afforded us, and the sincere regret we feel at losing him from our number. Be assured, reverend and dear brother, that in retiring from the episcopacy you bear with you our high esteem, our warm fraternal affections, and our best wishes for your future welfare.

"We remain your affectionate brethren in Christ,

"B. WAUGH, T. A. MORRIS,
EDMUND S. JANES."

"SCHENECTADY, *May* 14, 1852.

"To REV. L. SWORMSTEDT,—The 'acceptance' was received on the 13th (yesterday) and gave me comfort. Others who crave the honors of office are welcome to them. I have more comfort in leaving than in receiving office, when I can leave conscientiously as I now do. I enjoy my mind better than usual since I resigned. I am now a 'local preacher,' and if I could only preach I would be very busy I assure you. But my power of speech, and almost of breathing, is gone. I will wait on the Lord and be of good courage.

"The weather this spring has tried me very much. I have thought of taking a canal packet for Buffalo, and a boat for Cleveland, now before warm weather comes on, but fear almost to attempt it. I have a difficulty which I fear would destroy me on the way. And when I reach Cleveland I could not go in the cars. I wish to reach Xenia.

"Dr. Palmer has written that he shall be here to-night, hoping to take me down the river in a steamer. Mrs. H. wishes me to go. Possibly I may venture, but I think not.

"SCHENECTADY, *May* 18, 1852.

"To REV. J. YOUNG,—Yours is gratefully received. I am a happy man, for I feel that Christ my Lord is blessing me. I have friends. 'If you have one,' says the proverb, 'think yourself happy.' You are one, and I think several more affectionately hold me up in prayer. I wish to see you.

"Dr. Palmer has been up to see me, spent two days, and his medicine was useful. It has checked my complaint, which was a great affliction. I cannot write much this morning. I thank you for your fatherly love and watchfulness, and I love you next to my God and my family. The bishops have written to me, and I am at rest. But above all

'I am my Lord's and he is mine.'"

"HILLSDALE, *October* 2, 1852.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—Your welcome lines came this evening just as I returned from a pleasant walk in the grove where is an oratory, and God was present.

"Thanks be unto our God for his delivering mercy! He is the same as when walking with the three in the furnace. He walks with you and will. 'We will trust and not be afraid.' How short life seems. Yesterday we committed to the grave the remains of Brother and Sister Cox's little one, a year old, the only child of its mother. It was a bitter parting, but they bore it meekly and praised God."

"HILLSDALE, *September* 16, 1852.

"TO REV. DR. ROE,—Your remark that 'life seemed a failure' has been thought of almost daily since you wrote to me. But, my dear brother, if we get to heaven, probation will not be a failure; and then, in that blessed world, God will employ us in serving and glorifying him, and life, immortal life, will not then be a failure. Let us therefore lift up our heads and rejoice. Our redemption is nigh if we steadfastly believe. I am in a somewhat improved state of health, and desire to reach Ohio this fall if possible."

"HILLSDALE, 1852.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—Do you not know that comparisons are odious, especially such as place one in so strange a position? What are such letters as mine worth? If they bear the relation to yours hinted at, (surely not sarcastically,) you should stop writing if you ever intend to be forgiven. But you must not stop writing; of course you must cease such comparisons.

"You are safe under the 'sheltering wing' and in the 'everlasting arms.' I read just now, with profit, the account of

Herod, 'who was sorry, nevertheless, for his oath's sake,' sent and beheaded John. What! Herod so regard his oath! And by 'two immutable things' *we* have a strong consolation, to whom Christ says, 'Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Read that chapter in Mark, and while Herod's promise, oath, fidelity, and murder are before you, think of the infinitely benevolent Jesus, his love, advent, sufferings, death, promise, oath, and rejoice. I rejoice with trembling.

'And now, in age and grief, thy Name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling heart and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

'Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.'"

"HILLSDALE, *November* 13, 1852.

"TO REV. JOHN M. LEAVITT,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you in all your work and all your labors of love, so that God's vineyard may prosper more and more under your culture. It is a great but blessed enterprise of immortal moment in which you are engaged, and to which you have consecrated life. And do you not, in the light of transpiring events, congratulate yourself and adore Christ more and more, that you are snatched from the world and placed on the walls of Zion? Look at the great Webster, fading away and forgotten as a dream. Not one of his works, lauded as he is, is of so great moment as to have been the means of plucking one sinner as a 'brand from the burning.' Surely, in the light of such a close of such a life, God's humble ministers should renew the praises of Him who brought them out of darkness into his marvelous light, and commissioned them to teach others the new song.

"May you long continue a messenger of life to poor dead souls! We have peace through the blood of the Lamb; 'peace which passeth all understanding.'

"Christian regards to B. I believe she will be brought off conqueror through Him who 'gave himself for us.'"

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—Jesus is precious! Yesterday he gave me good measure into my bosom. I trust in his word. What more can he say to me than 'I am thy salvation?' O blessed be his name for evermore!

"Now you see 'how long a letter I have written with mine own hand.' I can add nothing, only that you find, as the poor heathen said, 'What God is there that delivers after this sort?' or words to that effect."

"Hillsdale, *December* 29, 1852.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—I could not undertake to write this morning without strong inducements, as my head reels like a fresh-water man's on a mast, while I write. I will say, however, that our beloved sister's letter for Christmas has a full response in my heart. 'Glory to God in the highest!' I hope to join the song above with that 'identical advent throng' referred to in hers. My heart prolongs it here, 'Glory to God in the highest!'

"Connected with this is Phebe's excursion and Sabbath-school. I could not but exclaim, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.' 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings,' etc. I hope those feet will be light as the roe upon the mountains in God's errand for forty years,

'And then more slowly move
In messages of love,
Till her own joyful heart shall prove
The bliss of those above.'

"The Lord bless you all for Christ's sake. Amen. I am sick, and if I grow worse will be conveyed to the cars and come and die with you. I am full of joy."

CHAPTER XIX.

HEAVENWARD BREEZES—HIS LIBERALITY.

THE years 1853 and 1854 were spent mostly in Hillsdale, in a beautiful location, surrounded by his family, and diffusing largely of his means for the upbuilding of Zion, but with no abiding improvement in health. The state of his own mind and the outgushings of his spiritualized affections toward others, are portrayed in his letters and occasional short noticings in his diary. Early in the year he says: "I am thinking much of the heavenly country. I think I sometimes feel its breezes. O for the everlasting home! to press on toward it every moment."

"To DR. AND MRS. P.—*March* 23,—May all the precious blessings of the new covenant be yours, and may your hearts be constantly enlarging to receive more and more. To 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ' is, I am aware, your daily work. We think often that we see in your letters to us the signs and proofs of your advancement. O that I could keep pace with you in the pilgrimage of our souls to glory. Jesus is precious. We trust. Our eye is upward. Help us by your prevailing prayers."

"HILLSDALE, *April* 19, 1853.

"To DR. AND MRS. PALMER,—Your most unexpected offer to go to Europe and bestow on me by the way your most grateful Christian society and prayers, and a watchful care of my health and comfort, has greatly affected me. It is just the mode of traveling I should have desired of all conceivable modes, and when your letter came to hand I had scarcely a doubt but that I should go. True, I was in a most difficult position to tear myself from, and saw it at the first glance; but the object seemed so momentous that I supposed there could

hardly be a question as to the propriety of my acceding to your generous proposal. There is no question, but for a change in my health, which takes away all my courage and renders me fearful in the extreme. The point of difficulty, is the oppression of confinement and company. When you were last here this was in a measure palliated, but has returned upon me with great severity. Last Sabbath (a precious Sabbath to my soul) I attempted to lead in the prayer-meeting; broke down; had one of my worst turns; and since then I can scarcely endure to be in the house at all, and feel comfortable only while in the fresh air abroad. I stay, probably, from twelve to fourteen hours in twenty-four, either in the garden and field, or at my open window, with the fresh chill breezes of April fanning me. How then can I endure the cabin or the state-room, with a hundred passengers, less or more, around me, and the horrors of sea-sickness superadded? I believe I should die. I cannot go. The imagination of the nausea, confinement, and company make me sick, truly sick.

"We intended to see you and settle it by face to face dialogue. But I dread New York as much as I dread a small sickness—an ague or gentle rheumatism—and defer coming a little while. We still intend to come. Pray for us, and be patient with 'your own' poor 'brother.'

"I am blessed in soul. Jesus is mine. The Sun of Righteousness shines upon—within me. The everlasting day rises on my soul. Praised be His holy name who redeemed me—us—unto God by his blood."

"Hillsdale, *May* 10, 1853.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—This is my birth-day. Fifty-six years old to-day. The years! Where are they? Fled for ever, except to memory and for judgment. I am 'old and gray-headed.' O Lord, 'forsake me not.' I will not dwell to inform you of new resolutions, hopes, fears, comforts, pains, etc., but pass to the theme of your last.

"I cannot do better than to speak, first, of the Palestine Mission, and, secondly, of myself in relation to it.

"I have long inclined to the opinion that the Jews will be literally gathered into Palestine; that, either personally or

spiritually, Christ will reign over them there; that before their gathering occurs they will be, generally, converts to the Christian faith; that their dispersion, not their gathering, will facilitate their conversion, just as Chinamen in America could be more easily Christianized than in China. Of course I incline to think that you could do more for them in New York than you could in Palestine. But I only incline to this view.

"As to myself, I am totally superannuated. I might get to Palestine if on shipboard, but I should be a nuisance on its soil, with scarcely power of locomotion, and scarcely power to be at rest. If being there could enable me to show how deeply I am a debtor both to the Jew and to the Gentile, I would freely go for that end. Yet if it were the mere show of conscious indebtedness it would not be wisdom to go. I will wait on the Lord as to my future, and hold myself ready to follow all the openings and leadings of his Providence. Pray that I may be willing to be guided.

"I am now solicitous for you. Not for your safety but for your usefulness. You have several times conversed as though you might leave New York. Do not hasten. It has been a great field for you. Satan can spare you from it. Can Jesus spare you? I doubt.

"I intended to write more but cannot. Pray much for your afflicted brother, that his faith fail not."

"*May* 23, 1853.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—I believe Jesus is becoming more precious. I am learning in the school of Christ. Yesterday we heard of the death of Rev. Dr. Tomlinson, perhaps the most accomplished pulpit orator we had in our Church. In 1840, if a bishop had been elected, he would have been chosen on the first ballot by an overwhelming majority. The difficulty with the South intervened, and he left them and came to us, and yet so managed as to lose his popularity in some measure. He was a long time president of Augusta College, Kentucky, and few more talented men ever entered the Methodist pulpit. He was my friend—is gone, and sadness comes over me."

"Hillsdale, *October* 24.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—We are greeted now with the first snow of the season. It falls thick, and begins to whiten the fields. I think of a world without storms, and seem to be almost there. I have had, all day, strange distress—a pain in my back which almost robs me of my breath. I think of a world without pain, and am fast approaching it.

"I have a grandchild one year old, a weeping child; I think of a world without tears, and hope to dwell in it for ever. I beseech you pray that I may get safely through.'

"Hillsdale, *December* 5, 1853.

"To Rev. L. Swormstedt,—You have now a great missionary meeting. What would you think, if I should turn missionary, on my own hook, to Italy, Palestine, or India? There is no great hope, however, for age creeps on apace. 'I am,' as Brother Quinn said in 1843, 'a feeble old man.' O may we all be ready to be crowned! Jesus is precious, and we may get very near to him."

"Hillsdale, *January* 3, 1854.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—The new year opens pleasantly upon us. Jesus is precious. We did not go out to meeting on Sabbath, but had a pleasant season at home. I am some better. Hope you feel more and more the presence of our adorable Head.

"We may expect great things this year. Prophecy unfolds; vails are being lifted; our God will soon come and will not keep silence; a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him. We trust to be gathered with his saints, for we make a covenant with him by sacrifice. How warm my heart grows as I write these broken words; but we go where joys shall flow in equal numbers. Praise be to God and the Lamb!"

"Hillsdale, *January* 6, 1854.

"To Dr. L. P. Hamline: My dear Son,—We were very lonely after you left us. Our prayers followed you on your way. I trust you roused up and was cheerful on your return home. We are in a world of suffering, and must have our share with others. We

can find no true refuge but in Christ. In youth, as well as in old age, we need a Saviour. O my son, my dear son, rest not but on the bosom of Jesus. I can scarcely write this evening, but it seemed a little like talking with you to write a few words, and I thought I would attempt it, for after you went away I found it so lonely without you, that I regretted your departure, even though reason approved it, seeing I expect you down again soon. I will add a little in the morning. I trust you will be blest through Christ our Lord."

"HILLSDALE, *March* 22, 1854.

"To REV. M. P. GADDIS,—Since I received your last, I have been afflicted, among other things, with something like a felon on my right hand forefinger, but will, notwithstanding, pen you a few lines. I have heard of the injury you suffered, through the Advocate, and am thankful that you were not more seriously wounded, though I know not how bad it may prove to have been. I trust you are as well as usual now, and enjoying, as you are wont, the conscious presence and smile of the Saviour. Just now in morning devotions, where 'Jesus answers prayer,' I thought how utterly impossible it would be for me now to have any sufficient support or comfort without Christ. How dark the world would be to me if no 'Sun of Righteousness' illumined it! But the Lord God is a sun and shield. He will give grace and glory. O may he lighten our toils and burdens, and make our way plain before our face!

"I hear of great revivals among you. Praise God for this. Revivals are the great hope of the Church. There can be no Church without them. May the people and preachers never forget it. I pray that Brother Caughey may be a son of thunder in Ohio. He is a heavenly-minded man, unlike some who went before him as revivalists, and, I think, worthy of great confidence.

"In regard to health, I am no better—not quite so well, yet have improved a little, under a new medicine from Dr. Palmer, within two weeks. I intend to leave here within two weeks, and spend some time at Sharon Springs in New York. My address will be Schenectady, New York, for some weeks to come, where I shall be most happy to hear from you."

"HILLSDALE, *April* 17, 1854.

"To REV. C. KINGSLEY,—The receipt of yours of April 11 (which came to hand this day) is hereby acknowledged. I thank you for so valuable a letter on the subject of Christian and general education, in the suggestions of which I do most cordially agree; nor do I less approve of the object you have in view—an 'endowed biblical department in the Alleghany College.' Had your special application for some 'material aid' to so good an object been received some weeks ago, I would have responded with less embarrassment to myself, and more gratefully to you. As it is, I could not resist your application, so inoffensive, yet faithful in its terms, (and fortified with that argument from sacred Scripture which always leads me to self-examination,) only from a clear sense of duty in view of the following facts:

"I have sought, for some months, to concentrate my pecuniary means of usefulness at some very needy point, with the purpose of a very special effort, on an extensive scale, to furnish the means and facilities of education to a large number of young persons. For this end I have been in correspondence with frontier ministers, where the field is comparatively unoccupied, and yet is so filling up with emigrants that no time should be lost. To accomplish this enterprise I have pledged to a friend, who joins me in it, all I can possibly spare for years to come in this good cause—more than one half of all my yearly income—and ultimately about half of all my possessions. I have done this under a conviction that my small means would be more beneficently employed in this form than in any other presented to my mind at the time when the pledge was given. Under the pressure of such an engagement I feel compelled, necessitated, to decline aiding the A. C., while at the same time I express a sincere interest in your enterprise, and pray that the great Master will crown your efforts with complete success.

"I greatly wish I had strength and opportunity to explain to you and receive your counsel in the great enterprise I have undertaken. Should my health improve I may visit you and other institutions for this purpose. I will so far confide in

your present silence on the subject as to say, I propose to expend fifty thousand dollars in this work, (not at once, but as fast as can be safely done,) and that the plan can at this stage of it be shaped, without embarrassment, as wisdom may dictate. Could you give me any hints to aid me?

"My health has improved, under a new regimen, for four weeks past. It is difficult for me to write, and begging you to excuse the haste and almost illegibility of this letter, I remain affectionately yours."

"SCHENECTADY, *Thursday, April* 20.—Left Hillsdale, land of shadows, this day noon. Came to this place in the cars, and, too weary to proceed, put up with my beloved wife and faithful servant at Givens's Hotel. Met Professor Newman. Not able to converse.

"*Sunday*, 23. — At Mr. E. Ford's, Rotterdam. Attended church in P. M., but felt unusual dryness. The local brother gave us a good sermon, however, and here is a people devoted to God.

"*Monday, May* 8.—The Lord has blessed me this day. I feel that Jesus is unspeakably precious. My soul breathes after him. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee!' is the exclamation of my soul, visited by the Spirit of the Son sent forth into my heart, crying, Abba, Father.

"*Tuesday*, 9.—'I will extol thee, my God, O King, and will praise thy name for ever and ever! With my whole heart will I praise thee.' This has been a day of precious blessings to my soul. Lord, thou knowest if I am thine. Let me know myself, and not mistake where eternity depends.

"SHARON SPRINGS, *Sunday* 14.—This lovely Sabbath is spent without any but closet privileges; but these are precious. There is a chapel half a mile off, occupied by the Lutherans and Methodists alternately. This is the Lutheran's day. It seemed to me it would be a feast to my soul to hear the Lutheran, but was too ill to go. I am here at a hotel, but the family is very kind. It is retired at this season, though in one month it will be crowded with visitors. I hope to test the waters, and get away before others come in, and then, if there

is encouragement, I may return in September: Lord, give me this day the waters of life!

> "Insatiate to this spring I fly;
> I drink, and yet am ever dry:
> Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
> Ah! who that loves, can love enough?"

"*Friday*, 19.—I did not sleep last night until twelve o'clock. The Lord greatly blessed me. I think I shall yet do more for the Church, pecuniarily, at least.

> "Jesus, the vision of thy face
> Hath overpowering charms;
> Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
> If Christ be in my arms."

Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! whom have I in heaven but thee? Jesus died for me. How wonderful! and yet I sometimes spend days in which it does not affect my heart! Without the light of the Holy Spirit we cannot realize it more than the brutes. What can human hearts be made of? . . . 'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.' I feel as I did when taken ill in 1844; the same weakness, some of the same joy. I have the same views of Christ.

"*Thursday*, 25.—Have been visited by Rev. David Brooks, presiding elder of St. Paul District of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Minnesota. Have donated twenty-five thousand dollars for the university in Minnesota. This is about one fourth of my estate. I have done it in a wholesome dread of such Scriptures as 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.' God has prospered me without my own agency, and added to the value of my possessions. I have been giving about one thousand dollars annually, one half of my income, in small donations here and there, and tried to think I was doing my part; but of late I have felt dissatisfied, and began to feel that I was 'laying up,' or Providence was laying up for me, and that it might be my duty to invade the principal. Now I have done it. My twenty-five thousand dollars will reduce my possessions so much. O Lord, render me cheerful in giving, happy in the hope of doing good, and sanctify the offering!

"SCHENECTADY, N. Y., *Saturday*, 27.—Left the springs this morning at eight o'clock, and, with great fatigue, reached Mr. Ford's at five o'clock P. M. I trust the waters have done me some good; but my soul is not so fruitful in righteousness as to render me profitable to others, and satisfied in conscience. I attempted to be useful to Mr. L., the keeper of the house, but, for want of more of Christ in me, I fear I did him no good. Brother Parsons, the preacher, was kind to us. The Lord reward him abundantly.

"*Tuesday*, 30.—Brother Bowman, agent of the Mount Vernon Institution, Iowa, has been with me since yesterday morning. I have pledged him another twenty-five thousand dollars for a college at Mount Vernon, if he succeeds in getting a charter, and the Iowa Conference and Northwestern University separate. Thus, within one week, I have endeavored to consecrate half I have on earth to my blessed Redeemer. I should have no comfort in this but for the strong hope that, when I am gone, some of God's gifts to me shall be my voluntary gift to his blessed cause. O how condescending in him to seem to make something mine, that my heart, moved by his own goodness and Holy Spirit, may seem to return something to him. How fondly do I hope that in after time a Judson, or a Wesley, or a Nast, or a Jacoby may be nourished up for the Church in the very institutions which I feebly assisted to rear. I rejoice that my dear Mrs. Hamline is so cheerfully, cordially, and forwardly united with me in these considerable donations of fifty thousand dollars. We have still fifty thousand dollars left. In view of my son and his family, and of two families (a brother's and sister's) which I have principally to support, I think it will be right for me to keep my estate at about its present value. If it increases, or lands advance in value, Lord, help me to watch against riches! And now, O Lord, show me thy glory in the face of Jesus Christ! Amen.

"*Thursday*, *June* 8.—Yesterday attempted a journey to New York. Reached Albany very much exhausted, and returned to Schenectady, and then home. This seems to be (very likely) my last effort to reach New York. It is too severe on me to travel, and much more so probably would it be to endure the

confusion of the city. I need the refreshment of a religious visit with my dear friends at Dr. Palmer's, but must forego the privilege, as I have for four long years. And now, O my Saviour, be pleased thyself to refresh me from thine own infinite fountains of light and love! Give me, in this time of trial, as to Daniel in the lion's den, sustaining tokens of thy presence and favor, and to thee be glory forever! Amen!

"*Sunday*, 11.—The holy Sabbath. Have felt humbled under the mighty hand of God. Life with me is almost past; but a fragment remains. I have attempted to serve my God for many years, yet when I bear these services into the presence of God's law, and compare them with its stern and righteous requirements, I am confounded, and cry out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' O Lord, I am ashamed to lift up my face in thy presence! I lie in the dust, I put my hand upon my mouth. I beseech thee, O God, to show me, this day, the malignity of sin and the fullness of the Saviour—his power and willingness to deliver me from sin! Thou hast brought me to taste the sweetness of pardon and freedom in Christ. Convey, I beseech thee, to-day, while I wait before thee in prayer and in communing with thy word, a fresh witness of thy favor, which is life, and of thy loving-kindness, which is better than life. O bless with thy salvation, thy full salvation!

> "Thy blood shall over all prevail,
> And sanctify the unclean;
> The grace that saves the soul from hell
> Will save from present sin."

"Schenectady, *June* 12, 1854.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—Mrs. H., I believe, informed you of our effort to reach N. York. Credit me all you possibly can, in good conscience, for the effort. I started with strong resolutions, and should have persevered, if only to die in your pleasant chamber, which indeed seemed probable; but Mrs. H. herself drew back, and I could not go without her. Now will you not vouch me a full acquittal from my promise as to June, and take this sincere effort as a token of my great desire to fulfill all righteousness in the relations of Christian friendship

and love? While I sit here and think that we could not get to you, I glance at the future, when all who perseveringly loved our Lord Jesus Christ to the end shall be 'forever with the Lord,' and of course near each other.

'O blissful hour, O blest abode!
We shall be near and like our God.'

Here we will rest.

"Your last deeply interests me—us; but amid the coming events we forget not 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God!' Jews and Papists will all disappear by ingrafting into Christ, or wrath from his judgment sentence. May the little Jew be a shining light! My mind is comfortable. I rest in Him who says, 'Ye shall find rest.' I find it."

"*Tuesday*, 13.—At Mr. Ford's. Yesterday was a day to be remembered with my poor soul. New discoveries continued through the day, and up to this hour. I have seen my past life in a new and affecting light: my unconverted life, when walking in total darkness; and my converted life, when partially enlightened. There are a few persons to whom I would wish to speak face to face in regard to these discoveries. J. F. is one with whom I would converse, and to whom I would say a few things in the fear of the Lord. My views of the past have been mercifully blended with such discoveries of a Saviour's dying love as I cannot attempt to describe. The condescension of Jesus! A theme for immortal powers, for eternity. Now, O my adorable Saviour, who knowest my inmost heart, my sins and penitences and wants (as well as thy love and compassion toward me) as none, not even myself, can know them, I resign all to thee for ever and ever, through thine own atoning sufferings and blood, and rest by faith on thy bleeding heart.

'Thy blood can make me white as snow.'

Amid desert of endless death, desert like mine,

''Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom;
Though stained with sins and follies, yet serene,
In penitential peace and smiling hope,

Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood,
Thy vital smiles, amid the desolation,
Like heavenly sunbeams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments. Holy light
Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys
A precious Friend on high! This is my Rock
Of firm support, my shield of sure defense
Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
Put on thy courage. Here's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet, and always new,
A peaceful conscience and a smiling heaven.'

"*Monday*, 19.—Yesterday was detained by feebleness from God's house. Spent most of the time in prayer, and reading one of Wesley's Sermons and Life of Haliburton. Had unusual dullness to contend with, but toward the close of the day the Captain of my salvation conquered for me, and gave a blessed season.

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love!'

To-day began by reading the Bible, prayer, hymns, and then Haliburton. This is the most instructive biography I have yet met with. His experience is not only remarkable for its depth, variety, and thoroughness, but his pen describes, with most remarkable force and effect, what his heart had felt under a very severe and protracted struggle of conviction and repentance, and under the ecstacies, trials, perplexities, and conflicts of his Christian warfare. It is a wonderful book, and I am surprised that it has not earlier drawn and riveted my attention, and that the brief form in the Christian biography to which Mr. Wesley's preface is attached, is not known and read through all the Church. And now, O Lord, bless to my soul its affecting and instructive pages!

"*Tuesday, July* 4.—'Why art thou cast down, O my soul?' God is the same at all times; but how changeable is man! How changeable this vile heart! I record my obligations of eternal gratitude for what God has done for me; but for some days past I have had a clouded mind, a fickle heart. Arise, O Lord, into thy rest! Come into thy dwelling place. I wait on thee, my soul doth wait, and in thy word do I hope. Amen."

"Schenectady, *August* 25, 1854.

"To Rev. E. S. Grumley,—Yours received. I have given twenty-five thousand dollars to the Minnesota University; but the name was all unknown to me, and was given it before they expected anything from me. I wish the name was changed. I will write again soon. I will give no institution anything for a name."

"*September* 1.—Reading Baxter's Saints' Rest a few days has greatly refreshed me. It, and Wesley's incomparable sermons, (the Bible first,) and hymn book, are a precious Christian library. I believe I have seen more clearly into my own heart of late, more clearly too the preciousness of Christ. O what a vile heart! O what a precious Saviour! 'His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.' I need yet further and fuller discoveries. I desire such a view of my sins always as, but for divine support and comfort, would destroy me; and then such views of Christ, that if my sins were ten thousand times more, yea, more than those of the whole world in all its generations, I could instantly by faith cast them all on Him who bore them all in his own body on the tree. Such views are needful for me. By these, endeared each day more clear and more affecting, must I grow in grace. Each step in the knowledge of Christ must be a step also in the knowledge of myself; just as increasing light, thrown on a painting, renders more distinct the background as well as the features and finish of the portrait.

"*Sunday*, 3.—I am very feeble to-day, too ill to visit God's house; breathe with difficulty, feel as though I might easily expire in a few minutes; yet, by my earnest request, Mrs. H. is at meeting, and I am glad she is there. If I should expire and reach heaven before she returns, how wonderful it would be. I do not dread the journey more than she does her return, nor am I alone. Christ is with me and in me. O how wonderful the mercy which, first loving, bled for me, then gave his Spirit to awaken, convert, and purify me, and now speaks pardon to the chief of sinners, and so comforts me with overflowing peace! My soul cries out, 'None but Jesus, none but Jesus!' I am thine, O blessed Lamb, for ever!"

CHAPTER XX.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day. With the flight of years we trace God's suffering servant, getting nearer to the Master, and diffusing more of the divine image. The years upon which we now enter were marked by some peculiar trials. But, by an overcoming faith, signal trials were but the harbingers of signal triumphs. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." "But every one that is perfect shall be as his Master." How truly does the sweet Psalmist in our Israel sing:

"Thy every suff'ring servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee:
Out of thy grave the saints shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize."

We think few have been more fully crucified with Christ, or risen more gloriously in the image of the heavenly, than the subject of our memoir. He begins the year in diffusing heavenly benedictions with his lips and pen. To his friends in New York he writes, January 1, 1855, 'A happy New Year' to you both, and to your dear children. We are happy in Christ, the portion and dwelling-place of all the truly blest; out of whom none can be happy, and in whom none can be miserable. We are happy in the Holy Ghost—the Comforter—in the Father of our Spirits, God over all, blessed forever. May the fresh and full anointings of the Spirit all the year long be on you and yours, like the plentiful, priestly unctions on Aaron; nay, like the unctions of Him who is our great High Priest, in the days of his suffering for us, for it is your privilege to be partakers of the same anointing with your elder Brother, that like him you may conquer and triumph.

"Yesterday is to be remembered by your unworthy brother, spent by him mostly alone in his library, newly fitted up, where he was permitted to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Men communing with God, like angels do, like them, eat angels' food. Nay, more; as by fellowship with the Father he eats angels' food, so by fellowship with his Son Jesus Christ he has a dessert to his feast which angels cannot partake of, because they cannot have fellowship with Jesus as a Saviour.

"This morning I resolve to be more than ever Christ's, and live and die in and for him. Pray that I may have grace for all toils and trials; grace to live, and act, and suffer, according to the will of God."

"SCHENECTADY, *February* 1, 1855.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—I am reminded that some time to-day is to be devoted to you; but as my health is poor, even for me, I fear I shall make little progress in writing. I have dwelt nearer to the Saviour for some weeks than previously, and think I may safely say my faith has been stronger. I have repeated, often with uncommon satisfaction, some portions of holy writ, as the fifty-third of Isaiah, and the closing chapters of the Evangelists.

"The Saviour has visited me by his Spirit, in midnight hours, in rather an unusual manner. I have had more affecting views of Christ's painful sufferings than usual, and trust they will abide with me. I beg your prayers that my sloth may be forgiven, my zeal quickened, and that what is gained may not be lost.

"How swift is the flight of time. A month of the year already fled! It is a short journey home. While pondering your most generous offers, (precious to us as tokens of sincere and confiding friendship,) my eye turns toward the grave and toward heaven, and the spontaneous whispered exclamation is, 'What need of preparations to live, when we are just entering on death and eternity.' God will direct in all things. Mrs. H. will write on this topic. Please plead for us at our Father's throne. We do not, shall not forget you. Sooner our right hands shall forget their cunning. The God of Israel bless you: parents, children, kindred, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"SCHENECTADY, *March* 1, 1855.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—I have just read in a religious paper, 'The cross of christ is the key of paradise, the weak man's staff, the convert's convoy, the soul's health, the sanctuary of the humble, the dejection of the proud, the confirmation of the faithful, the life of the just.' So I continue to abide by the cross. The month has had its trials, struggles; but the cross has comforted me. We have had sickness, its pains, fears, and feebleness; but the cross has borne us through. The close of the month finds us watching over the sick bed of our lovely grandchild, who is now near two and a half years old, and by his manliness and affectionate behavior has too much taken us captive. Yesterday we feared he would die. To-day is some better. The Lord has been in our dwelling, especially the last week. Our dear daughter Virginia is much and fully blest. The doctor is more serious than usual. It has been a good week. Pray for us and praise with us.

"We have read Dr. P.'s communication with great interest. We greatly desire to help the cause. But it is very clear that duty forbids it. You would be as sure as I am, if you knew all the circumstances.

"I trust you are all well in 'body, soul, and spirit,' prospering as always in all things. Let us still share your Christian sympathies and prayers.

"'We are traveling home to God,' is much in my mind this morning."

SCHENECTADY, *April* 7, 1855.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—About the 20th of March I was taken seriously ill, and have been confined most of the time since to my bed, until within three or four days. This accounts for my silence about the first of the month. I am better, yet not as well as usual. I can talk but a few minutes at a time without serious inconvenience and damage. The power of speech *may* be utterly denied me; but I acquiesce, and rejoice that I can hear, think, and walk a little. All the family is just now unwell; Virginia quite sick.

"The Lord bless us in our humble abode with his presence, power, and smile, 'the best of all.'

"I trust you are winging your way *upward*, and still striving to bear others along. I doubt not you are. Letters from the West notice glorious revivals. What developments are opening and impending! In the history and progress of events, students of the Bible must feel a lively interest. Crowding events must throw a flood of light on the prophecies, and are calculated to excite high expectation in the public (Christian) mind. May the blessed Master prepare us for the future, both of time and of eternity."

However generously disposed, no one can possibly meet all the demands of the ever pleading public. It is well known that the larger and more frequent the gifts, the more emboldened and imperative the claimants. Under such circumstances, however generous the disposition, some must be denied.

It was in view of unkind remarks, made by some disappointed applicant, that the excellent Rev. David Brooks, President of the Board of Trustees, wrote to the Western Christian Advocate, May 10, 1855: "Having seen an article in the Western Christian Advocate, asking for information as to a donation of twenty-five thousand dollars, given by our beloved Bishop Hamline, I wish to say, that we received a donation of twenty-five thousand dollars for our University about a year ago. Brother Hamline wrote to several brethren in Iowa and Minnesota—to me among them—stating that he proposed to appropriate fifty thousand dollars of his estate to colleges in the far West.

"I happened to be the first to respond and to visit him. I found him at Sharon Springs, N. Y., where, though scarcely able to see company, he received me very kindly, examined the posture and prospects of our University, just then chartered, and, without a word of persuasion, gave us twenty-five thousand dollars, about one half of which is in hand, to be used in putting up college buildings.

"In this transaction there seemed a singular coincidence. We had just got our University, and, without a syllable of correspondence with Brother Hamline, had given it his name. We had never notified him that we had even thought of a University in Minnesota, till I received his letter. If he desired

the honor of giving a *name* to the college, that was secured to him without a donation, as the institution was already chartered. But to the fact that I visited him before the Iowa brethren, who were a week later, I owe it, under Providence, that I obtained the first subscription, and not to the *name of the college.*

"To encourage others I will remark, that as Bishop Hamline gives, the Lord repays him, even in kind, perhaps twofold. Though he pays no attention to business, and is often too sick to look over an account rendered by his agents, yet the best of men are in charge of his property, and his affairs wonderfully prosper.

"Some conditions were annexed to his subscription, as, for instance, a portion of it should form a permanent endowment fund. Bishop Hamline insisted also, that no public notice should be given of his bequest, which is the reason that hints only have crept into the press. But now, as many are inquiring on the subject, and some erroneous notices have been before the public, I presume it is right and proper to give this explanation. Red Wing is in Minnesota, not in Wisconsin."

About this time our beloved Bishop Hamline was called to pass through a fiery trial, which we can account for from the fact that God permits his chosen ones to be tried. Surely it is an honor to be chosen of God in any way by which the name of the High and Holy One may be glorified. Few, alas! are disposed to covet the refining process, by which the gold may be brought forth in exceeding purity and brightness. It is the purest gold that will best bear the repeated stroke of the cunning workman; it is the most refined that he works into the finest jewels. It is of such as submit to pass through the fire that the heavenly artisan says, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." We are his workmanship. It was because Job was a man of unsullied religious and moral character, or, in other words, was a perfect man, and by the use of grace divinely bestowed exceeded all other men of his generation, that the Lord permitted him to be thrown in the crucible. And thus it has been in all succeeding generations, that God has permitted his chosen ones to be brought forth as a

spectacle to the gaze of fiendish men and wondering angels, and cast into the fiery furnace.

It was to the glory of God that the three Hebrew children were seen walking unharmed amid the intense flame of the furnace, which the wicked king had caused to be "heated seven times hotter." Had they not been thrown into the very midst of the burning flame, the form of the Fourth might not have been so distinctly seen walking as one with them. And how did this exalt them above all their peers? That God was glorified was too manifest to need comment. But not only was God glorified, but his servants were honored. Who could look upon either of those three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in all their after life, without a reverence for them as men who had eminently glorified God, and in turn been eminently honored of God. And now God, even our God, permitted his eminently devoted servant to be cast into the fiery furnace, and how he glorified God in the fires will be seen by some of the succeeding pages.

"SCHENECTADY, *June* 11, 1855

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—We have been much engaged for three weeks past in business and trials of an absorbing and exhausting nature; and having passed through them, we gladly turn our thoughts to our friends, among whom you always occupy the first place.

"A large company has been here from Ohio. Testimony has been taken in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan. She has been expelled from the M. E. Church, and he awaits his trial before the Cincinnati Conference. As he professes to know nothing but what he gets from his wife, and several persons have written to us that the proof of her falsehoods and direct contradictions were overwhelming, even without Mrs. Hamline's testimony, we do not see how he can escape.

"My strength seemed to come to me for a few days while this business was on hand, and we had a preacher sent to our circuit who was the very man to attend to the taking of the testimony. One of the best business men I have found in the whole Church, without whom I know not what we could have done. What a Providence! He seemed to see right through

the hypocrisy of Mr. and Mrs. H. with a glance, and he presided and made up his records with an impartiality and a skill which astonished us all. Brother Finley said he had never seen a difficult job managed in so skillful and orderly a manner in fifty years. We hope to introduce you to this dear brother Isbell during the year. He is a gifted and valuable man, yet I knew scarcely anything of him till now.

"We have heard little from you of late. But while the Lord is raising us up friends in unexpected quarters, we will not indulge fears that you forget us. Indeed, in our afflictions, if I should get 'so troubled that I cannot speak,' (or write,) you will let us hear your encouraging voices urging us to 'trust and not be afraid.' We seem now to walk as through the valley and shadow of death; but we desire greatly to be able to say, 'I will fear no evil, for Thou art with us—thy rod and thy staff they comfort us!' Pray, beloved in Christ, that we may 'come off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that loved us!' I am resolved to be more for Christ than ever before; and 'though he slay me'—even by my foes—'I will trust in Him!'"

"SCHENECTADY, *Sabbath, September* 30, 1855.

"It will be twenty-seven years on the 5th day of October, now at hand, since God, through Christ, pardoned all my sins, and gave me the 'glorious liberty of the sons of God.' In about six months, without asking or seeking it, I received license to exhort; and in about a year, license to preach. In October, 1830, I was called to Short Creek Circuit, as an assistant to the venerable Jacob Young, and in 1831 was again invited to take an active sphere of labor on Mount Vernon Circuit, with Rev. James M'Mahon, a most devout and lovely man, who, like my precious Brother Young, was a father to me. In 1832 I was received on trial in the Ohio Conference, and sent to Granville Circuit with that holy man, Rev. H. S. Fernandis, in charge, and a good young brother, Stephen Holland, as a third man, on a six weeks' circuit. Here God wrought wonders in a revival at Newark. In 1833 I went to Athens Circuit, and was again blessed with the companionship of Rev. Jacob Young as my colleague. And who ever had a better counselor or friend?

Here my health failed. In September, 1834, I was sent to Wesley Chapel at Cincinnati, and had for my colleague that able and faithful minister, Rev. Z. Connell. Long may he live and labor. In 1835 I was returned to Wesley Chapel with the lamented W. B. Christie, of precious memory; but before the year closed was placed in Columbus by Bishop Morris, to fill the vacancy caused by the sickness of Rev. E. W. Sehon. In September, 1836, I was ordained elder by Bishop Soule, and elected assistant editor in place of the worthy Rev. Wm. Phillips, deceased, where I remained till 1840. In 1840 I commenced the Ladies' Repository, and continued it till 1844, when I was ordained superintendent, which office I resigned in 1852. I have now been almost four years at rest, and three years on the superannuated list of the Ohio Conference. This morning, under trials of no ordinary kind, (for the Cincinnati Conference is in session, and my reputation seems suspended on the result of L. D. Harlan's trial before that judicatory,) I have a deep sense of unworthiness before God—yea, such as my pen cannot describe. But I must add, I have a wonderful sense also of the presence and smile of God. No tongue can describe how Jesus blesses me to-day. And, what I esteem a very gracious act on God's part, since the Cincinnati Conference commenced on last Wednesday morning, I have had the most unexpected comfort and peace of soul, not from any inward assurance that my character will be spared, but in a sweet submission of all to God.

"And now, O my God, I desire this day, by thy Holy Spirit moving me thereto and enabling me, to make a new dedication of myself to thee, and enter anew into covenant with thee. And I do yield myself afresh up to thee, O God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as a 'living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord,' for ever and ever to be *thine*, and thine *alone*. And herein I record this my unworthy but sincere purpose to fear, love, honor, serve, and praise thee, living in strict obedience to thy pure law, and in humble subjection and cheerful submission to thy holy will and providence in all things. Nor do I (so I trust and purpose) propose to serve and submit to thee, blessed God, on condition that I am

saved out of the hand of my cruel foes, (whom I pray thee to bless and bring into thy kingdom;) but, whatever thy wisdom shall permit to come upon me, and, what is infinitely more severe, on my wife, my children, and above all, on the Church on my account, I pray thee for grace to keep this covenant, even passing through that valley of the shadow of death which such affliction must open before me. O Lord, even then, above all times, help thou me, that I may not only cry on the Mount of Transfiguration 'It is good for me to be here,' but also in the Gethsemane of sorrow and in the judgment hall of offense, buffeted and spit upon, or bleeding with the agony at every pore, I may be able to cry, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' So, O Lord, even now 'thou art with me.' Amen and Amen. Eleven o'clock A. M."

Sabbath evening, October 14, 1855, (Rotterdam, N. Y.)

"Since I made the foregoing dedication of my all to God, I have been kept in great peace. My mind has been much exercised daily on the subject of faith, in connection with perfect love. I apprehend that my enjoyment and profession of that great blessing have been without that distinct faith which gives stability and assurance. This has led me to cry to God for some days for a specific faith in regard to it. I have not cried in vain. To-day, about one o'clock P. M., I was enabled to apply the promise in Ezekiel, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you.' Then other promises were applied in a very satisfactory manner. And, though without any remarkable degree of emotion or joy, I could say with delightful assurance, 'Thou dost' now 'sprinkle me,' etc., and I am 'clean.' I went into the room where Mrs. Hamline was, and stated to her that I was cleansed, then in the class at church made the same confession with great comfort and an assured heart. My faith has grown stronger up to this hour, eight o'clock P. M.

"I now perceive that I have enjoyed perfect love much of the time since 1842; that I have depended too much on emotions; that I have not adverted to faith as distinctly as I ought;

that I had more faith than I supposed; that I needed, by some divine discipline of soul, to be taught more clearly the importance of faith in connection with this great blessing, and that some loss of comfort and strength has been a method of instruction in the great mystery of faith. But the best of all is, I do now reckon myself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God. Yes, it is gloriously true. 'My hallowing Lord hath wrought a perfect cure.' Amen."

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 1, 1855.

"To REV. J. M. LEAVITT,—Yours was like cold water to the thirsty soul. How fully and delightfully did its song of praise carry my soul along with it. How fully, while I gratefully recognize you as God's chosen instrument, with my dear Brother Brooks, did I adore the Author of the deliverance, and see plainly that God held you as the star in his right hand, while light was shed over that ministerial assembly. How deep and how quick the sympathy, through the spirit, which almost made my heart one with yours, and with theirs who decided that question, the day after the adorable Saviour gave me the victory in my own heart. O that inward victory! How I still feel it like a glowing flame, all through and through my being. This morning my pen trembles with the joyous, sin-consuming emotions of my own unworthy heart. Yes, the victory without and the victory within are wrought by the same almighty, all-glorious hand. Glory be to God on high; on earth peace, unutterable peace, in my own heart, through all the chambers of my soul!

"The same hand will save us still. He that hath begun a good work will carry it on until the day of Christ. The Lord reward you, my dear brother, a thousand-fold for the generous interest he has enabled you so successfully to take in behalf of the Church, the sainted dead, and the grateful living."

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 18, 1855.

"To REV. J. YOUNG,—I especially thank you for your last letter, and all your Christian kindness to me. The Lord reward and bless you, and add grace and comfort to your declining years. I thought I would defer writing until after the Cincin-

nati Conference, and give myself unto prayer. During the session of that conference, and from the Wednesday morning of its commencement, I was visited by the Holy Spirit in a most remarkable manner, and ever since I have enjoyed such manifestations of the divine goodness, that the inward blessings seem far greater than the outward deliverances, great as these last were. O my dear brother, like Jacob delivered out of the hand of Esau, I have in my wrestlings received what I was not specially looking for, a wonderful and glorious work of God in my own poor heart. I have never enjoyed such peace and fullness of joy as I now do. I have, as you say, a clear witness that I am cleansed from all sin. The heavenly Master is preparing me to 'enter into the joy of my Lord.' His word has such a sweetness in it as I cannot describe. O how I exult in the thought of meeting you in heaven, and there, in the full light of eternity, with expanded powers and spotless affections, rehearsing the marvelous works of God, and uttering the praises of the Crucified One, as we bow before the throne, and gaze at Him who 'was slain and has redeemed us unto God by his blood!' I am, with you, now learning the heavenly strain. So sweet is it to my poor unworthy soul, and so used to it do I become as I daily and almost hourly hear my dear wife pour forth the praises of the Lamb, that it seems to me it will be perfectly natural for me, even as breathing now is, to cry with the great company before the throne, 'Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

"And O how short the time is! How soon will the few remaining sands of life run out, and the vail be lifted, and 'He whom not having seen we loved,' be revealed in all his infinite perfection and glory. In the language of my beloved Leavitt, in a letter just received, 'How low we shall bow in prostration before the Lamb, how high will our exulting voices be raised in his praise!'

"There, O there, we will recount his deliverances in strains better suited to the glorious theme, in songs, and with harps given to us by Him who will inspire our raptures, and teach us

how to convert every transport of the heart into a note worthy of the swelling anthem of the redeemed!

'Here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land.'

"Amid the depressions of the last year, I have sometimes feared (as the worst of all my fears) that I should fail. But God has so gloriously renewed my faith and assurance, and has enabled me to take so full a shelter in the wounds of Jesus, that my fears are gone. Praise God with me and for me, my precious brother in Christ. Let us exalt his name together. Amen and Amen."

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 15, 1855.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—From the commencement of the Cincinnati Conference, where Mr. Harlan was on trial and my own interests were so deeply involved, I was wonderfully visited by the Holy Spirit. On Thursday, October 4, (which proved to be the day of his expulsion,) this visitation became (it seemed to me) almost miraculous. For about five hours I scarcely changed my position ten minutes, (which at another time I could not endure without great difficulty for an hour,) and yet I was no more weary than though I had been reclining in perfect health on a bed of down. This memorable day of days must not be forgotten. Finally the news came, 'expulsion' by a unanimous vote. Since then I have continued in prayer and praise, until yesterday (Sabbath) at one o'clock P. M., when a clear witness of perfect love was bestowed upon me as I knelt in prayer. I have gained more than I ever lost.

"And now, dear friends, you have prayed much, and let me call upon you to praise much. My dear wife and I are enjoying the jubilee of release. The outward deliverance is not to compare with the inward, though we praise God for it. 'We have washed our robes in the blood of the Lamb.' It is all glory!

"I write this for your eye, because you are among the first entitled to know my own state."

"ROTTERDAM, N. Y., *Tuesday, October* 23.—Most of the time since the last date I have been kept in perfect peace. True,

Satan has made some furious assaults, and at times seemed about to overwhelm me. He mostly assails my faith. I take it as proof that he knows wherein my strength lies. Faith gone, Christ is gone, and of course all is gone, for Christ is all. Yesterday was a trying day, to-day less so, yet not without its trials; but I cast myself on thee, O thou adorable Saviour! Thou art the 'Captain of my salvation.'

'Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.'

And thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I take thee at thy word, and cast my soul on thee for ever.

"*Saturday, November* 10.—This day no peculiar joy sustains me, and for some days I have been living by faith; but I doubt not the Sun of Righteousness will shine upon my path and enlighten it as I pass along. 'I will trust and not be afraid.' The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation. With joy I shall 'draw water out of the wells of salvation.' A poor drunkard has died the last week near by. Myself and dear wife have labored to teach him, warn him, and guide him to Christ. I have at times had an encouraging spirit of prayer for him. He professed at first to be praying for the mercy of God, and, as he said, trusting in it; but I found he had no knowledge of Christ as a Saviour, and I told him God could show no mercy to sinners but through Him whose name was the only one among men whereby we can be saved. He seemed after this to depend on Christ. There is some hope, much fear.

"*Sunday*, 18.—Detained from the sanctuary. I have read 'Faith's Plea,' Life of William Tennant, part of Father Reeves, and the Bible and hymn book, with comfort and edification. Have had communion with God. I still trust. I lean on the arm of Omnipotence. I consecrate all, and dare believe he accepts all, for he says, 'I will receive you.' I hope to live in the hourly expectation of death, and in an instant preparation for it. The last week Rev. Messrs. Charles Elliott, D. D., and L. Swormstedt, and Adam Poe paid us a visit. I was thankful to see them. I felt a sense of solitude when they left us; but

let me make God my all. His servants are dear to me, but who is like Jesus! My dear wife, who has so long cared for me, and with such unutterable love and unwearied watchfulness, is feeble. O Lord, preserve her life, if it please thee, until I go hence! but I give up her and my children as well as myself to thee. Sanctify afflictions to us all, for Christ's sake! Amen!"

"SCHENECTADY, *November* 3, 1855.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—Jesus is precious. He will care for his work and his co-workers. The Lord knoweth them that are his. He will keep that which we have committed unto him. If the enemy comes in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard. The wrath of man shall praise him, the remainder of wrath he will restrain. He will teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight, and cover our heads in the day of battle. We will trust and not be afraid."

"*Sunday, December* 2.—I am struggling to hang on Jesus by simple faith. I visited the Sabbath-school in the morning, and at the request of the superintendent spoke feebly some twenty minutes to the children. I had not a very comfortable season, but lifting up my heart in prayer for help, I believe God answered and helped me or I could not have spoken to them, I was so oppressed. O Lord, wilt thou not revive me again? 'Thou who hast showed me great and sore troubles wilt lift me up again from the gates of death.'

"ROTTERDAM, *Thursday*, 6.—For two days my soul has triumphed in the Lord. This morning I was especially visited with the Holy Spirit, and through the day the love of God has been a fire in my soul. Jesus is precious, unutterably precious. O what can he not do for poor dying souls! for souls that believe! Never before did I see such a beauty in faith. It is the mode prescribed by Infinite Wisdom for the reception by sinners of all the blessings of salvation, and, if Infinite Wisdom prescribed it, there must be ample reasons for the prescription; and as religious influence gains power over the heart and understanding, of course that method of salvation which God has prescribed will, in all its parts, be more and more admired

by the soul thus saved. Faith works by love, and purifies the heart. And although they who exercise it have no merit on its account, (because even faith is wrought in them by the Holy Spirit,) yet it is a grace most comely in the eye of God, and one that he commends in the strongest terms. No sin is so severely condemned as unbelief, no Christian virtue so eulogized as faith. That makes God a liar, this honors him above measure. Of this it is said, 'He that believeth shall be saved,' of that, 'He that believeth not shall be damned;' but how little is it considered that unbelief is so great a sin that it hinders the pardon of all other sins; that all prayers and cries for mercy are utterly vain unless faith supplants unbelief in the soul. How many are striving to please God and reach heaven by various resolutions and efforts of amendment, while unbelief holds possession of the heart, and the struggling soul is every moment sinking lower under its influence.

"*Tuesday, January* 1, 1856.—Comfortable morning. Christ is precious. Company interrupts a little. I spent the time from ten A. M. to three P. M. at E. Ford's, and dined. Had a comfortable day. I covenant afresh with Jesus. Amen.

"*Wednesday*, 2.—Company—Brother Isbell and daughter. Good prayer-meeting at night. O Jesus, thou art precious! Come near to my poor soul; dwell in me the hope of glory; reign in me for evermore; set me as a seal upon thy heart. Glory be unto thee, O Lord most high!

"*Saturday*, 5.—Arose this morning dull, but in private prayer about nine A. M. the clouds fled. A glorious day broke in upon my soul. O how sweet and precious this heavenly light! Lord, abide now with me for ever. Increase my faith, I pray thee, a hundred-fold.

"*Sunday*, 6.—How glorious this sunlight of the Redeemer's face, the heaven of his smile! Faith springs up within me and takes, in rich fruition, all the blessings of the Gospel.

'Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well.'

"*Tuesday*, 8.—A comfortable morning. Jesus is precious. Faith conquers.

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.'

"*Thursday*, 10.—I fly to Jesus as my only trust. I will not complain, for my blessings are more than my afflictions.

'My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face.'

I will not let him go. He gave himself to me, almost thirty years ago, in a glorious manner. He is my God, and he saves me.

"*Sunday*, 13.—Eleven o'clock A. M. More comfortable in mind than usual. Read Wesley's Sermons, Guide to Holiness, and the Bible. Had a season of prayer with my dear Mrs. H. It was good to call on the name of the Lord."

"SCHENECTADY, *January* 30, 1856.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—If Jesus walk with us on the stormiest seas we need not sink. Like Peter, he bids me come to him on angry waves, and though the first impulse was dismay, I was caught up as it were from the 'beginning to sink' by his almighty arm, and now I am calmly and delightfully walking on the troubled waters close to his bleeding side, and never did conquering prince or monarch in his triumphant chariot, amid applauding millions, enjoy what I do. I invite you not to mourn and lament over me, but to praise, rejoice, and give thanks. Glory be to God on high! I am weary or I would dwell on the theme. Farewell."

"*January* 21.

"TO REV. L. SWORMSTEDT,—I am not quite so well. Vertigo has come back on me, so that sometimes I cannot walk across the room without help. Jesus is precious. O what should we do without him! To most persons it would seem strange indeed, but I never enjoyed more of his presence or felt more contented than now. I have 'joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' I sometimes think I shall soon go over Jordan, because the Lord blesses me with such peace and such baptisms of the Holy Ghost. Glory to God in the highest! How thankful should I be for these things! If left now to bear my trials

without God's help, how could I live? But I am blessed, O how blessed!

"Love to Brothers Poe and Elliott. O how sweet your visit was to me! Thank you all a thousand times."

"*Sunday, February* 3.—Most of the time since this year commenced I have had peace and quietness and assurance, but occasionally great conflicts and temptations. About three weeks ago I learned that an abusive pamphlet was issued against me by L. D. Harlan and his wife. . . . My trial was very sore, but, after the first shock, I quieted myself as a weaned child. Then came the pamphlet, as full of lies as Satan himself, by the agency of his well trained children, could fill it, both in regard to myself and my beloved, pure-hearted, innocent wife, who has been as an angel of God to me in all my pilgrimage for twenty years, a woman who, for sincerity, purity, and love of truth, has no superior on earth, as I believe; one whose conscience is tender as the apple of an eye, and who had tolerated and treated kindly this base-accusing woman when she was most disagreeable to her in long visits to our house, and in a lengthened correspondence, merely to do her good, and this too, when we both knew her to be in the constant habit of violating truth more grossly and uniformly than any person whom we ever knew; yet, as we supposed she was trying to seek salvation, and that this strange looseness of speech was a sort of madness with her, we bore with her, and hoped grace would cure it, especially as she herself seemed ready to acknowledge her fault, and even referred to her facility at lying in her own letters to us. Well are we repaid! But some good mixes with the evil. I read the whole pamphlet without one emotion of anger or even unkindness toward its authors. Never in my unworthy experience have I had so comforting a test of a gracious work in my poor heart. My temper is naturally hasty, and I am sure that without the Holy Spirit I could not have read this base production without unspeakable rage and the most revengeful purposes; yet as I passed through it page after page, so powerfully and gloriously did the Spirit comfort and strengthen me, that it had no more effect to irritate, or even disturb me than

though I had been listening to a sweet discourse in the sanctuary, or joining in holy songs of praise. O God, I will praise thee! The work within me is thine. Thou hast gotten me this glorious victory. Amen."

"SCHENECTADY, *September* 20, 1856.

"To REV. PROFESSOR LEAVITT,—Yours was duly received; but my laboring pen is slow to answer it. Broken machinery will not work. I am thankful that I can write a little. As to study, you must feed the soul with knowledge; and if you do not allow either ambition or mere intellectual taste to control your devotion to literature so as to cool your desires after God, your keen relish for prayer and praise, you need not fear. The Spirit will always give some signal of alarm when we are in danger. All we need is to keep a look out for the token. He does not always give a very bold signal, startling the soul, and arresting careless observation, which renders it the more necessary that we 'watch.' As Christians, we should not rest without making an observable progress in faith, love, hope, peace, joy, zeal for good and the salvation of souls, and, in a word, in all those branches of heavenly-mindedness which belong to redeemed sinners in a world like this. As ministers, we must have our eye on our great commission, and the heavenly tempers which belong to and befit it. We ought to have more faith than Abraham, more love and religious heroism than Daniel, more close walking with God than Enoch, more meekness than Moses, and more patience than Job; for our dispensation is far richer than theirs in all the means and motives of piety, while our hearts are no more corrupt than theirs, for these means and motives to operate upon and subdue.

"Now, dear brother, press on in literary pursuits as earnestly as you please, only taking care to be ready to offer up your son whom you love, as Abraham did, to keep your head on Christ's bosom as John did, to be ready both to be bound and die at Jerusalem for Christ's sake as Paul was, and, if I may depart from Scripture examples, feel, as Olin said, 'I can conceive of no degree of physical suffering which I would not endure for the privilege of preaching Christ crucified.'"

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 4, 1856.

"To DR. AND MRS. P.,—The Lord is making up 'his jewels.' Ought we not, amid the sadness of our family deprivations, to rejoice to furnish from our homes the material of these treasures. Glory be to God! that one so dear to you is placed as a jewel in the Redeemer's crown. You cannot lose her now. When eternity shall grow old—if I may indulge hyberbole—she will shine with inconceivable luster, a brilliant of heaven. I know that whenever tears flow to her sweet memory, the underlying joy of your hearts is full. 'Joy unspeakable and full of glory!' is the under-current of your mourning. Mrs. Hamline would send you, from her pen, her heartfelt sympathies, but that she has not a moment to spare.

"I feel a little better, under the bracing power of these bright October days, or I could not write this long letter.

"'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!' Thanks to his name for blessings upon your labors in Canada. May you wax stronger and stronger, more and more abundant in every good work through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

"SCHENECTADY, *October* 7, 1856.

"To MRS. MARY MAPHET, [his spiritual mother],—No communication from friends on earth could be more acceptable and gratifying than one from your hand. And this, just received, came so near my spiritual birthday, that its associations render it unusually affecting. I cannot write what I feel on the occasion; but I bless God that feeling rises above the power of expression. Once more, for the fourth or fifth time, the 5th of October came on the holy Sabbath, as it did in 1828, when I spent the evening at Father Whipple's, prostrate, and crying for mercy. That was a time, a scene, never to be forgotten. HE passed by and said unto me, 'Live.'

'O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!'

"I received a birthday gift on the holy Sabbath—last Sabbath—a baptism from on high. And I have felt, since, that with more emphasis than usual I can say,

'Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee!'

Were I able I would dwell on this glorious theme, for I feel as though I could not weary of it. I will say, 'The Lord of hosts is with me,' and I think a crown of life is before me."

"SCHENECTADY, *November* 10, 1856.

"To REV. B. ISBELL,—I have had a series of bad turns, and a terrible cold, delaying my answer until your second came to-day. Be assured my heart wrote when my pen was idle. . . . It would be a relief if Mrs. B. could be prepared to die, in the Wesleyan sense of preparation. But her Calvinism, of the old 1812 style, hangs to her, and her hope is that she was converted about that time. . . . We trust that your hopes of a good revival will be realized. This, after all, is the hope of the Church—the only hope of the world. A successful election in favor of sound morals is most desirable, and I have both desired and prayed for it. But God is wise, good, mighty, and what he permits or works must be best on the whole. He may permit slavery to work out its dire effects. We deserve it as a nation, though hundreds of thousands are clear, and he will cover them in the shadow of his wing until the calamity be overpast.

"There are signs, I think, that the slaveholders are to eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. Thirty years ago scarcely a man in the South justified, but simply excused, slavery. Now nobody there excuses but justifies it—and '*O tempora! O mores!*'—by the Bible, perverted to that base end. 'It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for men make void thy law!' We rejoice in the brilliant success of E. and A. May the Father's choicest blessing rest upon them, and you all, forever! Amen!"

"TUESDAY, *December* 2, 1856.

"To DR. AND MRS. P.,—We greet you in Christ's name, who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows; who was wounded for our transgressions and was bruised for our iniquities; who bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors; who was oppressed and was afflicted, yet opened not his mouth; who now sees in us, and multitudes around us, the travail of his soul, and is satisfied. Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood be glory for ever and ever! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

CHAPTER XXI.

REMOVAL TO MOUNT PLEASANT—DECLINING HEALTH.

During the fall and winter of 1856 a correspondence had been commenced, to induce Bishop Hamline to return to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, a latitude nearly as far north, and a climate, it was believed, quite as healthful as that in which he now lived. His dear friend, Dr. Charles Elliott, had decided to make his residence there, and, considering all the circumstances, he came to the conclusion that it might be best for his son's family, and the order of Providence, that he should make the effort to remove. He was the more confirmed in this belief from the fact that his health was better than it had been for several years.

On his way to Mount Pleasant he spent a few days in Chicago, most hospitably entertained in the family of O. Lunt, Esq., to whose kindness he ever felt himself deeply indebted. Here he was assisted by his kind friends, D. Brush, Esq., of Zanesville, Ohio, and Hon. G. Goodrich, of Chicago, (who had generously taken charge of his temporal interests, leaving him free to be a man of one work,) in looking over his worldly affairs, in attending to which he had not, from the time of his entering the Ohio Conference, spent as much as one day in a year. These gentlemen had made his purchases, collected all dues, and settled all claims; and so fully did he intrust his interests to them that he seldom looked over their accounts with any particularity, assured of their integrity, and trusting the God whom he and they served to be their guide. He attributed his worldly prosperity to the Divine approval in his course in thus avoiding worldly care.

Before reaching Mount Pleasant his strength failed, and he was attacked with his old faintness; but remedies administered relieved him, and the journey was accomplished late in

April, 1857. He took board for a few weeks in the kind family of Dr. Berry, then President of the Iowa Wesleyan University, having sweet Christian fellowship with this man of God, who has since gone to his eternal rest.

The bishop having reached Mount Pleasant, the question of remaining was settled by the fact that, whether or not desirable, he was not able to remove to any distance. For several years after his settlement in Mount Pleasant he attended the sanctuary regularly once on Sabbath, though several times so paralyzed by the way as scarcely able to reach his home. He sat in his rocking chair near the door of the church, as he could not endure the more confined atmosphere near the pulpit.

He requested the preacher in charge of the station to form a mixed class in his house, and subsequently built a room for its accommodation, and had it regularly dedicated to divine service. This class on Sabbath, and a female prayer-meeting on Thursday, were regularly kept up till his death. The former he attended when able to sit in an ante-room at the door, after speaking of his own joyful experiences in the divine life, and fervently exhorting the members to seek all the fullness of God; and when not able to sit during the meeting, he would come at its close and speak a few words of experience and encouragement to the class. When able to listen to preaching he occasionally heard a sermon in his class-room, and not unfrequently the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered there at his request.

"*January* 5, 1857.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—'The Lord God is a sun and shield. He will give grace and glory.' So he deals with us, and sometimes permits the out-beaming light of the sun to become more intense for the special encouragement of his sanctified ones. This more fully impresses the force of the promise so far as the 'glory' is involved in it; for such seasons reveal some measure of that glory as the child of his grace can bear its revelation.

'O would he more of heaven bestow!'

But, blessed be his name, he leaves not himself without a wit-

ness in our poor hearts. 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!'"

"*May*, 1857.

"To Mrs. V. M. Hamline,—I thank you, my dear child, for your letter received this morning, and that you are leaning on that Almighty arm for support. It never will fail you. Strive every hour to get a surer faith, and then you will have a more secure and sweeter rest on that unfailing arm. O how delightful if you and Leo can only get and remain safely reposed there, where the shade, the defense, the shelter, the refreshment are unfailing, perpetual, and eternal! I trust you throw the silken cords of love around Leo every hour, and by these gentle attractions (with which we men love to be led) draw him to the chamber of devotion and the family altar, to the class-room and to Christ. . . .

"I am sorry for the disappointment of your dear papa, but I trust all will work for good. If he finally succeeds he will probably more than make up all his losses. At any rate we may be happy without riches, and very miserable with them. Christ alone, possessed and enjoyed, can satisfy immortal souls. May my dear children remember this."

The following extracts are from letters of Bishop H. to his little grandsons:

"Mount Pleasant, *June*, 1857.

"Dear Leo and Johnnie,—I hope you are well, and good boys, saying your prayers, and trying hard to get converted. If you can only get converted you will be happy. Pray much, and ask pa and ma to pray for you, that God will give you a new heart for Christ's sake. Remember Jesus died for sinners, and we are all sinners. May you soon get new hearts and be happy."

"Mount Pleasant, *June*, 1857.

"Dear Leo and Johnnie,—It's beautiful here, but you will see it soon, I hope.

"Did you hear how three hundred and fifty were killed in the cars in Canada? Awful! I thought, if Leo and Johnnie or papa or mamma were killed coming out here, would they all

go to heaven; for you know that none but they who have got new hearts can go to heaven, and none can have new hearts if they tell lies and deceive their ma or pa, or don't love their parents and little brothers and pray a great deal and be good. O, I hope you will be good, so that if the cars run off and kill you, or you get the croup or fever and die, we shall know you are gone to heaven."

"*June*, 1857.

"DEAR LEO,—Hope you pray a great deal nowadays. Pray that the Lord will make you all good and prepare us all for heaven. Little children often die. Your Aunt Price died at two and a half years old, your Aunt Clarissa when one day old. Only think of that! Grandma and I would feel so bad if any of you should die before we see you; yet if we knew you prayed, and was converted, and was ready to die, how much better we should feel about it.

"Kiss little Johnnie for me, and be good and try to make him good.

"We learn you are sick, and feel very bad about it; but you must pray the more, and we hope our heavenly Father will restore you and bring you safely to us for Christ's sake."

"*July* 22, 1857.

"DEAR LEO AND JOHNNIE,—I want you to keep all my letters, so that, when I am dead and buried, you two boys, when you are old enough, can look them over, and Leo read them to Johnnie and say, 'These are our dear grandpa's letters, written to us when we were very little boys, and when pa and ma had to read them to us.'

"A good farm is to be sold here by the sheriff for cash, but nobody here has as much cash as it is worth. O, Leo, if we had enough money! but no, religion is better than money, for it gets a crown in heaven, and not dirt on earth. We can get religion, Leo, if we can't get money; but we must pray a great deal for it. I hope you do pray and teach Johnnie to pray. You must teach Johnnie to be good and to be religious. Did you ever read about Cain that killed his brother? Some kill their little brothers' souls, instead of their bodies, by setting

them a bad example, and leading them to sin. O how dreadful if you should kill Johnnie's soul, and be worse than Cain!

"Give my love to your pa and ma, and tell them to pray for us."

"MOUNT PLEASANT, *August* 11, 1857.

"DEAR LEO AND JOHNNIE,—We have had wonderful rains for a week. Everything looks green and so beautiful. Just so when people pray, and God sends the rains and dews of the Holy Spirit upon their hearts; then sweet fruits spring up in the soul, such as truth and love and meekness and obedience to parents, and all that. O, Leo, I want you and Johnnie to pray and get new hearts, and be perfect Christians and do good and go to heaven! Will you, dear Leo? and teach Johnnie to pray and be good.

"Tell papa and mamma I had a faint turn and a very bad pulse last night, and feel faint to-day. I can't write any more. Good-by. Love to all."

"*Sunday, January* 10, 1858.—I felt dull at devotion when I knelt down in family worship, and thought I should have a stupid Sabbath. How terrible! but as in prayer I mentioned the blood of Christ joy sprang up."

Mrs. H. says: "All that day he dwelt most sweetly, affectingly, and instructively on the precious blood of Christ, the great atonement, its length and breadth and freeness. All the week his faith seemed to be increasing. Thursday afternoon our female prayer-meeting, which was held in a room adjoining his, was greatly blessed to his soul. At night, when engaged in family prayer, he became suddenly ill, and did not know but he was dying. When a little relieved he said, 'How real! What a verity! [referring to the presence of Christ.] Peace as a river, an ocean. What a rush of power! of glory! If it would not be selfish I would pray,

"O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break!"

But it would be wrong for such a sinner as I to pray to be taken away from a world of conflicts. You may urge people to

believe as much as you will. I can scarcely see the word faith anywhere without emotion. I never before saw so fully the power and efficacy of faith.'"

"MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, *September* 17, 1857.

"To REV. R. SCOTT,—Being greatly desirous of rendering more aid to your cause in Ireland than I can do at present, I propose to pledge to it one thousand dollars, to be paid, if not earlier, by my executors after my decease. Having subscribed fifty thousand dollars to institutions of learning, more than thirty thousand of which remain unpaid, and will absorb all my spare income for four years to come, I cannot make any payments on this one thousand dollar subscription for that long period; but the aid thus rendered will meet your necessities, as you have explained to me, and shall in this form and period be most cheerfully rendered to your noble cause." *

"MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, *January* 1, 1858.

"To REV. M. P. GADDIS,—On this New Year's morning let us greet you in the name of our adorable Lord. Through the past year he has helped us, saving us from many sorrows, and, when afflicted, sanctifying our griefs. On earth or in heaven we and our friends are this morning permitted to come before his throne and worship him in the beauty of holiness, and if some 'are not,'

'They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below;'

not forgetting as we sing,

'The kingdoms are but one.'

"It seems to me your heavy loss to-day, seeing it is also your greater gain, will fill you with joy. It is glorious to have a beloved child crowned—made a king and priest unto God for ever. These immortal honors, imperishable diadems, cannot be gathered on earth. O how that tongue of infancy, which scarcely could lisp last New Year's day, now sings, 'Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood.' And we catch the notes, and in our humbler sphere (but with almost

* It was paid in 1860.

heavenly rapture) respond, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,' etc. O how my unworthy heart grows warm as I write! How precious those views of heaven, and our departed friends who have escaped thither, which the Spirit sometimes gives us!

'Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!'

"We commence the year in somewhat improved health and quite improved spirits. Jesus is with us. The form of the Fourth is in our dwelling this day. Our weekly female prayer-meeting and mixed class are scenes of revival continually, even when there is no special work in town. Blessed be the Lord, who has not given us over unto death."

"Mount Pleasant, Iowa, *April* 12, 1858.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—Dr. Lucian W. Berry, late president of our university here, and now president of the new Missouri University, to be erected in the state capital of Missouri, was taken ill last November, and has been confined most of the winter. He is one of the most talented, pious, and interesting ministers of our Church, about forty-five years old, and, if restored to health, capable of most important and extensive labors in our Church. He has lately been reading Mrs. Palmer's works — the whole of them. Since his sickness commenced he has been greatly roused up to seek the recovery of 'perfect love,' which he enjoyed early in his ministry. He conversed with us, and I recommended and presented to him your books, which he read with great delight and profit. The other day he signified a desire to visit you, partly to have Dr. P.'s advice, and partly for his spiritual comfort. I shall give him a formal letter of introduction, and write these lines to explain. You will find him different from Dr. Olin, but scarcely less interesting. He is a prince in Israel, and his very presence a credential. Though now broken by disease, and his speech affected by something appearing like paralysis, (though the doctors say it is not,) yet his appearance is commanding and beautiful, as a man made to lead and to be admired, one who will leave a broad mark on society."

"*June* 7, 1858.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—May the God of all grace and consolation go with you, calm the seas, smooth your paths, multiply the fruits of your mission, and return you in peace filled with righteousness. Your invitation to Exeter Hall is embarrassing to you; rather more suited to Mrs. Stowe, Spurgeon, etc., than to a Fletcher, Bramwell, H. A. Rogers, or Sister Palmer. . . . But God will guide you in all things. Farewell."

"Mount Pleasant, Iowa, *September* 20, 1858.

"To Rev. J. M. Leavitt,—Much company, since you were here, has given variety and great comfort. We have just parted with our afflicted Sister Berry, whose house was our home four weeks when we reached here, and whose sadness, with the memorials of her bereavement upon her, makes us sad also. What a world of sin and grief, of death and bereavement it is in which we live. We see it, and soon, very soon, must experience it too.

"We learn that you decline the Irish agency, and soon expect to leave the field of your labor. Wherever it may be, the Lord be pleased to make it very fruitful, and of his mercy give you a rich harvest, without mildews or blastings of any sort.

"Brother Cox gives an interesting account of a two years' revival in Portland without an extra meeting or sermon, carried on by prayer meetings, in which often four hundred persons attend, and Unitarians and even Universalists press to them and get converted.

"Doubtless you are all ready for a close engagement with the enemy. Don't let him keep you on too low ground. Eminences favor observation. Have a pure and bracing atmosphere; this inspires courage in soldiery, and has a great many advantages above low murky vales, inviting disease and ambushments. Up to the high grounds, my dear brother, and lead the hosts along with you. So Wesley thought and taught. Where holiness is preached 'we seldom fail of one,' that is, a revival of religion. May our own souls take and keep the wing, and soar continually!

"Brother Sears paid us a delightful visit. He grows up into

Christ in all things. Brother Crary has been here and came out clear in our class-meeting. The work goes on in our class-room.

"Now, my dear brother, the very God of peace be with you, and crown the laboring year with an immortal harvest to gladden you beyond the vail."

"Mount Pleasant, Iowa, *November* 18, 1858.

"To Rev. Jacob Young,—We feel some solicitude to hear from you oftener in the cold weather, as we are apprehensive that the cold may try your constitution and inflict suffering upon you. It is to be hoped, however, that by keeping a warm room, and not exposing yourself, you may survive the winter, and get abroad once more in the summer, and even preach to the people. Mrs. Hamline's father died of paralysis, induced by exposure to severe cold after his tendency to it was clearly indicated. I find that the cold seriously affects me, and that it is necessary for me to be very guarded indeed. The weather to-day is the coldest I ever knew so early in the year. Water freezes in the rooms without a fire, even at this hour, three o'clock P. M.

"I have just read that our Church increase the last year is nearly one hundred and thirty-three thousand. How wonderful this is. If they go to class and attend on all the ordinances of God's house perseveringly, living, and walking, and standing by faith, what a sacramental host they will form.

"These are wonderful times both for suffering and rejoicing. The greedy pursuers of the world are plagued like Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. Their chariot wheels are off, and they flounder in the depths. The greed of the world forsakes them, and many of them, disappointed, turn from a vain world to Jesus.

"The great revolutions going on in India and China, and another now threatening Syria and other portions of the Mussulman's territory, are very significant. Meanwhile Russia is in a most interesting attitude, her emperor evidently resolved to 'stand up for Jesus' against slavery or serfdom, and determined to crush out Roman Catholicism by spreading the Bible and by forbidding the Latin language to be taught in his realm.

"O that the Church were prepared to meet all these favoring tokens, and send forth thousands of missionaries to the harvest-fields so earnestly inviting the reapers! But we may hope that the Master will prepare the way, and soon produce in the Church a temper and a conduct in harmony with his other movements abroad.

"It is a comfort to see the things which we behold, even if we must be mere spectators and not actors in such scenes. Like Simeon in the temple, you must feel like exclaiming, 'Mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

"MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, *January* 3, 1859.

"To REV. J. YOUNG, D. D.,—This is the first use of the figure 9 in dating my letters since 1849. Then I lay sick in the city of Cincinnati, almost unto death. The question comes unbidden, Why did I live? I trust I was then prepared to go, fully as well as I now am or perhaps can well be. I can only answer, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'

"I am now old and gray-headed, locks almost white. I am feeble and sore broken; all my bones (as it were) out of joint. My mind, like my body, is enfeebled. The grasshopper a burden, the wheel just ready to break at the cistern of life.

"As to public and Church interests, I find my affections all awake concerning them. New phases of society in India and China, as well as in Japan, suggest serious and solemn meditations as to the state, resources, and obligations of the Church, amid such clear indications of Christ's approaching reign. Italy, France, and Austria, to say nothing of Turkey and other nations and principalities, are evidently nearing another earthquake period, and both hopes and fears are quickened at the approach of some terrible convulsion, out of which may spring good or evil in regard to the progress and prevalence of Christ's kingdom in the earth, though, whatever may be the immediate results, the remoter effects must be good. For—

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.'

"I am in worse health than usual now, and not in very high spirits; but the Lord reigns, and is my rock and my refuge.

David Young has followed Finley, and I gloomily say to myself, Jacob Young goes soon in the course of nature, and what early friend have I left. Say what we will of death, and with heaven in view also, there is a deep gloom in this breaking up of earthly ties. I mean not to complain of the economy; it is all right. When transferred to the other side of these Christian death-scenes, a new light will doubtless so illustrate and beautify them that all the gloom of them will vanish; but surveyed on this side the dark valley, we must now and then behold them under those guises of sadness which render them solemnly mournful. May Infinite Love and pity prepare us to pass safely, triumphantly, over the dark waters, exclaiming, 'Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!' Please continue to write as often as possible, and may grace be multiplied unto you with all precious blessings."

"*Sunday, February* 13.—Did not get to church. Excellent class-meeting at home.

'How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors!'

"*Wednesday, March* 2.—Brother Penn came and took his leave for the East. O what a work has God wrought for him and Sister Penn in one year! The town is moved by the power of God. Revival goes on gloriously.

"*Sunday*, 6.—A solemn meeting. This day is thirty-five years since my first marriage. Years, where have ye fled? O my Saviour, prepare me for thy presence!

"*Tuesday*, 8.—Gave one hundred dollars to the Mount Pleasant Methodist Episcopal Church, in all three hundred and fifty dollars, to pay a remaining debt. Had not much joy to-day. Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God!

"*Sunday*, 13.—A good day; precious and pure. Lord, thou hast blessed! Let the whole earth praise thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

"*Tuesday*, 15.—Calm, peaceful, hopeful day. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea!

"*Wednesday*, 16.—Another peaceful day, trusting in Jesus. 'Our soul waiteth on the Lord; he is our help and our shield!' Psa. xxxiii, 20.

"*Sunday*, 20.—A most blessed evening to my soul. Did not go to church, but was comforted in class, before which did not escape the buffetings of the enemy.

"*Monday*, 21.—This was all the day long a day full of blessings. Peace! peace! The peace of God!

"*Tuesday*, 22.—Not so great flood-tides of comfort to-day. I will trust and not be afraid. The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation.

"Mount Pleasant, Iowa, *March* 25, 1859.

"To Rev. Jacob Young, D. D.,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with us; and may we and ours, and the whole Church, be 'cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit,' and 'presented as a chaste virgin to Christ.' 'The very God of peace sanctify us wholly, [and hourly,] and may our whole body, soul, and spirit be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ!' 'Faithful is he that calleth us, [saying, Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy,] who also will do it!'

"How can it be that such vile worms should be 'raised up together and be made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus?' that we should, from slaves of sin and Satan, become 'a chosen generation—a royal priesthood;' should have the 'Spirit of adoption,' crying, 'Abba, Father;' should be set as seals on his heart who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light,' and appointed us 'heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ,' and promised that we shall 'inherit all things.'

"We are nearing the blessed inheritance too, and feel that it is not afar off. You left Egypt more than forty years ago, and have traveled a good while in the wilderness, suffering some, as your Master did; but now the delightful land is close to you. You can, from Beulah, discern its heights, breathe its odors, listen for the murmurs of its river of life, and be ready to cross the narrow stream, over which Jesus will so sweetly convey you in his

arms and on his bosom to the songs and transports, the crowns and thrones, of the redeemed of his dying love.

"How animating the prospect, and how glorious the waiting, patient, hopeful, cheerful posture of a soul thus pausing on this side the river of death, and all ready for the fields of light and glory.

"We are striving to press on in the King's highway. A company of very intelligent and sanctified souls are journeying with us in Mount Pleasant, and often our hearts burn within us as the blessed Master communes with us by the way."

"Mount Pleasant, *July* 4, 1859.

"To Rev. Jacob Young,—Though you are old and gray-headed, yet it is very pleasant to think of you as about to stay a few years in the flesh, not for your own sake, but for the sake of our young ministers and the militant Church. But I know that you and I both must soon go the way of all the earth. You, on account of your extreme age, and I from disease which makes me really your senior, though twenty-one years your junior in years. I am just able to walk to my son's and back, which is three hundred feet from door to door with a good board pavement. I have been a little further than this some half dozen times in four months, but it generally hurts me.

"We have a large class-meeting in our own house Sabbath afternoon, and often fifty persons present. It is the best class I ever saw assembled, and I can give you no idea how sweet it is to my poor soul. Sabbath week we had Dr. Elliott, Professor Whitlock, of Victoria College, Canada, Professor Kelly, Brother Coston, two other traveling and four or five local preachers. Yesterday we had the class-room filled, so that I believe not another chair could have been put in the room. But 'the best of all is, God is with us.' O what a mercy to us in our old age to have such a privilege! On Thursday we have a female prayer-meeting in the same room, generally about twenty-five to thirty present; and though I do not see, I hear the sisters' fervent prayers and praises. Except in an annual or general Conference, I have never seen the same number of per-

sons as well trained in experimental and practical piety as in these two meetings.

"I am trying to be ready to depart. Generally, death looks pleasant. I know that my Redeemer lives. I have faith in him. I believe it is faith that works by love and purifies the heart, and I hope, after a few days' struggle, to get safely out of the vale, and finally rejoin you in heaven.

"I wish we could see you here; but at all events trust to commune with you there."

"*September* 19, 1859.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits. 'In this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven.'

"Your names are written in heaven! What a mystery is contained in these divine words. We know not, but He knows who uttered it, and says to us, rejoice with such a jubilation that even the joy of benevolence over those who were delivered from the demoniacal possessions of the times, shall be nothing in comparison with this other (and seemingly selfish) joy, namely, that your names are written in heaven. We joy and rejoice with you all; our whole souls salute you—'salute you much in the Lord.'

"When the Master's providence brings you safely over the sea, we shall remember to look for your ring at our door as you affectionately pledge yourselves. Farewell!"

"To Rev. C. W. Sears,—Not in haste, but in feebleness, I write a few words. News has just reached us of the death of Jacob Young. I feel like an orphan. It is the saddest bereavement of my life, not excepting one, except my companion in 1835.

"I shall go to him; but he will not return to me. Amen!

"I long to be fully ready and follow him. But while I live I would live unto the Lord!

"Dear Brother L. left us yesterday for home. Spent but one night. The God of our fathers be with you and with Sister Sears and the lambs of your household, the children, and with your charge.

"Be courageous and conquer. Faith, 'mighty faith!' that is the victory which overcometh. Pray for us!"

The death of the venerable Jacob Young gave Bishop Hamline a severe shock. He had regarded him with intense and reverential affection, and the attachment was mutual. Mr. Young had been his first colleague in the ministry when called out by the presiding elder as a supply. He and Rev. David Young, of Zanesville, had been his counselors from the commencement of his ministry, and with childlike confidence he ever looked up to them as fathers in the Gospel.

On hearing the news of his death, he was only able to write Mrs. Young (at whose father's house he lodged, and who was one of the little band who wrestled with him in prayer at the time of his conversion) the following note:

"To Mrs. Young,—Mrs. Hamline requests me to write. Alas! who shall comfort *me* while I strive to comfort others. My father and your husband is in the grave. No—is in heaven. But we cannot see his face nor hear his voice. Lord Jesus, help and bless and comfort us!"

He felt that he was soon to follow, yet he wept much and mournfully when he heard that the veteran was gone.

"Mount Pleasant, *September* 30, 1859.

"To Mrs. H. S. Fernandez,—May grace, mercy, and peace from our Lord Jesus Christ abound toward you more and more, filling you with joy and peace in believing. The plea you name—'Jesus died for me'—is all we any of us have to plead and to trust in forever. But O what a plea! What a foundation for trust! How sweet to use such words before the throne, and feel the 'blood applied which washes every stain' away!

"May our poor hearts repose more and more on that blessed foundation, and may our dear children find redemption in his blood! We are passing away. Mrs. Hamline is fifty-eight and I am sixty-two years of age. But in strength and activity I seem a century old, and sometimes feel as though I had lived a thousand years. Our old friends are nearly all gone. Jacob Young almost closes the procession of the fathers' march to the

grave! Dr. Elliott and Brother Coston, living on the same block with me a stone's throw off, are a great comfort to me in my retired and helpless condition.

"Please mention me to the children, whom I love much for the parents' sake. May Christ be formed in them the hope of glory! I weep as I write, remembering the dear departed father who so often lifted up holy hands to bless them. Adieu, beloved sister, till we meet where our Henry and Eliza and other very dear friends wait for us, and where Jesus prepares our mansions for us."

The excellent statesman, the Hon. James Harlan, U. S. Senator, having received a letter with inclosure from Bishop Hamline, thus beautifully acknowledges it:

"DEAR BISHOP HAMLINE,—I received your note with inclosure. The latter I will apply faithfully as you desire; the expression of approval contained in the former I esteem as a treasure. The commendation of the wise and good is, as I suppose, the highest earthly reward that men ever receive for their public labors, and, after the approval of their own consciences, the most agreeable.

"It is now over twenty years since I first comprehended that the relation existing between man and his Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, requires that he should surrender himself to fulfill the will of God. For about eighteen years I have been able to say, Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord! I have struggled to learn his will concerning myself, and to follow the promptings of his Spirit and providences. And the comfort I take in the reflection that in following this guiding star I am not responsible for the consequences that may follow, is indescribable. He only requires me to believe, to come to the light, and to follow the sound of his voice, and then takes care of the results. I am persuaded that this is true of statesmen and nations, as well as of private persons and the officers of his Church. Should he permit me to be a humble instrument in making this great country in truth 'the land of the free,' I would consider it a very great honor." Yours truly, JAMES HARLAN."

CHAPTER XXII.

NEARING THE LAND BEULAH.

Early in the year 1860 Bishop Hamline made the following record: "I am now impelled to note down, for my family and intimate friends, and for my own edification, a few of God's dealings with my poor soul. I have, with comfort to myself, spent thirty-two years in the ministry of God's holy word, and believe the Lord called me to the work; and though I have not labored as faithfully and successfully as I ought, I am thankful now, when closing up life and its labors, that I did not refuse to enter on the work and strive to preach Christ.

"For eight years I have been superannuated, and God has 'tried me as silver is tried;' but he has often sweetened those trials by his presence in a marvelous manner, and now, day by day, 'my fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ.' Though almost helpless, and dependent on my devoted, affectionate wife for personal attentions, which her exemplary patience never wearies in bestowing on me, (thanks to thy name, O my God, for such a gift!) yet I am far more contented and cheerful than in the best days of my youth. O thou adorable Redeemer, who hast bought me with thy blood, and new-created me by thy Spirit, grant that this record of thy love and mercy to one so unworthy, may be a blessing to my children and children's children when I am gone the way of all flesh, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"*January* 26, 1860.

"To Dr. and Sister P.,—These are days of holy peace and heavenly joy to our souls. Beulah is a fair and delightsome region. The view of the new Jerusalem which Bunyan describes is enrapturing to the soul. Who that gazes at it from this side of Jordan, with the 'faith which stands in the power of God,' can be discontented or murmur at all while toiling

in a pilgrimage which leads directly thither! What recks it that there are troubles and cares by the way, especially when He whose presence goes with us invites us to cast 'all our care on him?' What recks it that it be somewhat stormy at sea, if we know that the ship will come safe into port? 'My soul doth magnify the Lord. My spirit (greatly) rejoices in God my Saviour. He is my defense, I shall not be greatly moved.' We salute you much in the Lord with humble thanksgivings in your behalf, and repeated prayers for your health, holiness, happiness, and increasing usefulness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"*February* 29, 1860.

"To Rev. L. Swormstedt,—I have been confined all winter almost entirely to my house. Have been off of the square but once in three months, but my confinement has been as a paradise. My soul never dwelt so fully under the shadow of his wing as it does now. It seems as though only a thin vail separates my soul from glory; not from God, for I dwell as near to him as my humanity can bear, and sometimes I am ready to cry out with Fletcher, 'Lord, withhold thy hand!' And like him, I cry, 'O for a gust of praise to go through the universe!' 'God is love.'

"O, my dear brother, this faith is a wonderful power in the soul. 'Believe, only believe,' the Spirit whispers in my heart. I believe, and, glory to God! I am saved. May the Lord bless you more and more for Christ's sake!"

"*March* 1, 1860:

"To Rev. B. F. Crary,—Your last was duly received, but I have scarcely written any this winter, and am now so blind and dizzy that this sheet dances before me as I write.

"I have had a poor winter as to bodily health, but a gracious revival in my soul, especially for a few weeks past 'O how sweet the moments roll' with 'Christ in us the hope of glory!' So they pass with me. Not a tedious moment from day to day; no aching void within; no thorn, except 'in the flesh;' but 'peace like a river,' broad and deep, and often overflowing in floods of joy. O how wonderful that administration of grace which can make an unworthy sinner to partake of pardon, peace, and

heaven! O that the world could know what the Gospel of God's grace can do for those who believe and obey it! And what a tedious old age would mine now be but for this inward paradise, which makes old age a thousand times more cheerful than the heyday of hopeful youth.

'Jesus is precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust.'

"I rejoice in the relief you found from Brother Claflin's letter. 'It is of the Lord.' He loves to surprise us with blessings. I pray that you may often be thus surprised, if you are often needing such surprises."

"*March* 1, 1860.

"To Rev. John T. Mitchell,—Mrs. H. thinks I owe you a letter, and whether or no, I feel a great desire to write.

"It seems to me I am nearing my heavenly home, and cannot stay long below. If otherwise, my words will do no harm; and if so, let me say to you, Farewell!

"I have peace with God and with all mankind. I am, if not greatly mistaken, ready to depart and be with Christ, and should I depart suddenly, you may indulge the hope that I am gone to the land of the pure and the blessed. The Spirit bears witness with my spirit now, and nearly every hour and moment, that I am a child of God; and the Spirit of His Son is sent forth into my heart, crying, 'Abba, Father.'

"I feel very willing to live, very willing to die. If I live, 'I live unto the Lord.' So I now live hour by hour. My thoughts, my desires, all my affections flow to Christ without an effort on my part; and all my bliss—O how great the bliss!—is from his dwelling in me, and my conscious apprehension of his presence in me hour by hour. The passing year is the happiest of my life. Old age, disease, helplessness, confinement are no seeming drawbacks on my 'joy unspeakable.'

'The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing his praise;
Too few I find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.'

These are my experiences day by day. I am attired in the wedding robe, and waiting to be called.

"My impression of little time remaining to me is not a premonition, not a religious impression; it is the result of observation on the state of my health, and the loss of physical strength. God may revive me and make me stronger, but it does not seem probable; besides, I am so drawn upward in all my affections and thoughts, that it seems as though I must go soon to the bosom of Infinite Love.

'O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.'

"Farewell, dear brother, and bid Sister M. farewell if you hear from me no more."

To this excellent minister Bishop H. was exceedingly attached. Their communings were often highly spiritual. On one occasion, when together crossing the Grand Prairie through Illinois, then almost a wilderness, the day was spent in recitals of religious experience. On this occasion Mr. Mitchell rehearsed with great particularity the circumstances of his conversion and call to the ministry, and also those of his reception of the "pearl of perfect love." As with the disciples on the way to Emmaus, the Saviour communed with them. It was a memorable day to both. With immortal tongues they now converse in the presence of the Lamb.

Bishop H. was accustomed to beguile the tedious rides which in those years occupied much of his time, by repeating, in alternation with his companions, texts of Scripture and stanzas of hymns. One of these rides over the prairies of Iowa was rendered memorable by the realization of the divine presence to all the company. The sixteenth chapter of St. John had thus been repeated, with other passages, when the heavenly overshadowing came.

"*Sunday morning, March* 18.—It is nearly three months since I visited the sanctuary; but O, thou blessed Redeemer, how many visits of mercy has my soul received from thee in these

three months! How near art thou to me this day, this moment! Surely I may say, 'Soul of my soul thou art;' for what a deep and solemn consciousness have I now that Christ is 'in me the hope of glory!' O thou infinitely glorious God, Father, Son, and Spirit, how canst thou come into so unworthy a temple as this poor heart, and so display thy power to pardon, cleanse, and fill with joy unspeakable! Thou causest me, the 'chief of sinners,' to 'dwell in love and dwell in God.' Thou hast erected thy throne within me. To my enraptured consciousness thou art most intimately and assuredly present. All swallowed up in thee, the spontaneous exclamation of my heart is,

> 'Tis heaven to dwell in thine embrace,
> And nowhere else but there.'

Lord, I am thine, thine now, henceforth, and for ever. Last evening was a precious season to my soul. While sitting with Mrs. H. in prayerful and delightful conversation on Christ and his gracious work in our hearts and the hearts of others, the Holy Ghost descended upon me. To my consciousness this was certain, as though my wakeful eyes had beheld the Spirit as a dove descend and sit upon each of us; nay, it was more satisfactory; but it waked up the inquiry, 'How can it be that the Holy Ghost should render me so assured that it is himself who produces such love, peace, and "joy in the Holy Ghost" in my unworthy heart?' such assurance that the all-glorious God lived and moved within me. During the evening, while my dear wife repeated to me the hymn,

> 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'

it seemed to me that I could inwardly and assuredly feel that I did 'to his bosom fly,' as certainly and unmistakably as ever the helpless babe reposed in the sheltering arms of its parent. But, O glorious mystery of grace and love divine! But how vain to inquire after the manner of the deep things of God. I know not how, but the glorious fact I do know:

> 'And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
> I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.'

"*Tuesday*, 20.—For two days past I have had great inward peace; peace with God through my Lord Jesus Christ. To-day, in singing and prayer with my beloved wife, the Lord very graciously visited and baptized us in a wonderful manner. I had given myself to God in the closet early in the morning; but little did I expect that Jesus would also give himself to me in so glorious a manner. O thou blessed One, who hast taken my soul captive, and drawest me to thee in so sweet and powerful a manner, that my soul seems rising to thee in spite of all earthly weights and hinderances, enable me to be patient under the delay of thy coming to receive me to thyself. Thou seest how I long for thee! My soul 'followeth hard after thee!' 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?' and what on earth can I desire but thee? O, with what longings hast thou caused me to desire thee! 'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?' Blessed be thy holy name forever that thou hast filled me with these unutterable desires to be absent from the body and be present with the Lord! But thou who givest me such a longing for thy presence and thy glory, wilt give meekness and patience to wait on thy holy will and pleasure, until 'I shall behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness!'

"*Sunday*, *April* 1.—Since my last record in this "journal of God's dealings," I have been in the tempest. How sudden the transition from Tabor to Gethsemane! I have been struggling to give myself more fully to Christ, and gain a clearer self-knowledge; and instead of either, seem to have involved my soul in many and severe trials. The tempter came to me, and for some ten days has harassed my soul with temptations to doubt and misgivings. More than 'a night and a day' have I been in the deep; the deep of his devices to annoy me if he could not destroy. At times, and yesterday more especially, I was in an agony; but not like that of my adorable Lord in the garden. I could not say, 'Whose sorrow is like unto my sorrow?' for I had read of many children of God whose agony equaled or exceeded mine. But I shall come forth as gold tried in the fire, and feel already that the

day breaks and the shadows flee away. O Lord, I will trust and not be afraid, for thou art my God for ever and ever. 'Thou knowest all things,' and looking into this heart, 'thou knowest that I love thee' with a great and marvelous love, which none but thine omnipotent Spirit could inspire in a nature so corrupt and so revolted from God. I will praise thee, therefore, with my whole heart! I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being! 'My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad!' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

"*Sunday*, 22.—Have been quite poorly of late, but for three or four days have improved. Have partaken of the Lord's Supper to-day in my room. It was a sacrament to my soul. The 'Lamb slain' was here. It may be probably my last. How wonderful his condescension who comes so near to such a sinful worm. To-day I might think I shall see war no more; but I know too well the liabilities of probation to expect exemption from assault. Lord, teach me to war, and bring me off more than conqueror!

'Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord.'

For two things I have been very solicitous: First, To adjust my faith to the law as well as the promises, so that I equally trusted for salvation and strove after obedience. Second, To adjust my conscience to the promises as well as the law, so that I felt equally guilty for not trusting and not obeying."

The following item was written after adjusting a business matter in which he found an unexpected and very remarkable increase in the value of the realty in interest.

"CALCULATION.

"Thus my heavenly Father gives me, as though it was sent from heaven, in the course of fifteen months, $12,405 00

Or in each month	827 00
Or each week, about	190 00
Or each day	27 00
Or each hour	1 16

Each hour, then, should I offer special thanks to God for earthly good. How much more should I praise him every hour for the great gift, Jesus Christ my Lord.

'DEUS NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT.
Namque evit ille MIHI SEMPER DEUS; illius aram
Leper tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.'

'I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.' O Lord, enable me that I may be very thankful for these gifts, for they are from thy hand; that I may be very dutiful in the use of them, for thou wilt call me to a solemn account."

"*May* 5, 1860.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—You may well each say, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' And how unspeakable the satisfaction to see God's altars all crowded with seekers of his salvation, and multitudes praising him day and night in his temple. The echoes of their songs seem to reach our hearts, and our praises shall ascend with theirs to the common Redeemer who gave himself a ransom for us all.

"We see smaller clouds of mercy arise on our 'thirsty land;' but we despise not the day of small things. Receive our brotherly greetings in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, *September* 24, 1860.

"TO DR. AND MRS. P.,—Yours from the Isle of Wight is duly received. We thank you for so interesting and fraternal a letter in the midst of your harvest toils, and wonder how you could redeem so much time for acts of private friendship. But the Holy Spirit enables you to act on that rule of discipline,

'Leave no moments unemployed.'

As we read your letter, the gratitude of our hearts for God's goodness to you moved us to 'Bless the Lord' on your behalf. And again we say, 'Bless the Lord O my soul!' Truly 'the Lord of hosts is with' you; 'the God of Jacob is' your 'refuge.' May the blessed Spirit enable you more and more. May he 'teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight, and

cover your head in the day of battle!' May the Comforter abide with you forever!

"Mrs. Hamline and myself are striving for the crowns, and in a small way speak for Jesus. Our Thursday prayer-meeting of the sisters, and our Sabbath class-meeting, are our chief opportunities. I do not get to church at all on account of a distressingly diseased foot; but the class-meeting is a great comfort to me, and without it I know not what I should do. I believe I have missed but one or two class-meetings in almost three and a half years, and what an amount of holy comfort I have received through them I cannot tell. Yet some of our preachers and people are sadly neglecting them, and wish they were 'done away.'

"And Walter has returned? O may the Divine covenant-keeper o'ershadow him day and night!

"Now, my dear friends, I must bid you good-night. I have thought while writing that it is probably my last correspondence with you. I am all a wreck. I read the Psalms of David and Wesley's Hymns with unspeakable joy, and can say in the words of John Foster, 'I can pray, and what a glorious privilege is that.' The great truths of our holy religion never seemed so glorious as they now do. I think I can intrust all my interests for a boundless future to the glorious author or revealer of these truths, and in the assured hope of employing that future with you and all the purified in God's holy presence and service.

"Mount Pleasant, Iowa, *December* 17, 1860.

"To Rev. Bishop Isbell,—We were happy to receive yours, and catch from your facile pen some new thoughts on the passing events which, I am sure, must be fulfilling some leading prophetic passages in God's Holy Word. Surely such great changes as are now transpiring in many departments of human society, have a prominence in the prophetic pictures of the seers well worthy of careful and prayerful investigation. The manner of these events themselves is to me marvelous. How rapid the movements of Italy! They seem almost like enchantment. In three months Garibaldi conquers a nation, against almost unimaginable odds, lays it at the feet of a king elected by the

suffrages of that nation, deposing the best guarded monarch on earth, as we supposed, and retires, like our Washington, from all the honors of public life to enjoy in strict privacy the comforts of a rude but happy home, where he may, undisturbed, pray for the land his sword has redeemed. He may sing Deborah's song, for by his arm the Lord has conquered gloriously. God overturns and overturns, and he whose right it is will soon take to himself his great power, and reign. Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen. We are feeble, and sore broken in strength and health. But Providence, I trust, will take care of us all. My head whirls with weariness of writing."

"MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, *December* 22, 1860.

"To MRS. H. H. BIGELOW,—Tell H. to be sober, devout, and diligent, and his youth of poverty will be a blessing to him. But if he, like too many of our 'stark-mad' Yankees, leave the pure 'blessed Gospel of the Son of God' for chaff, and for the 'cunning craftiness of men;' for witches, necromancers; for 'wizards that mutter and peep,' as the Bible calls them, he will live (and probably die) a fool.

"I found here a venerable and well-educated Methodist brother out of the Church, who had been a fine physician near forty-five years, given up to 'spiritualism,' and mad with credulity on the subject. I labored with him two years, when he recovered his peace with God, renounced all its 'filthy communications' in 'circles,' etc., denounced its deceits and abominations, and now is clothed and in his right mind, wondering at the audacity of his apostasy, and the mercy of his restoration to Christ, and has present 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I suppose worlds would not tempt him into a 'circle' for five minutes. His wife led him astray as Eve did Adam of yore. She died in mercy, and he returned to that Jesus whom he had crucified (as he says) in his heart.

"We are right in the midst of that period referred to in Rev. xvi, 13, and the 'spirits of devils working miracles' will multiply wonders and deceive the nations.' The Lord in mercy save us in the trying hour.

"I thank you much for H.'s ambrotype. It is a beautiful

form and countenance. If Providence guides him, and he seeks the Lord as David did, and believes like Abraham, and is diligent and obedient like Moses, and pure like Joseph, and devout like Enoch who walked with God, maybe, like them, he may come to a great and glorious career."

"*Saturday, March* 10, 1861.—Faith and stability, impulsiveness and changeableness; one is like the Rock of Ages on which it rests, the other like the tossing waves.

"Very feeble; am quite sure I am going soon; need not care for the future of earth. Heaven never seemed to me before as it does now—so near. When I read of Fernandes, etc., they seem nearer to me than any thing of earth. It seems as though I could almost touch my Saviour's hand. He will stretch it out and draw me over Jordan.

'O sing the incarnate Word,
Who bled and died for me!
O sing of my redeeming Lord,
Who died on Calvary!
Sing of his wondrous love,
Who saved a guilty race.'

"*April* 2, 1861.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—Were you to enter New York this morning, or any other large Eastern city, with what amazement would you look upon the scene! War, war, civil war, would confront you in all aspects except the very battlefield itself, and in two hours we expect to learn that from 100,000 to 150,000 men are in deadly conflict at Washington and its vicinity. Every city and village of fifty houses in the North and South is probably this morning marshaling troops and impatient to reach the battlefield.

"You will cry out in agony, 'How came it? How can it be?' We cannot tell you in a sheet, but I will give you the words of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the new Southern Republic: 'In forming the old Constitution our fathers were in a great error. They believed slavery wrong, and of course intended it should not last, and framed the old Constitution wrong to suit their wrong creed. The South believe slavery right and to be perpetuated. Our new Constitu-

tion is based on African slavery as right, and is therefore the best Constitution on earth.' Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and Louisiana are gone, and North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and probably Kentucky and Missouri, will go. We hope Maryland and Delaware will stay; but all is uncertain.

"The United States forces have been driven from every harbor, fort, arsenal, and mint in the Southern States, except Fort Pickens at Pensacola, and that is surrounded with some 20,000 Southerners. Washington city is threatened by 50,000, and our government is raising 70,000 to resist them and repossess the harbors and forts. I would not be surprised if 200,000 men would volunteer in the North, and Mr. Lincoln will accept all that offer. He acts only on the defensive, and to retake our own property seized by them; but he acts with Jacksonian vigor, and is winning the hearts of the North. I think he is a Heaven-ordained instrument for this fearful exigency. All parties in the North are one, and for war. I never heard so many prayers offered for a President, Cabinet, Congress, military officers, etc. While I write, the noise of drums and fifes, and waving of banners are all around, and seventy-eight young men—more than half members of churches, several young candidates for the ministry—are on parade.

"Last Sabbath at a meeting several arose, and in most affecting language bade their brethren adieu, and said, 'We have enlisted to fight for God and liberty,' and implored the prayers of the Church. Ministers of all denominations have enlisted; and if the President should call for 500,000 men, I have no doubt 1,000,000 would volunteer. Pennsylvania has offered 100,000 men when only 15,000 were called for.

"Virginia attempted by a sudden movement to seize the United States' Arsenal at Harper's Ferry; but the commander, with only fifty men, set fire to it and escaped to Pennsylvania. The Virginians are collecting men there, and have 6,000, and, it is believed, will descend on Washington, and assail it on the east, while other Southern troops attack it on the west. The Gosport Navy Yard, at Norfolk, is said to be burnt, and Fortress Monroe stands ready to burn Norfolk and Portsmouth.

"In Baltimore the people are divided, about half Secessionists and half Union. This brings war in the city, and some fifteen men have been killed. But I must stop. I wish I could give you some idea of things, but it is difficult.

"I believe the war is now driving the people to their closets. But war is demoralizing, and in the end will be bad, unless God is in the midst of our armies in a very special manner. The cause is holy, more so than the Revolution of '76. Then a few taxes without representation; now every righteous principle conceivable is involved, and self-preservation, for we are assailed, and have not given the least provocation.

"P. S.—Astor, it is reported, offers fourteen millions of money to President Lincoln, and Vanderbilt all his steamers to fight with."

"Mount Pleasant, Iowa, *September* 26, 1861.

"To Dr. and Mrs. P.,—Yours has just come to hand, and as I feel somewhat better than usual, I pen a few lines in reply.

"We are both fading away. Mrs. H. grows old very fast, and I seem to myself as bearing the infirmities of threescore years and fifty along with me to the grave. My sight, hearing, walking—my penmanship, orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody—all fail. I comfort myself that in this catholic wreck and ruin the blessed Saviour, by his Spirit, fortifies my faith, and religion is fresh and sweet—is *life* in the midst of *death*.

"Your successful labors to bring souls to Christ greatly cheer me in this hour of darkness. As the glory crowns England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and spreads beyond to the north and south, it seems to wane on this side the Atlantic. Indeed, every thing here yields to war. On the territory which you left so peaceful a few months ago, more than 600,000 warriors now confront each other in the field. The whole line of division from Norfolk up the Chesapeake and Potomac, and westward as far as Utah, is gleaming with swords, bayonets, and scalping-knives, for our 'southern brethren' have employed the Indians, as well as slaves, against us.

"I believe the world in all its ages has seen no such war. The principal points of impending conflict are the Potomac,

below and at Washington city, with near 200,000 men on each side; Harper's Ferry, with near 40,000 each; the springs of Virginia and on to the Kanawha River, with 30,000 each; and Missouri and westward, with some 50,000 each. At each of these points battles are expected every hour. Besides, we have under sail, and preparing, more than a hundred war vessels, and many of them are now starting south in fleets of from five to fifteen vessels to assail southern seaports and forts, and penetrate the Southern States with smaller bodies of troops. News now reaches us that General Fremont has just started with from 20,000 to 30,000 men by railroad, with about twenty steamers on the Missouri, from St. Louis, to attack from 30,000 to 50,000 rebels at Jefferson City and Lexington, up near the Kansas line. Every day brings news of more or less small battles or skirmishes, say between from one hundred to six hundred on each side. Last week there was a battle at Lexington between 20,000 rebels and 4,000 of our troops which lasted three days, in which our men were finally surrounded and taken. Fremont is on the way to avenge the loss, expecting, however, to encounter some 45,000 rebels at Jefferson City before he reaches Lexington. He hopes to cut both armies to pieces, but we fear the rebel armies may form a junction and destroy our army.

"Enlistments are going on at the North, at the rate of 4000 to 5000 per week, and it takes only from sixty to eighty days to lay the keel of a war ship to carry eight or ten rifled cannon and send it out to sea.

"We sing and pray and watch and fight at home. We plead for country, the loyalists, the rebels, but most of all for the poor slaves. We feel that the North, under the present war regimen, has become responsible for slavery as never before, and must, under military rule, pronounce the slaves free, or God will not allow us to suppress this rebellion. Millions who have been strong conservatives hitherto believe this now. This is our fast-day eve, and I suppose more prayers have ascended to heaven this day, for the liberation of the slaves, than have been offered in twenty years previous to the commencement of this rebellion. My hand tires."

This year, as on former occasions, the bishops at the Annual Meeting, held in Springfield, Ohio, December 13, 1861, wrote to their disabled brother:

"Convened for our annual consultation, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to write you a fraternal letter. Though you have long been deprived, by want of health, of the privilege of participating in the active duties of the ministry, we doubt not but you still feel greatly interested in Zion's prosperity. We remember with pleasure the days of other years, when you shared with us the responsibility of the general oversight, when we consulted and prayed, preached and exhorted, wept and rejoiced together. Since you retired from the field, to seek rest and health, we have toiled on, as God enabled us, with humble reliance on our heavenly Father. The result is before the public. In the mean time we have deeply sympathized with you in your sore and protracted afflictions, such as we supposed would long since have brought your final release. That you yet live, is proof of supporting grace and cause of devout thanksgiving to God. We pray that the Lord may be with you to the end of life's painful conflict, then bring you to the heavenly inheritance. We hope to join you there.

"Wishing many blessings to Sister Hamline, yourself, and children, we are dear brother, as ever and for ever, yours in the love of Jesus,

T. A. Morris, M. Simpson,
E. S. Janes, O. C. Baker,
L. Scott, E. R. Ames."

"*January* 21, 1862.

"To Hon. James Harlan,—I seize the first scrap of paper I find to say that it seems to me the best way, if not the only way, to meet the rising tide of treason in the West, is to arm and train one hundred and fifty thousand blacks as soon as possible. They will be in the field as one hundred and fifty thousand loyal Republicans. If the war takes a turn that so many can be spared from the field, the white Republicans can return and vote. If they cannot be spared, then it will save a draft, and perhaps great difficulty. I know it is a bold measure, but such measures are often the salvation of a people, a

dynasty, a government. You remember the language of Junius: 'If the prophet had not armed himself with boldness, he would have been hung for the malice of his parable.' Boldness is in the advancing success of traitors; boldness has carried this rebellion forward to the formidable stage it has now reached; resistance, on the other hand, has been temperate, prudent, and if not now made to shape itself into an aspect bold and fiery like their own, I fear we are lost. The boldest measures are now safe, I think. We have prudence and humanity enough for history, we need boldness for triumph. Arming three hundred thousand blacks would make traitors, North and South, hate us no more, but would cause loyalists to distrust us far less. To seek, by mild measures, to conciliate the former is hopeless policy. The government must address itself to the fears, not to the hopes or favor of the Benedict Arnolds of the age.

"Pardon me for dogmatizing. I forgot, in the passion of writing, that I addressed a senator who knows so much better than I do. I write with pain and confusion in my head too, so that I can scarcely see my pen-marks.

"Mrs. H. says, 'Please remember me affectionately to Mrs. Harlan, and be assured yourself of our respect and prayers.'

"P. S.—Suppose it comes to the worst, and some hundreds of thousands in Illinois and elsewhere attempt a bold revolt, would not the armed blacks be a formidable force to put down revolt and save the country? No danger that freed slaves will turn democrats and revolt."

"*September* 28, 1862.

"To Mrs. H. H. Bigelow,—A paper from your place gives me reason to conclude that your son has enlisted. I did not feel like urging his enlistment, but will now say I most heartily approve of it. I think every young man in America of right age and good health should give himself to his country. My son is not very young nor very vigorous, but if he chooses to go I will not say a word. He has offered as a surgeon, and has been examined and approved; but there are so many pressing their claims on the governor, that he who does not urge himself forward has no chance; besides, many doctors are poor and

without practice, and are appointed in compassion to their families, while they know that my son is well off from his mother's estate."

"MOUNT PLEASANT, *March* 3, 1863.

"To REV. L. M. VERNON,—I have longed to write to you for a year or more, but my eyes, head, and nerves almost wholly prevent my writing. A letter from Bishop Morris has remained unanswered for months.

"'Preach the word, be instant in season and out of season.' Work night and day for our adorable Lord. 'I am now ready to be offered,' quite on the verge of heaven.

"Dr. Elliott just bade me farewell, and I expect to see his face no more until 'death is swallowed up in victory.' O I feel the victory, even now, through all my inmost soul!"

"*May* 15.—O thou my adorable High Priest, thou seeest that while my memory fails, and all the powers of body and mind sink in decay, these glowing affections embrace thee, flow to thee, delight in thee! Come then, O come and receive me to thyself, that where thou art, whom my soul loveth, there I may be also!

"*June* 13.—Thirty-five years, blessed Jesus, have I been thy disciple and a child in our Father's family. Thou knowest too that I have been a churlish child and an indocile disciple, yet thou knowest also that I have loved thee with a great and sincere love, as I do at this moment; and now when I feel that death is at hand, and expect each moment to meet thee, how many offenses are to be pardoned and pollutions washed away! But I freely trust thy blood and Holy Spirit to accomplish all, and to thy mercy I commit all. Save my dear wife and children also, and to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be praise for ever and ever. Amen!"

The editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Rev. Dr. Eddy, returning from a visit to the bishop July 1, 1863, writes: "We enjoyed a pleasant interview with this venerable and eminent minister. He looks older than when we saw him years ago. His hair is white, his beard is of silvery hue, but the tones of his voice are as in days long since. His health is

frail. Providentially on Saturday he was unusually well, and we had several hours' interesting conversation. Old days, past scenes, mutual friends, the country and the Church were spoken of. His spiritual sky is clear. For the Church he has strong faith, for the country unswerving loyalty, with deep loathing of home-traitors and spurious patriots. Mrs. Hamline is also in frail health, and, with her husband, is looking for the better home. We will bear with us the memory of our interviews and the meeting at the mercy-seat.

"They have made a liberal arrangement for the benefit of the Park Avenue Mission Church, for which they merit the gratitude of the Church."

"MOUNT PLEASANT, *April* 10, 1864.

"To REV. Z. H. AND MRS. COSTON,—I have been very happy to-day, yet weep much. O how precious is Jesus! 'the sinner's Friend,' when, broken-hearted and believing, we cast ourselves on him for ever and ever. We are not afraid to trust in him.

'Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee.'

O precious Friend!

'I know thee, Saviour, who thou art:
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend.'

Old age, sickness, sorrow, death near at hand, all cannot drive me from thee, blessed Jesus! The more they gather and center on us, the more closely and confidingly we trust in thee, O thou Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world! Praised be the name of our God for ever and ever! And let all the people say Amen!

"Sister Swormstedt of Cincinnati is with us for a few weeks. Her dear, precious husband, whom we loved so much, is in heaven, and she in weeds of sorrow, yet full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, waiting to pass over. She said this morning what was a blessing to us, and may be to you—"

Having written thus much, Mr. H. was unable to proceed, and said to his wife, "Finish." She adds: "Sister Swormstedt

said, as referred to above, 'I have received most of my great blessings through thanksgiving for mercies, even the smallest; at least they have commenced in this way, and then, as thankfulness increased, and mercies larger and yet larger have been brought to mind, I have been lost in God.'"

"MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, *April* 19, 1864.

"To REV. Z. H. COSTON, — Yours of the fifteenth instant arrived this morning, and its affecting news was read with such emotion as you would expect from the pleasant chastening society we enjoyed with you and your sainted wife. I drop a note to say you have our deep and prayerful sympathy. We both, you know, have passed through those cypress shades, and know, better than you ever did until now, how dark the vale, cheered indeed by no light but from that Sun of Righteousness, which shed his beams so brightly on the death scene at which you just now gazed with tearful admiration. We catch the blessed song from her dying lips, 'Glory to Jesus!' Be comforted, my mourning brother, with 'very full comfort' while you bear those words in your very heart's memory along to the same joyful translation scene which awaits you, and I trust us also, and for which and its issues we wait in hope.

"Mrs. H. joins in all these expressions of sympathy, and in prayers for your hourly peace and comfort in Jesus, our foundation and strength."

It is pleasant to observe how tenderly the bond of brotherhood was cherished between the effective Board of Bishops and the afflicted Bishop Hamline, during all the years of his protracted suffering. Not once did they meet but a kindly note was addressed to their suffering brother. From the last General Conference they wrote:

"PHILADELPHIA, *May* 26, 1864.

"REV. L. L. HAMLINE: DEAR BROTHER,—Accept our fraternal salutations in the Lord. Those of us who had the privilege of being associated with you in the cares and duties of the episcopal office and work, remember with great satisfaction the fellowship of labor and love of those eight years. All of us

remember, with interest and high appreciation, your association with us in the holy and active ministering of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"We are very thankful that, since your retirement from the effective ranks of the ministry, you have been enabled in so many ways to serve your fellow-men and to honor God.

"We are grateful to our heavenly Father that in your years of superannuation you have been so divinely sustained and so greatly cheered and comforted by the Holy Spirit.

"It is with us, also, a matter of praise to God that you have been so exempted from acute sufferings, and that so many years have been added to your life upon earth.

"God has also been very merciful to us. He has given us sufficient health to enable us to meet our official obligations so as to be approved by the General Conference, and we trust also to divine acceptance. He has also given us the great happiness of seeing the work of the Lord prospering in our hands. We have also enjoyed much of the divine presence in our journeyings and labors, and great spiritual peace and comfort in believing.

"You will be pleased to learn that Rev. Brothers D. W. Clark, Edward Thomson, and Calvin Kingsley have been elected and ordained bishops during this session of the General Conference. You will unite with us in hailing these brethren welcome to the office of bishops in the Church.

"You have learned from the official papers how greatly God has prospered his Church. It is certain God is still with his ministers and people. We are, with you, looking and praying for the glory of God to fill the whole earth.

"With Christian salutations to Sister Hamline, and commending you both to the grace of God, we remain yours fraternally in Christ Jesus our Lord,

"T. A. MORRIS, E. S. JANES,
L. SCOTT, M. SIMPSON,
O. C. BAKER, E. R. AMES."

"The undersigned heartily concur in the foregoing expressions of esteem, good will, and high appreciation of your services to

the Church. We entertain severally a grateful remembrance of the pleasure and profit we have derived from your ministrations, and our earnest prayer shall be that God's richest blessing may abide with you.

"D. W. Clark,
E. Thomson,
C. Kingsley."

Bishop Hamline having no further use for his seal of office and letter-press, sent them, as a brotherly memento, to his endeared colleague Bishop Janes, who thus affectionately acknowledges this receipt:

"New York, *November* 28, 1864.

"Rev. Bishop L. L. Hamline: Dear Brother,—Your letter of the twenty-seventh ultimo came to hand by due course of mail. Since then your letter-press has been received in perfect order. I am greatly obliged to you for the very useful gift. It was not, however, its intrinsic value that made it so desirable to me, but the fact of its having been possessed and used by yourself as one of my colleagues in the general superintendency of the Church. As mementoes, your seal and letter-press have great interest to me.

"I have been making an effort to get some relics of our deceased bishops, and some souvenirs of our living bishops. I have succeeded pretty fully. I desired very much to possess some memento of yourself. The circumstance of our being elected and ordained together always gave me a peculiar regard for Bishop Hamline—a sort of class-mate feeling. So far as I am conscious, there never was the least rivalry or jealousy to mar our fellowship of labor or love.

"Since we commenced our episcopal services together the providences of God concerning us have been diverse. You have been called to suffer his will, I have been called to do his will. Perhaps the one is about as difficult and trying as the other, and I judge one as important and useful as the other. I think living exemplifications of the sufficiency of grace for every human exigency, as essential as the proclaiming of the unsearchable riches of Christ, in building up the Church of the living God.

"God has given me health to work, and a heart to work. I delight in his service. I thank God he has kept me, in my administration, from ruinous errors, and given me much favor with the people. He has been my wisdom and prudence and success. I bless his name continually. I pray God to spare you from suffering, and continually to cheer you with his presence.

"Mrs. Janes joins me in affectionate regards to Sister Hamline. I desire to be remembered to Dr. Hamline's family.

"Yours fraternally in Jesus, E. S. JANES."

"MOUNT PLEASANT, *October* 10, 1864.

"TO MOSES BROOKS, ESQ.: AFFLICTED BROTHER, — I have not for years been so anxious to write a letter as to you, my dear afflicted friend. I greatly desire to dwell a moment on the sanctified, glorified, redeemed one who just ascended from your presence to her God; and then on that infinitely glorious Redeemer who bought her and us with his blood, and has made her, and will soon make us, 'kings and priests unto God.' But my head is so distressed and confused that I must give up the pen to my dear wife. In such affliction I rejoice that you have such a home to fly to as you will find with our dear Brother and Sister Leavitt. Give to them the assurance of our undying Christian love. Please write often. Farewell!

"Tell Brother B. that I do not expect to live to write another letter. This is my farewell."

The last affectionate salutation from his brethren in the episcopacy appears under date of Cleveland, Ohio, February 22, 1865:

"REV. BISHOP HAMLINE: DEAR BROTHER, — The undersigned, having learned, through Rev. Dr. Elliott, of your severe illness, desire to express to you our deep sympathy with you in your sufferings, and also our grateful joy to learn that in your affliction you are abundantly sustained by the grace of God, and cheered by a consciousness of the divine presence. We

desire also to renew our assurances of high esteem and fraternal love in Christ. While thus cherishing you in our affections, we also remember you in our prayers, earnestly beseeching our heavenly Father to bestow upon you all the blessings your soul and circumstances may require.

"With affectionate salutations to Sister Hamline, we remain your affectionate and sympathizing brethren in Christ,

"T. A. Morris, E. S. Janes,
L. Scott, M. Simpson,
O. C. Baker, E. R. Ames,
D. W. Clark, C. Kingsley."

Bishop Morris writes:

"Dear Brother and Sister Hamline,— . . . We sincerely sympathize with you both in your painful and protracted family affliction, but 'reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.' We are hopeful as to the final success of Methodism in the world, also as to its results in our own case as individuals.

"We shall write to Sister Palmer for the 'Guide' to help us.

"I send you a copy of my talk on the 'Spirit of Methodism.'

"Please give our love to Dr. Elliott and family, Dr. Hamline and family, and accept for yourselves the prayers and Christian affections of yours ever,

"T. A. Morris."

"Sabbath Evening, *January* 4.

"Dear Wife,—Deprived of the privilege of the class, I hereby give you, in brief, my testimony: My sins are all pardoned through the blood and righteousness of my Lord Jesus Christ. The great work of inward purification and Christian edification is gloriously progressing. I feel that, living or dying, I am my Lord's. Press onward, my beloved, after Christ and heaven. Should I die soon, follow me to the grave with holy transports as an attendant on joyful scenes, for I go to the 'marriage supper of the Lamb,' to your God and my God. I wait your coming there. O may the dear children and grandchil-

dren (how my eyes gush forth in tears as I write of them!) meet us there! Ever, ever yours, and Christ's above yours."

'And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!'"

At another date he writes: "I have not recently recorded my joys and sorrows; but now, knowing my end is near, and that I shall soon go to my blessed home, and having strength to write a few words for your comfort when I see you no more on earth, this morning I am so filled with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' that I can scarcely contain the bliss. Heaven is so near. I am near to God, and near to my eternal home. O I wish I could explain how Christ now appears! but I can only say, 'Expressive silence muse his praise.' Again, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.' 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits,' etc.

'My guilt is washed away
By my Redeemer's blood,
And by the Spirit I can say
That I am born of God.'

O blessed assurance!

"My dear wife and son, 'Behold, I ascend unto your Father and my Father, to your God and my God.' Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Amen!"

"*March* 6.

"My dear Wife,—In 1844 I did not desire the 'office of a bishop,' never thought of it, never connected my person and that office even in my wildest imagining; but I desired then, as you must remember, a 'good work;' that is, the work of saving souls; and how wonderfully God endowed me with strength for that work in 1842 and 1843, until stricken down by disease. Now, this very day, I feel the burning desire, kindled by the Holy Spirit, to engage in that 'good work;' but there is a difference. Then I desired to die and go to Christ, whom I loved with such a glowing love, but also desired the good work, not the office; but now, with the same desire to save souls, I have

no expectation of it. Of course I am not 'in a strait,' as Paul was, but my desire to depart and be with Christ is unrestrained by conflicting desires. I infer that my time is close at hand, and that I shall soon be 'absent from the body and present with the Lord,' so I give you in writing a few words of affectionate advice: Procure a plain, modest monument for my grave, with no letters on it but the name, date of death, or the like. If convenient, let this be inclosed with an iron railing large enough for a few family graves. I would advise you to stay with the children. Be with them daily, and you can counsel and comfort and help guide their dear little ones to Christ. And now, finally, thanking you with a warm and grateful heart for your labors, patience, and prayers for me these twenty-eight years, gone for ever, I commend you to God in Christ Jesus, who is able to build us up, and I am persuaded will bring us to meet before his throne. His holy religion has been our solace and strength on earth amid many toils and trials, and I trust we are to be numbered with those who came up out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

September 30.—To Dr. Elliott he said, "I am not able to converse;" but desired Dr. E. to write on a slate which he handed him. The doctor wrote, "The will of the Lord be done." The bishop wrote underneath, "Amen." Dr. E. wrote again, "Amen! Amen!" and added, "In heaven we shall not need slate and pencil to converse." The bishop took the slate and added, "No, nor tables, nor light, nor a temple, for the Lord God is the temple, and the Lamb the light thereof;" and taking up the Testament, turned to Rev. xxi, 22, and handed the passage to the doctor, saying, "Tis beautiful! glorious! glorious!"

Sunday, *October* 2. — Feeble as he was he read the sermon of Monod on the faith of the Canaanitish woman, and was greatly blessed. He said, "Were I forty-seven instead of sixty-seven years old, it seems to me I would bend all my energies to the subject of faith, praying, preaching, talking, and writing about it."

October 4.—At evening he said, "To-morrow will be the fifth

of October. Thirty-six years to-morrow since the Lord revealed himself to me the hope of glory." On the fifth, to his little grandson, he said, "To-day I am thirty-six years old." The child was puzzled, and said, "Sixty-three you mean, grandpa." The bishop explained in a most interesting manner. Afterward he said, "The Lord has sometimes wonderfully blessed me during the last summer," (mentioning particularly a sermon preached in his class-room by Rev. G. B. Jocelyn,) saying, "I received a great blessing under that sermon. I went up stairs weeping aloud and going through the chambers. I knelt before the Lord first in one place, and then in another, confessing and praising." He then spoke of a season of suffering which followed. He said, "I ought to suffer and die meekly, patiently. How is it that he so blesses me?" Then, after a pause, he said, "Thy nature and thy name is love." Then, slowly and solemnly, "'Tis love, 'tis love. Thou diedst for me. I hear thy whisper in my heart." Dr. Elliott coming in wrote on the slate, "No one is so deeply indebted to grace as I am." The bishop replied, "Am not I more deeply indebted if grace enables me to be content, unable to do anything, even to read more than a page in a day? I am naturally impatient in suffering, especially in inability to do anything; but I am nothing, dead and twice dead, unless Christ is in me; but I feel and know he is in me, that makes any state or condition tolerable, and even joyful."

October 10.—He said: "How wonderful that we cannot trust Jesus, when we have his promise and his pledge in our hearts. I will trust and not be afraid, Behold, God is my salvation! then how safe, how sure it is!"

October 11.—Spent much of the evening in speaking of the fullness and freeness of salvation, and often repeating such stanzas and parts of stanzas as—

"Through all eternity to prove,
Thy nature and thy name is love."

"Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?"

"Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified," etc.

A volume might be filled with these outflows of his heart. This spirit he breathed from day to day, never murmuring or seeming to think for a moment that his afflictions were too severe; nor did he ever indicate by word or manner that he desired to get rid of present or prospective suffering, but his desire to depart and be with Christ was often almost irrepressible.

October 16.—To Mrs. H. he said: "The weary wheels of life stand still. I know what that means, the weary wheels of life;" adding, "I feel a wonderful peace pervading my whole being. Christ is so near me as I cannot describe. He answers me by Urim and Thummim. Light pours from his breast into mine. I dwell not in a world of glory, but a world of love.

'O Love how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies.'"

After kneeling some time in silent prayer he said: "Such blessings are poured upon me when I kneel to pray that it seems as though I cannot live. 'Tis wonderful thus to live in a furnace."

October 27.—After suffering great pain he said: "What I have suffered to-day, I think, has taught me a useful lesson, has been very profitable. I have thought of my Saviour's sufferings as I never did before." After dwelling some time on this theme, he asked his wife to show him the hymn (in the old edition of our hymn book) which contains the stanza,

"See how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound;
The plowers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

DURING the entire year 1864 the family and friends of Bishop Hamline observed that he failed more rapidly than before. He often spoke of declining strength and increasing suffering, especially the almost insupportable "agony" in his head. He was evidently nearing the heavenly world, and breathing its atmosphere more freely. His anticipations of its bliss became realizations; his faith "the substance of things hoped for;" and his joy was "unspeakable and full of glory."

But he never lost for a moment his clear apprehension of the guilt and malignity of sin, or of the terribleness of human depravity. This, with his views of the heaven to which we have been redeemed, greatly deepened his impressions of the sufferings of the Saviour, and, in his most rapturous states, his halleluiahs ever mingled with expressions of, "The wonder why such love to me;" and often, with convulsive weeping, that Christ suffered for *him*, bore *his* sins "in his own body on the tree." His prayers as well as his conversations indicated the deepening of his experience in divine things. At times he seemed to commune almost face to face with his adorable Redeemer, causing the listener to feel as in the more immediate presence of our Lord. In his best physical condition he lay down at night believing that he might awake in eternity; that he was ever liable to sudden death. This opinion, so often expressed by physicians eminently scientific, was confirmed by his own sensations. Indeed, this had been true since 1844. But now that strength and flesh had so nearly failed, he daily felt that there was *but a step* between him and death. Thus living on the verge of eternity, except seasons of brief but powerful temptation, he seemed to live on the verge of heaven.

Sunday, P. M., January 22, 1865.—He went to the class-room door and said, "I am not as happy to-day as I was last Sabbath, and not as happy as the sister I heard shouting just now. I am not able to speak to-day, and at first thought I would not try. But I have had a solemn day; was greatly affected while reading my morning lesson. I read where Jesus prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' I thought he could not pray that prayer for me if I lived short of the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel, and it is a solemn thought. Dear brethren, our blessed Lord cannot pray that prayer for *you*, if you live without his full salvation, for you know what you do. O brethren, get this fullness, this perfect love! Dear brethren, get perfect love!" etc. Dwelling most earnestly and affectingly on the believer's duty and privilege, and retiring, as he often did, under the apprehension that it might be his last opportunity to speak to the class, he said, "I would like to go home to-night; O, I would like to go home to-night! I am ready." This was his last effort to speak to the class.

Wednesday, 25.—He appeared more comfortable than for some days previous, and spent the evening in repeating texts from the Bible, and stanzas of his favorite hymns, and in a most cheerful frame retired at his usual hour and soon fell asleep. At twelve o'clock he awoke with a severe stricture or spasm of the chest, which increased until he fainted, or suffered something like a spasm. His son, Doctor Hamline, hastened to bring the family physician, and the remedies employed gave speedy relief to his breathing; but he continued to be extremely ill, though very triumphant in spirit.

In the morning his children, Dr. Hamline and wife, coming in, Mrs. Hamline said, "Father, I am sorry to see you so ill this morning." He replied, "It is all right; just as the Lord pleases. His will be done and the will of no other. His infinitely holy providence does everything right. He gave his Son to die for me; that is enough to all eternity. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!"

Some time after, his physician coming in, he said, "How many mercies the Lord has provided for me: a son who is willing to do anything for me; a wife who has watched over me with the

most affectionate and tender care; a physician to attend me, and, above all, a Saviour who has redeemed me to God by his blood."

He had a friend called in, and added a codicil to his will, and then felt that his earthly care was at an end.

Saturday, 28.—A day of great deliverance and triumph. To one who expressed grief to see him so ill he said, "It does not matter so I am ready when He shall call; and he will make me all ready, just as ready as though I had never sinned.

'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress!"

Sunday, 29.—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered at the church. He proposed that his wife receive it with him alone at home. He was not able to repeat the ritual; but, as he lay in bed, consecrated the elements and received them, and gave to her. It was a season of peculiar mercy.

Monday, 30.—Still joyful in the rock of his salvation. A friend, Mrs. Penn, coming in, he desired her to pray; but said, "not for my recovery. I have often desired to cross over Jordan; but His will be done. Pray that my wings be all plumed to fly to my Saviour." Afterward he said to her, "Struggle on, struggle on! work for your Saviour; try continually to do something for him, to draw sinners to him and believers to the living fountain. O, if there could be tears in heaven we should weep there that we have not done more for him."

During several days he lay much in the same frame of mind, sending messages of love to his friends, such as, "Tell Brother Pickett" (pastor of the Congregational Church) "that I am not able to talk with him, but I hope to spend eternity with him." To Mr. Gunn, (pastor of the Baptist Church,) "I cannot talk to-day; but this hymn is my experience," pointing to the hymn commencing,

"Thou hidden source of calm repose."

To Brother W., one of our stationed preachers, "O Brother W., preach Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ glorified. Glory be to God in the highest." To Brother T., "I have such views of

Christ that I cannot tell them; such visions of Christ." To another, "I am ready to go any moment when he shall call me.

'Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord!'"

Adding, "His name salvation is;" "His name is mighty—Almighty." And yet again, "Jesus, precious Jesus!"

"Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led."

And then, bursting into tears, he referred to the garden of Gethsemane, and said: "The Redeemer in his terrible agony, as if he could not be left alone, said to his disciples, 'Tarry ye here and watch,'" with much more in the same spirit. And again, "Here I lie, sick and willing to be sick. Perhaps going to die, and willing to die. What peace!" To another, "If I should not see you again on earth, I trust we shall meet in the presence of his Father and our Father, his God and our God. You know I did not wish you to pray for my life; I am willing to die; I am not afraid to meet my Saviour who bought me with his blood, and gloriously redeemed me, near forty years ago, when I was lost."

Some time after, weeping, he repeated the stanza,

"Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love."

He often dwelt affectingly on the sufferings of Christ for him. He once said, "We cannot tell whether he suffered most in the garden or on the cross. But the cry, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' would seem to imply that he suffered most on the cross." At another time, to Rev. Mr. G. he said, "We must be sick and suffer; it is our Father's discipline; but we do not suffer as our Saviour did for us;" and again dwelt affectingly on the sufferings of Christ for him. To one, "You know I did not wish you to pray for my life. It is written, 'With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.' I am perfectly satisfied with life, and I trust he will show me his salvation." As Mr. G. was leaving, he again ex-

pressed the hope that they should "meet in heaven." There was a solemnity in his manner during this illness which made his attendants feel as though on the confines of eternity. And no attempted transcript of his language can give any adequate idea of its depth of meaning.

The intense sensibility of his brain had long almost precluded the possibility of conversing with him. He could much more easily speak than hear, the sound of the human voice causing him great pain, and producing, he said, a sensation like boring with an augur into his brain. For months, nearly all communications to him were made by writing on a slate, which was kept ready for that purpose. To this it is owing that so few inquiries were made respecting his state, so that his remarks were spontaneous, the gushings forth of his heart, which seemed an overflowing fountain of love to God and his people. Amid all his sufferings he was ever mindful of those who ministered to his wants, by suggestions attending to their little comforts, fearful of giving unnecessary trouble and grateful for the smallest service rendered him. Nor did he forget the interests of the Church, inquiring every day about the success of the protracted meetings in the city, and rejoicing to hear that souls were being saved.

The affairs of the country also engaged his daily attention. He was delighted to learn that the Southern Commissioners had not secured an armistice. "There will be no armistice," he said, "for God has taken the work into his own hands."

During a season of extreme suffering, in which he thought himself dying, he repeated again and again, "Jesus, O Jesus, come quickly," etc. A little after he exclaimed, "How he blesses me! Glory! glory! glory!" To his dear son he said, (among other things,) "We are created for such a great purpose, and we spend our time in such trifles, TRIFLES." He attempted to repeat the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and said, "He had no form nor comeliness to our blind eyes; but he has opened our eyes, and now he is the fairest among ten thousand; yea, he is altogether lovely. O Lamb of God, we cling to thy cross in life and in death. Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid. The Lord Jehovah is my strength and

my song. He also is become my salvation. O Lamb of God that taketh away my sins, the sins of the world! Glory be to thee, O Lord Most High, for ever and ever!"

In the afternoon he was again supposed to be dying. His family gathered around the bed for the parting scene and to catch the last word. He exclaimed, "O agony, agony unspeakable, but not so great as Thou didst endure for my sins." He repeated various instructions before given to his family. Addressing himself with earnest affection to his son, saying, "I would rather have one day of communion with my Saviour, than all the wealth of the world with a thousand years to enjoy it; yes, one hour of communion with him, that is real happiness;" and closed by saying, "These are the last words I expect to speak to you on earth." He then broke out in prayer for his dear children, and for his little grandchildren, that "God would sanctify them in the beauty of their infancy;" for his wife; for their faithful Ellen, so long an inmate of the family; for all friends, specifying several, and all enemies; for the Church, especially his own Conference, the Ohio; for the country, the heathen, the world, and closed, "O my Saviour! my precious Saviour! Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Glory and honor forever! Amen." For several hours he lay bathed in cold perspiration, (apparently the sweat of death,) a part of the time quite pulseless. He repeated, "O Jesus, come quickly! I am in great agony, unspeakable agony; but I will try to be patient. His will be done;" and looking up toward heaven, "Thy will be done." Again, "My Saviour is gloriously with me now." But his hour had not yet come and he revived.

That evening a consulting physician sat by him a considerable time, and he improved the occasion by rehearsing some conversations with others, thus, indirectly, placing before him the value of religion, and the importance of a preparation for death. On another occasion, when suffering much, he said, "But Jesus has done all things well. O that my children and grandchildren might understand this in all its depth of meaning!"

On his wife's raising the window-shade at sunset he exclaimed,

"O beautiful sky! beautiful heaven! My dear, we have a Father there. We have an elder Brother there. When I get there O how I will praise him, and with what interest will I await your coming! O how I want to go up, up, up there to his bosom of love!" And then he gave glory, glory, glory to God again.

To the watcher he said, "I suffer, but His will be done; His holy will be done. I have a night of agony, but it is all right.

'If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.'"

On the morning of February 10th he said, "Call in the family, I want to pray with them once more." And then, O such a prayer! Such expressions of adoration of the Saviour on the throne, in his humiliation, crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, exaltation! Such prayer for the Church, the missions, etc.! And such praise to the Ever Blessed as no pen can record. Those present could not conceive of language more solemnly sublime had his disembodied spirit been actually bowing before the throne. He drank, and his painful thirst reminding him of the exclamation on the cross, "I thirst," he burst into tears, and then again broke out into praise to the ever blessed God. He spoke of his state as "a fresh baptism into Christ," into "his glorious name," and exclaimed, "O wondrous, *wondrous*, WONDROUS LOVE!" He spoke of the folly of any one's wishing to live a month or a year in order to seek God by prayer, etc., and said, "I realize that

'Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling;'

Yes, to the cross.

'This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.'

And O how glorious this plea, how sufficient!"

Saturday, February 12.—During the night he suffered in-

tensely; thought himself probably dying, but often said, "Jesus, Jesus, O Jesus, come quickly!" Toward morning he repeated,

> "Jesus, thou everlasting king,
> Accept the praises which we bring."

And, "O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, hear my prayer."

13. *Sabbath morning.*—At half past five he said to the watcher: "I have been this holy Sabbath morning with the Marys at the sepulchre, yes, the Marys. When the disciples, and *even* John, the beloved disciple, and who loved so much, were probably not yet awake, the Marys were there. And O how many Marys we have!" "I have been very happy since midnight. The other day I went with Peter and James and John to the garden, while the Saviour went a little further, as it were a stone's cast, and bowed to the ground in an agony, saying, 'Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.' And all this for me. Coming to his disciples, they were all asleep; none to help him bear his great burden. As if I were in some terrible condition and cried out to you, O help me! help me! and you did not or could not. But this morning I have been with the Marys." "I would give much if I could now hear you read that chapter, 'And early in the morning on the first day of the week,' etc., but I cannot. When I was first taken sick, Mrs. Hamline used to put up a pillow, and my Bible and hymn book on it, and I could read a little, but now I cannot; the words all run together, all in a cloud. Yet I can feast on what I have committed to memory. Glory be to Jesus! blessed Jesus! But I am talking too much." After an interval of a few moments he repeated,

> "Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
> No mortal care shall seize my breast;
> O may my heart in tune be found,
> Like David's harp of solemn sound!"

And again,

> "This heavenly calm within my breast,
> Is the dear pledge of endless rest,
> Which for the Church of God remains,
> The end of cares, the end of pains."

"I have thought of my Saviour's sufferings as I never did before." Later in the morning he requested Mrs. H. to turn to this stanza in the old edition of the hymn book,

"See how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound;
The plowers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound."

In the afternoon of that day Dr. Elliott administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This ordinance had long been a precious means of grace to him, and on this occasion he enjoyed it exceedingly; he wept and rejoiced with great joy.

Monday morning.—Rev. Mr. Pickett, Congregational minister, called. To him he related some of the experiences of the few days past. He said, among other things, "I never felt such a love for sinners as I do now; I feel as though I could get down on my knees at the feet of the vilest blasphemer, and beseech him to receive Christ." Mr. Pickett said: "Never shall I forget his last injunction to me, 'O, brother, preach to the consciences of men; impress them with the terrible consequences of sin.'"

He kept his large print Testament and hymn book on his bed, whenever he could look into them at all, so placed that he could occasionally read a text or a stanza. He had from the time of his conversion set a very high estimate upon our hymns, using them next to the Bible as helps to devotion. The 437th hymn, commencing—

"Now I have found the ground wherein,"

he often repeated, particularly the third stanza,

"O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries."

Repeating again and again, "By faith I plunge me in this sea."

The excellent hymn of John Wesley, commencing "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness," was one of his favorites. And that of Cowper, commencing "There is a fountain filled with

blood," and that of Toplady, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," had been sung for him scores of times during his confinement, and now they were in daily requisition, though he could seldom endure the voice of song. While in health he often referred to the dissensions of Christians on earth, especially to the bitter language of that great and good man, Toplady, in reference to Wesley, and to the fact that in their hymns they expressed the same sentiments, Toplady even saying,

> "The grace that saves from future hell
> Can save from present sin."

And he seemed transported with the thought, that in heaven their fellowships were unalloyed. "With what rapture," he said, "do they now walk together along the banks of the river of life, and join the same eternal chorus."

At one time he asked for the hymn book and tried to sing; he stopped often and wept, and then, gathering strength to proceed, he praised his Saviour with many tears.

His partial convalescence was entirely unexpected to himself and to his friends. Yet when he had so far recovered as to walk about his room and those adjoining, and, when the day was fine, even to walk a few steps into the open air, his family began to feel that he might be spared a few months at least. They saw that he was extremely feeble, and that a breath of air too cool brought on his terrible paroxysms of suffering. The frequent recurrence of these, with so great feebleness, supplied daily admonition that he could not long survive, yet they hoped that the settled warm weather of approaching summer would afford relief; and while he spoke, almost every waking hour, of his approaching departure, they replied, "You may remain with us yet another year." Thus, in a measure, they were thrown off their guard in view of the near approach of death.

His few remaining weeks on earth may be summed up thus: His conversation was in heaven; he lay down every night expecting to wake in eternity, and was rather surprised to find himself in the morning still an inhabitant of the pained and weary body. As had been his life-long habit, he rose early

every morning, and, with assistance, attired himself for the day, and stepped to his sitting room; and when his condition would permit him to kneel, spent some time on his knees before his lounge, on which he died; then placed his Testament and hymn book on a chair beside him for use through the day.

When able to see any one, his few words ever indicated his simple trust in Christ. For example, to one he said, "I cannot talk," and raising his hymn book and pointing to the hymn commencing,

> "Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
> Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
> My help and refuge from my foes,
> Secure I am while thou art mine:
> And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
> I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
>
> "Thy mighty name salvation is,
> And keeps my happy soul above:
> Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
> And joy, and everlasting love;
> To me, with thy great name, are given
> Pardon, and holiness, and heaven."

Saying, "That is my experience to-day."

On the margin of that wonderful hymn he had written in pencil, "What more can I need?" On the margin of the 644th hymn he had written, "How precious is this hymn to my soul to-day—February 18, 1865." And beside the closing stanza—

> "The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
> A boundless, endless store,
> Shall echo through the realms above
> When time shall be no more."

He had written, "Yes, when time shall be no more."

From the commencement of his illness in January he appears to have had but one severe conflict with the powers of darkness. This occurred Saturday, March 11. The onset was fearful, and he struggled mightily for several hours; nor was his victory complete until the afternoon of the following day, Sabbath, 12th. In the effort to help his faith Mrs. Hamline repeated to him,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

For the time he seemed to have forgotten that stanza. But while Mrs. Hamline was in class that afternoon he wrote it on the fly-leaf of his hymn book, with the following original lines subjoined:

"Held back by sin, and guilt, and shame,
Yet trusting in thy blood and name,
And in thy Word, (though halt and lame,)
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Sunday, March 12." At the close of the class, as Mrs. L. entered his room, he raised his hand and exclaimed, "O Sister Lee, pardon, purity, heaven!" His victory was complete, which, so far as could be observed, he retained till the last.

It would be vain to attempt to record one in many of his expressions of joyful trust in his Redeemer even after this date. As a sample, a friend who chanced to step in about a week before his death notes the following: "After dwelling some time on the prodigal son, one of his favorite themes of meditation, in which he ever depicted himself as the returned prodigal, causing the whole scene to pass vividly before the listener, he proceeded in the following strain:

"'I do not want one thought that is not fit for heaven. I have of late thought much of that; and when any wrong thought comes into my mind, I say, "That is not fit for heaven," till I get rid of it. If property or business occasions a wrong thought, I think at once, How would that look in heaven? If I see one passing the street who causes a wrong thought, I think, How would that look in heaven? Jesus is able to give us victory over our hearts. O wonderful! wonderful! He came to seek and to save those that were lost. He goes out and seeks them; hunts them up and saves them. Just think of it—out seeking those that are wandering off, and bringing them back. He is represented as a shepherd seeking his sheep to bring them into the fold. Look at him wandering through the mountains alone, seeking everywhere the lost sheep; and

when he finds one weak and weary, he does not drive it before him; no, he takes it up carefully and lays it on his shoulder, rejoicing more over the one that was lost than over the ninety and nine that did not go astray. I know this to be true.'"

Friday, 17.—At evening he said to Mrs. Hamline, "I must leave you alone—at table. In the New Jerusalem we shall never be alone, shall we?"

The Monday preceding his death his son went to Chicago to attend to some business for him, and was to return the following Saturday. The journey had been delayed several weeks in the hope that his health might improve. The doctor said that on Wednesday night so strong an impression was made on his mind that he was needed at home, that he left his business unfinished, hastened to the depot at midnight, and reached home the next day, a short time after his father had gone. That day, Wednesday, 22d, the bishop attended to some business writing, his son being absent, himself filling up a blank deed. At evening he suffered severely; but the family physician gave him some medicine which afforded relief, and he rested most pleasantly during the night, and rose as usual in the morning. At family worship Mrs. Hamline read the four first verses of third chapter of Colossians, after which he offered a short prayer, (reading and prayer being all his head could bear,) and took his accustomed light breakfast, after which the distress, or, as he said, "agony" in his chest came on and lasted an hour or more, during which Dr. Elliott came in. Being unable to speak without great pain, Dr. Elliott says, "he shook hands with me as aforetime, and, with heaven in his countenance, pointed triumphantly upward with his right hand." After this the suffering passed away, and he seemed as comfortable as at any time during the preceding two months. He walked slowly to the gate fronting the house, and returned without any return of suffering.

At one o'clock he took dinner with the family in the dining-room, which he had seldom done since his attack in January. During the dinner hour he sent a messenger to the bank with some little business, arranging the papers as he handed them

over, after which he returned to his lounge. Very soon he said, "That pain is coming back, and I do not see how I can live through another such spell as I had this morning." The business commenced a few moments before had to be closed up. He received the papers from the hand of the returned messenger, and gave them to Mrs. Hamline, saying, "I cannot attend to that now. If I live till to-morrow I will attend to it."

His agony increased rapidly, the perspiration streaming from his face. A messenger was dispatched with all possible haste for the family physician, and very soon another, who ran to bring the first physician he could find. He often exclaimed: "O agony unspeakable! I never knew what pain was before!" He could not keep one position a moment; but extending his hands for aid several times, rose and stepped a few steps, and then sank back again to the lounge. He said, "Pray that I may be relieved." Two short, earnest prayers were offered for his relief. When a third commenced, he said pleasantly, "There, now," it being all the voice he could endure. During all this time he was perfectly calm in mind and collected. Remembering the feebleness of Mrs. Hamline, he said to her, "Sit down, they will do all I need;" and when she extended her hand to help him rise, "No," he said, "let them help me." At length he exclaimed, a glow spreading over his agonized features, "O, children, this is wonderful suffering; but it is nothing to what my Saviour endured on the cross for me." This was his last effort to speak. He had said a little before, "I feel the pain approaching my heart;" and now the agony, which exceeded in intensity anything the beholders ever witnessed, had reached its climax in the spasm of the heart. When the doctor arrived consciousness was apparently gone, and a few brief moments closed the scene.

O with what anguish of spirit did all present look upon that scene of suffering, conscious of our utter helplessness to afford the least relief, or to retain that passing spirit for a single moment.

When he lay dressed for the grave, the friends who visited the remains exclaimed, "What a picture of rest!" And when,

as the casket was to be closed, the last look was taken, all felt indeed, "What a picture of rest!" the noble features having settled more and more, till the whole countenance looked rather like devotion than death. This was so peculiarly true that Mrs. Hamline said to one present, "I cannot realize that that is death." Anticipating what would follow from such a doubt, the friend quickly responded, "But we know that it is death."

The twenty-sixth day of March was a day of great solemnity in the city of Mount Pleasant—a day that will long be remembered. The badge of mourning was hanging from the doors of Asbury Chapel for the third day, when the crowd around the church door and in the vestibule made way, and the casket which contained the precious remains of Bishop Hamline was carried in by eight clergymen, and placed before the pulpit, which was draped heavily in mourning. The Episcopal minister of the city, and Dr. Elliott, Revs. Z. H. Coston, T. Corkhill, A. C. Williams, and H. M. Thomas, occupied the pulpit, the four latter taking part in the services.

Dr. Elliott gave a moving and excellent discourse from the text, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Psalm xxxvii, 37. We need not say that his voice faltered as he alluded to his dear and long-loved friend; and the quotations that were read from the diary of the departed were an impressive sermon to the living in favor of our holy religion.

The college students formed in procession, and walked from the college to the church under the sound of their tolling bell; while the church-bells of other denominations joined in the funeral knell. The students filled the gallery. When the services were over at the church, the congregation repaired to the grounds joining the residence of the bishop. Several carriages, containing the family and family friends, followed the hearse; then on foot came a procession preceded by ministers, several of whom were pastors of sister Churches in the city.

After they entered the gate before the dwelling, the officiating minister "meeting the corpse and going before it,"

read in a clear voice, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," etc.

In the temporary grave was lowered the remains of the long-honored and loved Bishop Hamline. As the earth fell heavily upon the coffin-lid the voice of the minister sounded forth, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." With the benediction closed the solemn funeral service.

Then the bereaved widow, in her feebleness leaning on her son's arm, Mrs. Dr. Hamline with her brother, followed by the little grandchildren, entered the door of their desolated dwelling.

Three o'clock in the afternoon was the usual hour for class, an hour that the bishop loved, and always felt grieved if *any* thing, *even* a funeral, that could take place at any other time, interfered with the class. Mrs. Hamline could not think of having the regular Sabbath meeting in their dwelling omitted his first Sabbath in heaven.

At this hour several ministers, and between thirty and forty private members, were present. Mrs. Hamline, though feeling so deeply, was enabled to remain in the class and speak.

It was an affecting meeting. It seemed that nearly every one had received some word of encouragement from the bishop, which was now brought to remembrance. One local preacher said, "If any one ought to mourn for Bishop Hamline it is I." Then he gave a very touching little history of the bishop's good deeds shown toward him when he was a stranger, when he was sick, etc. The same brother, when gazing upon the face of the dead the night before, said, "O, if I *could*, how gladly would I exchange places with Bishop Hamline!" We are not permitted to bring the great and good back to earth, but we can go to them. This brother has gone; in one week he joined his friend in heaven.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUDING MEMORIALS.

Several honored and devoted friends have furnished precious memorials of the departed Bishop Hamline, which we take pleasure in presenting to our readers.

BY REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D.

To mention the name of this holy and talented man brings to my mind many pleasing associations of past years. When I attended the General Conference in Cincinnati, May, 1836, I boarded in the same house where he then boarded, and at his request, although I previously had no personal acquaintance with him. At that conference I was elected editor of the Western Advocate. Shortly after, my colleague, the Rev. William Phillips, died, and Mr. Hamline, at the ensuing Ohio Conference, was elected to be my associate editor. For four years we were joint editors of the Western Christian Advocate. In 1840 he took charge of the Ladies' Repository, while I remained at the Advocate. During these eight years of editorial life we sat in the same office or adjoining rooms, and we had daily brief conversations on such topics as came up before us in the Church and world. Our respective families had the same intimate associations as the editors. After his election as bishop, wherever there was an opportunity of interview, we retained and cultivated the former intimacies. In 1857 our former Christian alliances were renewed by both of us making our final homes in Mount Pleasant, Iowa. There our daily short interviews were renewed. During my expatriation in St. Louis, from May 1860 to May 1864, when I visited my home in Mount Pleasant, about once in three or four months, our daily chats were renewed during the short visits of two or three days at a time.

During the last few years, as it was uncertain how soon the Master would call him, it was agreed that I should officiate

over his remains. This painful duty was performed on the occasion of his death. And now, on reviewing the long period of our intimate acquaintance, from 1836 to 1865, twenty-nine years, each succeeding year only binds us the more closely together. But my pen is wholly incompetent to draw out in its full extent an adequate portrait of his high and holy character, whether it regards his natural talents or his extensive attainments, but especially the sanctity and purity of his religious life in theory, experience, and practical utility. He enjoyed, to the full extent, entire sanctification in all its experience and practical exemplifications. He was thoroughly scriptural and Wesleyan in all respects on this fundamental point. So clearly did he expound it to others in conversation, preaching, and writing, that many were led to experience it through his teaching and prayers.

While he was thoroughly Wesleyan and scriptural in this way of holiness, he was instrumental in teaching its great truths to ministers of other churches. Many of them, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Episcopalians, were brought to the full enjoyment of this privilege of the sons of God through his instructions and prayers. His powers of conversation were of the highest order, and any one conversing with him soon found that they were in conversation with no ordinary personage. As a preacher he was in the first rank in all respects that regard the finished pulpit orator. His style as a writer would compare advantageously with the best writers in the English language. As a debater, when driven into this arena, he had no superior for logic, argument, or oratory. Witness his overwhelming and decisive speech in the General Conference of 1844, in opposition to the magisterial claims of the Southern preachers. His liberality in distribution of his temporal means was profuse to a fault. In 1854 he gave half his entire living to two colleges west of the Mississippi. After having distributed half of his all to literary institutions, to the Iowa Wesleyan University he was liberal beyond his remaining means, planning and contributing to the last for its maintenance. In all public charities he took a discriminating and liberal part. He was sparing in outlays on himself and family, and yet he maintained all the proprieties of his situation in the Church and in the world.

He was the subject of much bodily affliction, and yet amid excruciating pains he retained the full exercise of his intellectual powers to the very last hour of his life. The leading characteristic of him in his sufferings was, his complete patience and resignation to the will of God. In regard to him it might be truly said, "Behold the patience of the saints." On contemplating his religious life, and on reading portions of his private diary, I was reminded of that wonderful passage of Scripture, "The length and breadth and depth and heighth of the love of God."

The foregoing is a defective survey of the character of my dear friend, Rev. Bishop Hamline, D. D.

IOWA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, *September* 12, 1865.

BY REV. JESSE T. PECK, D.D.

Leonidas L. Hamline was calm and quiet in the great General Conference of 1844. I saw him every day, but did not *know* him. He was regularly in his seat; and occasionally, attracted by the soft music of his voice, one would pause to look at his symmetrical, benevolent, and expressive features, and find himself saying, "What a splendid man!"

In the midst of the great debate he rose and addressed the Chair. He was promptly recognized; and from the first sentence it was evident that the question, so involved and far-reaching, was in the hands of a master. His positions were logically perfect, without a word to spare, and yet, in rhetoric and oratory, as fine as if intended for popular entertainment. The tones of his voice were new to many of us, and they were actually enchanting. All noise in the vast assemblage ceased; and he seemed as if alone with God, uttering thoughts and arguments of inspiration. "True, true, every word of it true," we would say, without speaking, (no one would have dared to speak or move;) "conclusive, splendid, demonstrative, irresistible!"

The last sentence was finished; the speaker quietly resumed his seat; a thousand people drew a long breath; and the great issue was logically settled.

Leonidas L. Hamline was a bishop. His great speech had added enough to his high standing as a minister and a man to

secure his election. All could see that the clearness of his intellect, the meekness and humility of his bearing, and the grace of his movements, fitted him for high official rank, and promised extraordinary executive ability.

We were disappointed in but one thing. His deep and glowing piety, his ardent breathing after God, the exalted standard of holiness which he maintained always and everywhere, exceeded our thoughts, and made trifling in his presence almost impossible. Some did not hesitate to show that they were under painful restraint when he was in the chair; but to many others the whole conference room glowed with the light and glory of God.

As a presiding officer he seemed almost a perfect model from the first. His knowledge of Methodist law and order seemed to be intuitive. His judgments were quick and clear, his decisions prompt and accurate, and his dispatch was perfect ease.

In the pulpit Bishop Hamline was greater than himself. He rose with the inspiration of the hour into a sphere of thought and impassioned eloquence which held his vast audiences spellbound. His gifts of oratory, including attitude, voice, and expression, were rendered more extraordinary by the deep pathos of love, and the unction of the Holy Ghost, which fell upon him afresh in almost every sermon. The pride of his denomination, the curiosity of strangers, and the spirit of criticism, were all subdued and lost amid the general feeling that we were listening to a message from God. He was, unquestionably, one of the greatest pulpit orators of his times, and you went away from the scene of his masterly efforts loathing your inward corruptions and panting for holiness.

His social life was not ordinary. He was my guest at his first conference after his consecration to the episcopal office; and during that week I learned, as I never knew before, what was meant by the spirit of prayer;" by the high commands, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks;" and "whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." His life was the only commentary which ever enabled me to rise to a full apprehension of the meaning of these strange words.

He had been the representative of his Master in carrying out and enforcing the "great commission," and in the sphere of a man in suffering and exaltation. He had been used as an instrument to make clear as demonstration our fundamental ecclesiastical position, that the episcopacy is an office, and not an order; that a bishop could be removed without impeachment for real disqualifications, and do him no wrong; and at length he was to show that both office and rank could be laid aside, with no infraction of the constitution of the Church, no disturbance of her order or efficiency. When he thought, in the loss of his health, Providence clearly indicated it, he resigned his office, and, by his own act, ceased to be a bishop; the only instance in the annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but enough to establish a precedent which will never be lost, and fix for ever the *status* of Methodist episcopacy.

The pure, the great, the splendid spirit of Bishop Hamline is glorified. He "rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." He shines in the galaxy of the moral heavens with the sainted John and the seraphic Fletcher.

BY REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D.

No man ever commanded more of my heart's tribute of love, respect, confidence, and in a good sense, I may add, admiration, than Bishop Hamline. I first knew him personally at the General Conference at New York in 1844. I shall never forget the moment, on the twenty-seventh morning of the session, that great, perplexing question which finally divided the Church, having been already five days under discussion, when Brother Hamline arose to speak. His former reputation in the legal profession, as an advocate, and the known qualities of his mind, and his Christian character, all bespoke for him attention, which every succeeding sentence of his speech riveted with new intensity. His modesty, his manner, his clear logical order, his terse and simple language, his apt analogies and illustrations, the transparency which his legal knowledge gave to all his arguments, and the precision of his judgments, all marked him before the conference as a man of singular power and felicity in debate, while his Christian urbanity and meekness appeared

even yet more conspicuous. Strangers to him, like myself, no less than friends, "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus." I heard many say, "That speech will secure his election to the episcopacy;" an honor which, though he sought it not, and accepted it only as a cross, he received eleven days afterward. First impressions are generally lasting. The idea of Bishop Hamline I then received has only expanded by subsequent acquaintance; and my anticipations were more than realized by what has become to me one of the dearest and most precious portions of my social Christian life.

Three sessions of our conference (the East Genesee) were favored with his presence and official administration. It is not too much to say that no president of an annual conference ever swayed such a body with a more perfect, and at the same time a more purely religious, even devotional, power than he. His manner was not mandatory and austere, but entreative and hortatory. If to a worldly and superficial mind he at any time appeared reserved and unapproachable, it was only by an erroneous construction upon his marked solemnity, blended with the natural dignity of his person. When engaged in conversation or business he was always affable, sincere, earnest, and frank; and humility and a breathing desire for the good of all characterized his every act. One could not sit in his presence without a degree of conscious awe, arising from a sense that God was there. An annual conference would not feel like breaking over the limits which his own example and spirit insensibly fixed as the bounds of Christian propriety; and if at any time, by a momentary burst of incautious levity, or by inadvertently following too far or too eagerly the secular line of business, the mind was drawn off from Christ, or betrayed out of its devotional frame, he would gently lift his hand, and with a tenderness more powerful than authority, would say, "Brethren, pray. Lift up your hearts to God. O for the coming of the Holy Ghost!" Sometimes a sentence or two would be added in the same strain, while a thrill would go through the conference, and, as if by a divine magic, the spirit of the body would be changed, the mind regain its watchfulness, and a general "Amen!" would sanction and accept all he

had said. In such a spirit business would be likely to receive attention without injury, nay, with spiritual profit to the soul. For one, I never tired of watching his movements and being where he was, nor ever ceased to thank God for the aid his example afforded me in keeping my own spirit, amid the distracting claims of business and socialities in an annual conference.

His abode at my house during one short week of the session of our conference in 1847 was a blessing to my family we shall never forget. His private social life, like his public and official, was moulded by that same great formative power of grace which gave him character everywhere and in all things. For miscellaneous and aimless conversation he had no taste, and from it he seemed restrained by the higher laws of conscience; yet any matters, however trivial in themselves, which had any practical relations, or stood in any appreciable connection with the general welfare, and especially the spiritual profit of those around him, he seemed always ready to entertain to the limit of their proper claim. His manner was always condescending, graceful, and free, observant of all the lesser proprieties with remarkable yet spontaneous discrimination; and with a dignity which was inherent in the structure of his mind, and the benevolent spirit of his religion, he could yet rivet the attention even of a little child; but it was apparent to all, that whether presiding over a conference, standing in the sacred desk, or sitting in the family circle, his mind was intent alike upon the one great object of his life—to save souls. He never for a moment lost sight of this. It was not a professional care which was put on for given occasions, much less was it an affectation of piety, but was the chief element of his renewed nature, the genius of his whole character and Christian life, growing directly out of his communion with God, and the realizations of his faith as to the nearness of eternity, the shortness of time, the excellence of redemption, and the unspeakable worth of the soul. It was this, most of all, that impressed one that his solemnity had cause, and his earnestness resulted from seeing what others failed to see. If the conversation at any time happened to take an unprofitable turn, and the minds of the company were becoming dissipated, so that his usual skill in

calling back the thoughts to more edifying topics failed, I have known him gently to interfere, and by a brief prologue turn the mind to higher themes, bring Christ and the preciousness of his salvation before them, and then propose a brief season of prayer. I never knew one who could do this so effectually as he. It was a gift not only of grace, but of nature as well, that gave him such command. No offense was given, but, contrariwise, all were pleased and thankful. To a merely worldly mind, indeed, he would offer few attractions in the line of simple pleasure; but even to such his conversation had the attraction of a superior order of intellect, a wide and discriminating knowledge of the world and of literature, and a goodness and purity which none could gainsay. Alas! my heart is sad that I could not longer and oftener have profited by his society, and that I cannot again hear that gentle, loving, personal inquiry after the welfare of my own soul.

It is not easy to decide, in a character possessing so many claims upon the heart and the intellect, in what particular he excelled; but, without disparagement to any other quality or function, I think it must be awarded him that his distinguishing glory was in the pulpit. It was his divine call as a preacher of the cross which absorbed all the lesser distinctions of ecclesiastical office and social position, and made him forget all other honors, ay, even the infirmities of a shattered constitution. It was to this point that the full capabilities of his great soul converged. Here, to use a military phrase, he massed the forces of his vigorous intellect, and summoned the resources of his knowledge, his logic, his tact at debate, and his admirable power of delivery. It was here that it might be said of him truly, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." "He was clad with zeal as with a cloak." His manner was always dignified, gentle, and suasive, and the marked characteristics of his style were those of simplicity, terseness, and a classic purity of language. His use of words was never redundant, remarkably Saxon in their selection, and always within the ready comprehension of his hearers. His purity of language shows that he had made that subject a special study in earlier life, and his training at the bar, previous to his conversion, gave

him great precision of style as well as of argument. The dignity of his position as an embassador of Christ was never compromitted for a moment, nor the ends of his preaching lost sight of. His words flowed easily, and without care; his gestures were simple, dictated by the sentiments and emotions of the speaker; his voice smooth, agreeable, round, and deep; his articulation distinct, his enunciation full, and his delivery without labor. At ease himself, he no sooner began to speak than his audience already felt the earnest of his inspiring theme.

I shall never, in time or eternity, forget his sermon at our Genesee Conference in 1847. It is true, it was a subject peculiarly suited to his genius; it is true, also, that an uncommon power of the Holy Ghost rested upon him; but it was still, as to the human part of it, the product of his own mind, within the compass of his own capabilities. If it showed what the Holy Ghost can do with our dilapidated humanity, it showed also to what heights the soul may rise, what reach and compass it may take in, when inspired by the Holy Spirit, without once taking it out of its fallen and impaired state. It was Sabbath afternoon. The weather was fine, and the house was crowded in every part. Ministers were there, judges and lawyers were there, educated and professional men were there, the ignorant and unlettered were there; there were earnest believers and empty skeptics and careless sinners. The text was Isaiah xliii, 10; Luke xxiv, 48: "Ye are my witnesses," "Ye are witnesses of these things." The proposition he laid down was "the testimony of the pious proves the reality of Christian experience." He proceeded briefly to define Christian experience under the three particulars of "conviction, conversion, and sanctification by the Holy Ghost." The heads of discourse were two: I. The Testimony; II. The Witnesses. As to testimony, it is of two kinds, written and unwritten. Written testimony is also of two kinds: record, and not record testimony. Record testimony is made up of the recital of Christian experience in the Bible. They call it record, 1. Because it is made up under the inspection of the supreme Judge; 2. Because all theologians in Christendom (out of Babylon) refer to it as the ultimate judge

in controversies. Its details of the experience of Abraham, Moses, Daniel, Paul, and the beloved disciple are record testimony of Christian experience. Written testimony not of record is such as the biographies of Newton, Gardner, Rochester, Wesley, Fletcher, Payson, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Graham, etc.

Parole testimony is such as is given in our class-meetings, love-feasts, and by the fireside, or in the street, or wherever the pious talk of their own experience.

II. The witnesses. They are, first, competent; second, credible. They are not incompetent, 1. For crime; 2. For interest; and 3. For ignorance. They are credible, 1. On account of their number; 2. Their variety of clime, habit, etc.; 3. Their harmony. Differences on other points of sects, etc., lost here; 4. On account of their perseverance, martyrs, etc.

Objections. Your witnesses are ignorant. So much the better. They are not likely to invent or carry out an imposition. 2. They are interested partisans. Yes, on your side, (as Paul, Gardner, etc.) 3. There are opposing witnesses. 4. Retracting witnesses. Yes, but they are perjured. 5. Your witnesses are not sworn; but they testify in death.

Improvement. 1. They must testify. Christians must, ministers especially. Acts 1, 8: "Ye shall receive power," that is, to be witnesses. Acts v, 32: "We are his witnesses, and so also is the Holy Ghost." Luke xxiv, 48, 49: "Ye are witnesses of these things. And behold, I send the promise of the Father upon you." In all these cases the Holy Spirit is especially promised in regard to our fidelity as witnesses for Christ. Remember, witness is sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth. 2. We must live holy, that our testimony may be believed; but a holy life will never do in place of testimony. With the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Paul's holy life would have done nothing for Christ if he had not testified about conversion. Stephen's happy death would not have been traced to his religion but that he testified, "I see heaven opened," etc.

Such is a transcript of the sketch which lay before him as he spoke. His subject was introduced and laid out before the mind with wonderful brevity and the most transparent clear-

ness. Every point was so well made and so legitimate, that the common judgment and conscience indorsed it; and the perpetual analogy of the laws of testimony in civil courts so perfectly sustained, that the auditor was driven to the alternative of setting aside all laws of evidence on which the whole system of criminal jurisprudence rests, or admitting the reality of Christian experience as sustained by the witnesses of Jesus. Nay, the superiority lay immeasurably on the side of Christianity in all the circumstances which could give credibility and weight to testimony. There was no hiding-place left for the skeptic. He must confess the divine verity of the Christian religion or stand exposed, unmasked before the world, as an enemy of reason, law, and humanity, no less than of Christ and his doctrine. The triumph of the cross was complete, the hypocrisy of infidelity appeared no less so. There was such a "demonstration of the Spirit" in this "manifestation of the truth," such a "power from on high" resting upon speaker and hearer, that while all saw with reason's eye deeper than ever before, they were lifted up in holy triumph and thanksgiving to God, "who had given such power unto men" to unfold his truth. When speaking of "retracting testimony," he first admitted fully that there was a mass of testimony of that kind to be disposed of. There had been men, many men, who had been Christians, who had for a longer or shorter time been conversant with Christ's doctrine, professed conversion, sanctification even, and had witnessed to it all, and afterward had retracted, and pronounced the whole an imposture. The testimony of such men must be disposed of in a legal way, it cannot be ignored. After thus preparing the mind for a serious grappling with what already appeared a troublesome objection, and all were excited to know how it should be met, he suddenly paused, drew himself up in full attitude, his eyes flashing with new luster, and elevating his voice to a tone of challenge, exclaimed, "But what is retractive testimony? Retractive testimony is perjured testimony, and these are your witnesses, not ours;" accompanying the words with a repellant gesture, as if he would cast back these apostates from truth to the infidel with all their odious crime of perjury. The effect

was instantaneous and universal, the triumph was complete. Every eye saw it. New shame to the enemies of the cross, and new joy to the believer. Some shouted aloud, others laughed outright for joy, and many, very many, wept. The impression was solemn, though exultant. It was a little moment before the composure of the audience could be regained. I never witnessed so sudden and irrepressible an effect, as if a full electric battery had been at once discharged, and every auditor was in electric communication; nor have I ever witnessed to the same extent effects produced upon the conscience and sensibilities, causing joy and thanksgiving with conviction, through an appeal made almost purely to the higher reason. I fear I may seem to be writing a eulogy, while to those who heard him I know I shall be censured for having presumed to speak of what cannot be adequately described. He was our beloved Apollos, and we loved him not for the brilliant quality of his talents, but for the meek spirit of Jesus, in which all was laid on the altar of the cross, and "counted as dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ the Lord." Wherever he went men "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus." His influence on our Churches and on the ministry was positive and clearly traceable. The hearts of all who were "expecting to be made perfect in love in this life," and who "were groaning after it," were encouraged, and their hands strengthened, and the Churches were awakened, to deeper piety. The utter failure of his health, followed by his resignation of the episcopal office, which his extreme modesty preferred to being a superannuated bishop, were events over which thousands mourned, and accepted only as parts of the inscrutable providence of God. But his work, if short, has been glorious, and his public life will never be forgotten in the Church.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., *November* 28, 1865.

BY REV. THOMAS M. EDDY, D.D.*

Bishop Hamline filled a conspicuous place in the Methodist public for many years, and was justly noted as one of its men

* Editor Northwestern Christian Advocate.

of power. In him there was a rare blending of the logical with the descriptive forces, enabling him at once to reason and to persuade. There was classic beauty in his illustrations, and New Testament simplicity in his style. He marched into great doctrines and over the field of controversy with a tread of a conquering giant. He was not fluttered, not excited, though intensely earnest. He impressed the hearer as a man with a consciousness of immense reserved strength. There was power unused. His logic was to error as the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and compelled it to assume its own shape despite all artful disguises. His denunciations of sin were terrible and his appeals moving. Those that heard his sermon on "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord!" will confirm each of the above statements. When a boy, the writer heard him preach a sermon never to be forgotten. It was one night in 1836, at the "Old Brick" in Cincinnati, the text, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Christ Jesus the righteous." He presented the difficulties in the sinner's case: the law, the evidence, and his own conscience all against him; nay, he never asks for an advocate until the plea of guilty has been made. The Court is one of inflexible purity, and cannot be moved by sophistry or sentiment, nor purchased by bribery. Then he described the advocate and his management of the hopeless case. How he won, by his resistless pleading, pardon and the reversal attainder with a patent to nobility and divine heirship! Such are the recollections brought of that sermon twenty-nine years ago.

Among our manuscripts we find the notes of a sermon preached by him before a western Conference. The audience gathered in a grove. He had been unusually feeble during the session, and some feared for his Sabbath sermon; but it was soon seen that he was master of the subject and the audience. We append the notes:

The text was, Matthew v, 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I. WHAT IS PURITY OF HEART? Purity denotes an unmixed state, gold without alloy. This is not predicable of mere conversion. The power of sin is broken; its dominion destroyed; but the roots of bitterness

remain. Hence the apostle prays for converted brethren. 'The God of peace sanctify you wholly.' It implies, 1st, *Repentance without obduracy.* We will see ourselves sinful, and abhor ourselves in dust and ashes; will see the purity of the law and confess our fall; but there will be no uprising against the divine law and administration. 2d, *Faith unmixed with unbelief.* Unbelief not merely leads to sin, is sin *per se.* 3d, *Love without malice or censoriousness.* These alloys are so base they corrupt all they touch; love must be supreme and all comprehensive. 4th, *Meekness without anger.* Temptation will assail; but the soul must not yield. The wind of the cloud may move the surface; but the depth must be calm. 5th, *Charity without selfishness.* Selfishness is degrading, destroys peace, withers all that is noble; it stays Christ's triumphs; only perfect charity can cast it out. Give this and no draft upon the Church will be dishonored; it will only ask, what is duty? 6th, *Spirituality without worldly-mindedness.* The strong sense of God's presence would check all vain show, heart-wandering, etc. 7th, *It is not a state of perfect humanity.* Grace does not give a new intellect, nor render reason and judgment infallible. The empire of grace is mainly in the region of will and affection. 8th, *Therefore it will not be exterior perfection.* Education, early prejudice, association, congenial influences will prevent. A soldier's arm is shattered; it is cured so far as the pain and peril are concerned; but it is stiffened for life; he is cured and not cured. 9th, *This is a state of indefinite progression.* It is, indeed, essential to progress.

II. Is this state attainable? 1st, *There are great difficulties: (a) Our native depravity.* Our nature tends to sin; this is a simple fact, one that confronts us daily. The whole nature is very far gone from original righteousness. *(b) Our fearful guilt.* Are devils more guilty? Wait until they have been redeemed by the incarnation and agony of Jesus, and have trampled on his blood ere you say so! Wait until they have been called by a ministry of mercy and rejected it; wait until God himself beseeches *them* to be reconciled and they refuse, before you say so. *(c) The exceeding broadness of the law.* Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and

mind, and strength. (*d*) *Our settled habits of evil.* Habits mightier than nature have been forming for years; can they be destroyed? (*e*) *Adverse associations.* (1) The settled opposition of a majority of orthodox Churches, opposition proclaimed from pulpit and press. (2) Among its friends, how few consistently live it; some may be fanatical, others mystical. Few seem to know how to direct the honest inquirer. (3) A powerful and vigilant adversary, the enemy of all righteousness. 2d, *Yet I proclaim to you this day it is attainable! see my offsets!* (*a*) To guilt, the atonement sufficient to meet all sin, original and actual. (*b*) To depravity, evil habits, and adverse associations, the might of the Holy Spirit whose work is to perfect the new creation. (*c*) To the broadness of the law, the broadness of the promises, given that we may be partakers of the divine nature. The law says, 'Thou shalt love;' the promise says, 'I will circumcise thy heart that thou mayest love.' The maker of the law is the giver of the promise. (*d*) To the adversary we oppose the Captain of our salvation. He was manifested to destroy the works of the devil; he came to save his people from their sins.

III. THE BLESSEDNESS OF THIS STATE: *They shall see God.* Be filled with God's fullness; see him in all things; see him FACE TO FACE.

Such is the outline of the sermon of that occasion. It was grand as he preached it, and clothed with authority. We have heard him often; some of his sermons we surely never heard surpassed.

We had a charming visit with him a year or two ago. His hair and beard were silvery white, and his appearance truly venerable. Our conversation was of the past, and especially of some revivals in which he was so greatly blessed. He was very happy in spirit. In former days we had fancied at times there was somewhat of asceticism; but there was none. We have spoken of him as a preacher. We considered him when in health the peer of the ablest pulpit men of the Church. When editor of the *Repository* he labored a great deal in revivals, sometimes preaching thirty or forty sermons a month. He has lived in silence for several years, waiting for his change and the

hour when he should no longer "groan, being burdened;" and lo, it has come!

"Lo! the prisoner is released!
Lightened of his fleshly load."

BY THE REV. B. F. CRARY, D.D.*

We would have said more editorially of our departed friend had we been at home when news came of his death. Dr. Elliott has given an excellent paper on his life and closing hours; but we wish to say a word for ourselves.

When we were elected President of the Hamline University, we understood that the bishop had given twenty-five thousand dollars to the institution. About half of that had been paid, and we could not find the least testimony that the bishop owed the University anything. His note had been lost, and there was no legal obligation upon him. We knew not what to do, but finally concluded to see him and get him to renew his note to the institution. We shall never forget our visit to him. It gave us an inside view of his character, of the nobility, piety, and kindness of his nature. He received us with great cordiality, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in renewing his obligation for thirteen thousand dollars, and his ardent desire to perpetuate the institution. We found him accessible on every point of Church interests, and exceedingly interesting in conversation. Our visit was a season of spiritual profit, and we rejoice that God had permitted us to be there. We left him with a deep impression of his greatness and goodness, and since have been occasionally favored with a word of encouragement from his own pen, and from his esteemed and stricken wife. Our hope is that we shall meet him in heaven. The most fitting monument his friends could raise to his memory would be to endow the institution that bears his name. We hope the president, Rev. J. Brooks, will inaugurate some plan by which all who esteem the memory of Bishop Hamline may contribute a glorious monument to his name in the triumphant establishment of Hamline University on an endowment

* Editor of the *Central Christian Advocate.*

that will place it beyond contingency. We will very gladly assist in any way to this result. It would be infinitely better than any mere useless pile of stone, and would meet the approbation of him whom we propose to honor.

One hundred thousand dollars ought to be raised for this work. There are ten men in Minnesota who could do it; but we propose that some plan should be adopted that will include all who loved our deceased friend. We hope that something of this kind may be done, that the beneficence of our holy religion may be exemplified, and a noble name appropriately honored.

BY REV. WILLIAM REDDY.

From the day I first saw Bishop Hamline my heart was drawn to him, his spirit was so sweet and heavenly, and his "conversation was emphatically in heaven." His first visit to our conference as our president had a wonderful effect upon us as a body, in restraining all asperity in debate, all lightness in conduct, and in infusing such a cheerful solemnity in all our deliberations and intercourse as we had never seen; and his preaching may in truth be said to have been "with power." An impulse was given to the doctrine and experience of holiness that has never been paralleled in our Conference history so far as I know. "Many of the priests were obedient to the faith" in respect to this Methodistic peculiarity.

I must say that I never saw that declaration of the Discipline, to wit, that at our conferences "we are to do everything as in the immediate presence of God" so fully illustrated as in his administration both in the conference and cabinet.

The bishop and myself were guests together at one of our conferences held at Binghamton, at which Bishop Morris presided, and he being at liberty, I had an excellent opportunity to observe his spirit and conversation in the family and at the table.

Such a charm was thrown around the whole social relations and intercourse of that household, as won all hearts. The head of the family and some of the children were not Christians, and yet all were held in solution by the grace that flowed from

his lips. St. Paul said, "They glorified God in me." Thus was it with the bishop.

My estimate of his character was heightened by his noble act in that, when he could no longer perform the functions of his office, he promptly and persistently, against the remonstrances of his episcopal colleagues, and the expressed wish of the General Conference that he should continue his relation, resigned the episcopal dignity.

No man on the episcopal bench was more honored in the office, and personally, no one of the honored men of that board would have been spared with more regret; but I voted for the acceptance of his resignation because, as I understood it, it was out of deference to a principle—deemed vital by him—a principle of our Church polity, to wit, that our bishops are not a distinct order of the ministry, but simply an office in an order, constituted for the greater convenience of administration. This is the theory of our government, a principle to the advocacy of which in the General Conference of 1844 the bishop in part owed his election. Consistency, therefore, and the sacredness of the principle, impelled him to resign, thus furnishing the first, and, thus far, the only practical illustration of this feature of our Church polity as against alleged prelatical tendencies and assumptions.

CAZENOVIA, *July* 25, 1865.

HIS MISSIONARY INTEREST.

His heart was ever alive to the mission work in every field, but he deemed the German Missions in our own land of the utmost importance, not only to that nation, but to our own, and he regarded the conversion of Rev. Dr. Nast as one of those great providential provisions which, like the raising up of Luther and Wesley, was brought to pass just to meet the necessity of the times. To this great and good man, as he was accustomed to call him, and his mission work, Mr. H.'s soul was peculiarly knit, and with his tongue, pen, and purse he was ever ready to aid to the utmost of his ability. To this Dr. Nast bears the following testimony in a sermon delivered before the Pittsburgh Conference in 1855:

"Our statesmen call the Germans the best part of our emigrants, and if the Church succeeds in converting them, it will cost the devil as much trouble to make them backslide, as it did the Lord and his people to convert them. The honest Dutchman, when he is tempted to go back to the beggarly elements of the world, tells the devil once for all, 'I's been there once, I goes there no more.'

"One of the chief ministers of the Lord Jesus, the Rev. L. L. Hamline, to whose ardent and eloquent appeals the German Missions owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, said once, 'There is strength in German character which must eventually give it influence. Their mental aptitudes, their habits of secular diligence and carefulness, should enlist concern as well as admiration. Doubtless hereafter they will bear much sway in constituting the authorities which are to control this land, in moulding the nation's mind, and in fashioning its morals, and in making up the sum total of its weal or its woe. Let them become a leaven of malice, and, unless saved by Omnipotence, the Church and the nation are undone. Let them become a leaven of holiness, then liberty and science and heaven-born religion may concert their holy and everlasting jubilee.'"

Dr. N. continues: "So you see the Germans are worth being saved, not only for their sakes, but for your own sakes. There are already three millions of European Germans in your midst, and you may be assured that the influx of German emigrants will not cease for many years to come, but, on the contrary, it will become still larger, and self-preservation makes it the duty of the American patriot and Christian to leave no means untried for the salvation of the German people.

"Our beloved Hamline says upon this point: 'Self-preservation, which is the first law of nature, as well as charity, bind us to save our denizens, and such as will soon be fellow-citizens. If crude and contaminating elements are perpetually mixing with the proper constituents of the Church and State, and borrow no refinement or purity from the intimate contact, they will gradually impart their natures to the bodies civil and ecclesiastical, and it is perilous on our part to suffer such a process. What will follow in due time? The very fountains

which refreshed the distant regions of Africa and Oregon will themselves become dry, or, if they flow at all, will send forth to the nations not healing but poisonous waters.'"

Dr. N. says: "But fear not, my American brethren; such a catastrophe will never happen. No, glory be to God! You have commenced to throw the pure Gospel leaven into your foreign population, and it has already commenced to work, and it will work till it leavens the whole lump."

He proceeds to specify what the German Mission work had already accomplished in the United States, in which Bishop H. exulted till his death.

BY REV. WILLIAM NAST, D. D.

I feel greatly honored in contributing my mite to the biography of Bishop H. In private and in public I have often tried to express my gratitude for what, under God, we Germans—I personally, and the whole German work—owe to that great man of God. Bishop Hamline, in the darkest days of my penitential struggle, when I was on the point to give it up, presented the Gospel to me with the power of a new charm, and inspired me again with hope; but, alas! my memory and command of language are too poor to give again his words. During the first two years of my ministry, when I labored as a missionary in Cincinnati, I had the privilege of being every day in his company, and from him I learned, more than from any other source, how to attack successfully the skepticism of my countrymen. He was my pattern in preaching and in writing. I have been repeatedly asked to write a memoir of those years in which Bishop Hamline would take a prominent place; but I have not been able to find the time, nor do I possess the ability. His late experience in the higher Christian life shed its beneficent rays upon my path too, and I strove to follow him as he followed Christ, but I am sorry to say I have not made the progress I ought to have made.

As to the mission of our Church among the Germans, which God has crowned with such glorious results, I am confident it would never have been taken hold of in earnest had it not been for the soul-stirring and convincing appeals of Bishop Hamline

to the Church. It was his eloquent advocacy to which the "Apologist" chiefly owes its existence; but he not only induced others to give, but, with his well known liberality, he contributed out of his own ample means for the support of the German Mission work, and the building of a number of German churches.

No part of the Church was more deeply afflicted than the German ministry when Bishop Hamline felt compelled, on account of his physical debility and suffering, to resign his episcopal office. The Germans felt as though they had lost a father indeed. O how deeply engraven are his episcopal addresses on the hearts of the older German preachers!

I feel a deep regret that it was not my privilege to visit the bishop during the last few years. O how I longed to converse with him on the present condition of the German work, and to thank him for all the good he had done us!

We will close this chapter of precious memories with some brief reminiscences from the hand of a friend, at whose house he spent some of the happy weeks of his life when resting from his episcopal labors, and who was favored with his company during the eventful session of the General Conference of 1844:

"The evening previous to his ordination to the episcopacy, as I was passing his room, he heard the footfall, and, stepping out of his door, in accents tremulous with fervor said about thus: 'O, Sister P., pray! pray that I ever may be a man of clean hands and a pure heart. The Lord grant that I may never lay an unholy hand on the head of a minister to set him apart for a holy work.' I was present at the time of his ordination. Who that witnessed it can forget the affecting solemnity of that scene, as he stood weeping, surrounded by his peers, to take upon himself the highest trust that it was within the power of the Church to confer.

"Subsequently I was at the session of one of his large conferences during his opening address. He told the ministers that were anticipating new scenes of labor, that they might all make their own appointments. Then, by way of illustration,

added, 'That the appointing power, to whom their interests were intrusted, intended to pray, and trust for the answer from the Head of the Church, that they might be under divine guidance, and if each minister would unite in presenting the prayer of faith, every one would, as the result, make his own appointment.'

"One morning ere it was scarcely day, as he sat at the breakfast table, preparatory to an early departure for one of his distant conferences, he seemed remarkably filled with the Spirit. And who could at any time look upon his heaven-illumined countenance, without thinking of the image of the heavenly? But on this occasion the outbeamings of the indwelling Holy Spirit seemed so peculiar, and his conversation so hallowing, that I shall never forget the hour. With the exception of the pious servant who had prepared the repast we were alone.

"Had Moses explained the wherefore of that glory-beaming countenance, making it needful that he should vail himself from the gaze of the multitude, with what interest would the listeners have awaited the recital. Similar, I imagine, were my feelings as the bishop said about thus: 'Before I received the blessing of entire sanctification, it seemed more difficult to apprehend the sanctification of the body than the sanctification of the soul; but when the great work of the Spirit was accomplished, a hand of power was laid upon me which seemed to leave such a divine impress on my body, that it has ever since been quite as easy, if not more so, to apprehend the sanctification of the body than of the soul and spirit.' Is not this the wherefore of the calm, heavenly dignity that characterized his looks, words, and acts?

"For his social religious qualities he was eminent. Praise and prayer were his element. He was sitting amid a group of endeared Christian friends when, prayer being proposed, the bishop thus touchingly illustrated the power of united prayer. He brought before our mind's eye a family group of loving, confiding children. One of them mentions an object of great desire, and says, 'I do wish father would give it me.' Another says, 'Why not ask him?' It is then decided that the petitioner shall go to father with the request, when one and an-

other, and yet another, of the loving group says, 'I will go with you.' They join hands, and approach the indulgent father, when the petitioner says, 'Dear father, will you not do thus and so for me?' Scarcely is the request made when another child says, 'Do, father!' and then another, with increasing importunity, adds weight to the petition by the exclamation, 'Do, father!' while yet another draws more strongly on that father's heart, saying, 'Do, do, father!' Where is the father that could resist a request thus presented?

"After a separation of nearly seven years we again saw him for the last time at his distant home in Iowa. But how changed! Not in spirit, for there was the same hallowed and hallowing charm that had ever marked his Christian life; but the finger of time and ever-busy disease had greatly altered his appearance. One might judge that a score of years had intervened since we last gazed upon him. His flowing beard and snowy hair had given him a most venerable appearance, reminding us of what we have imagined the ancient Bishop Polycarp might have been.

"Though he had been so long totally debarred from ministering in the sanctuary, often during our few days' sojourn with him, were we reminded of the zeal and humility of the Prince of Life, who, under the blue canopy of the beautiful heavens, preached a sermon to one lone woman. The bishop's house stood a short distance from the road, amid pleasant surroundings of trees, flowers, and shrubs. Under a large tree near the gate, fronting the house, we often saw the bishop stand discoursing most lovingly to single passers-by about their souls' interest. Said he smilingly to us as he pointed to the large tree, 'Under that tree is my pulpit now.' If the sermon preached by the Prince of preachers to the lone woman of Samaria was made the occasion of evangelizing her nation, who can conceive the amount of good eternity may bring to light, as the result of those little sermons preached by our beloved bishop under that beautiful tree in front of his dwelling!

"Said he to us: 'You cannot talk too much about perfect love. Were I able I would preach about it as never before, and if not able to preach about it in the pulpit, I will talk about it;

and if not able to talk, will whisper about it long as life endures and for ever.' Well, the holy to the holiest leads, and now faith beholds him with the seraphim around the throne, and the spirits of the just made perfect, redeemed from earth, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!' Surely an abundant entrance has been ministered to him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. How many whom he loved and ministered to on earth must he have found awaiting, as he entered through the gates into the city! and who can imagine his bliss, when introduced into the unvailed presence of his adorable Saviour, whom he had so long loved with such unquenchable, soul-consuming ardors!

"I saw a chariot rolling through the sky;
For whom it came I asked, and lingered nigh:
I thought I heard a whisper say,
A saint is going to heaven to-day;
While shining ones were waiting all around,
And hailed the chariot as it reached the ground.

"Soon one appeared the convoy smiled to see,
Who just had put on immortality.
They said, 'Sweet spirit, come away;'
Quick they ascend the heavenly way,
As shouts of triumph wafted far and near,
And songs of victory floated on the air.

"I saw the pearly gates thrown open wide:
The heavenly Bridegroom said, 'Come in, my bride.'
The angels higher strains did swell
To welcome him they loved so well;
A crown so bright it made my vision dim,
Glittering with brilliant stars, was given to him.

"My eyes so dazzled with the glorious sight,
I saw not where his mantle did alight;
But sure I thought some favored one
Must have it, since his work is done.
I could but weep, and 'O my father!' cried,
Would that I could, like thee, life's ills outride."

THE END.

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